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Reports: Washington — Southern Italy — Science and Industry

Albert Einstein <i>Appraisal of an Intellect</i>	GEORGE R. HARRISON	23
A Life for Ten Cents	S. M. KEENY	27
The Valor of Teaching	AGNES DE MILLE	31
The New Piety	HARRY C. MESERVE	34
Drone. <i>A Poem</i>	LEAH BODINE DRAKE	38
Creole Love Song. <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	NATHANIEL LAMAR	39
Are Our Pearls Real?	GILBERT MURRAY	46
Owen Wister's West <i>The Unpublished Journals</i>	<i>Edited by</i> FANNY KEMBLE WISTER	52
A Free Trader Speaks	CHARLES PERCY	58
Home from the Sea	KENNETH ROBERTS	61
The Passenger. <i>A Poem</i>	M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE	64
My Turn to Guide	SIDNEY C. HAYWARD	66

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	72
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	76
New Books for Children	MARGARET FORD KIERAN	82

ACCENT ON LIVING

Charles W. Morton — Leonard Brooks — Edwin O'Connor — R. P. Lister — Marvin Grasse		85
All About Amplifiers <i>They Shall Have Music</i>	JOHN M. CONLY	90

■ GREECE TODAY

Essays, Stories, and Verse	by Greek Writers	97-168
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

WASHINGTON diplomats have been turning their attention back and forth from Europe to Asia so frequently in the past year that they have taken on the appearance of spectators at a tennis match. Unlike tennis, however, the game of diplomatic maneuver never ends unless peace gives way to war. The Soviet tactic of leading Austria's Chancellor Julius Raab up to the mountaintop in Moscow to show him the promised land, after a decade of deceit and delay, sharpened the focus on Europe again.

The Eisenhower Administration had been smugly congratulating itself on having won the battle with Russia over ratification of the Paris pacts, in the belief that they would firmly tie West Germany to the West. But Moscow has shown that that was only a preliminary.

The Kremlin's ace

With the grant of sovereignty to West Germany, the United States, Britain, and France have given the last major concession in their power to give. But Russia holds the ace of aces — the power to permit reunification of East and West Germany and, beyond that, to move back the German-Polish frontier to the pre-World War II borderline. The Austrian maneuver has, for the first time, led some American officials and foreign diplomats in the capital to think that the Kremlin may, indeed, be ready to play that big card.

As viewed in Washington, there are two lines of procedure for the Soviets. One is limited and essentially negative — a holding operation playing for time. The other is more risky, but if successful it could sweep continental Europe into Soviet hands. In either case, Russia's first step is to use the new Austrian "neutrality" as a pretext for

saying to West Germany: "You want unification above all else, you say. Well, you may have it merely by getting your three Western friends to agree to the same sort of treaty for Germany as the one for Austria."

This strategy came into full view, in fact, the day Raab returned to Vienna from his Moscow trip. Its short-term effect could be paralysis in Bonn, where Chancellor Konrad Adenauer lacks the political strength to force through the Bundestag the draft law necessary to implement the Paris pacts by raising an armed force of 500,000 within the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

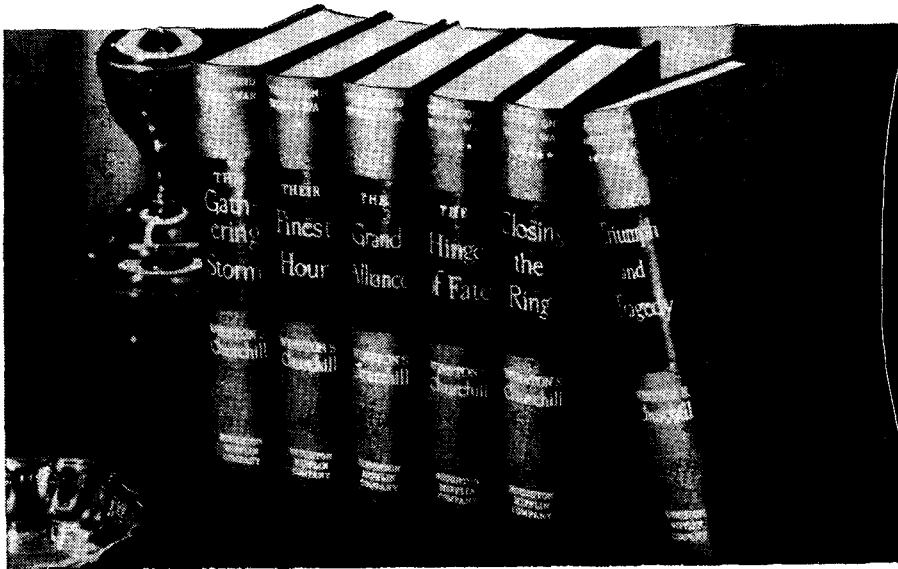
On the other hand, the Austrian maneuver may mean that a basic shift in Kremlin tactics already has been secretly agreed upon. It could mean that the Khrushchev-Bulganin-Zhukov team — if indeed that is the real team — has decided that the time has come to gamble the East German satellite for the immensely bigger stakes of all of Germany.

Moscow's policies are compounded of military and political ingredients. In the first post-war decade, Moscow continued to be dominated by the traditional land-space concepts in its military thinking. But the new nuclear weapons and the Soviet creation of the means of delivery via manned bombers and submarines, and ultimately by robot intercontinental ballistic missiles, may be changing those concepts.

If so, then a new military ingredient may have been created with which a Communist political motivation can be combined in Moscow for a decision to gamble East Germany. In that case, the old defense-in-depth which has so often protected

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



the Russian motherland in the past could be limited to the inner belt of satellites — Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria.

At the highest levels in Washington the idea is now generally accepted that it is only a matter of perhaps two, three, or at most four years before the Russians will have the weapons plus the means of delivery on which this type of strategy could reasonably be based. Such time estimates could be as incorrect as were those on Soviet atomic progress, however. Or perhaps Moscow is playing for the time to close the military gap.

In either case, Moscow will not move its 40,000 troops out of Austria simply as a gesture of good will, however much it will try to exploit such an idea. There is a growing view in Washington that Moscow now seeks to create a new type of defense-in-depth: a "neutralized" belt composed of Sweden, a united Germany, Austria, and Yugoslavia. Such an idea has attractions for many in Britain, for instance, who hope for a firm "line" between East and West and who can delude themselves into believing that such "neutralized" countries would remain that way.

Clearly, such a neutral belt, if it could be created, would force Finland into the arms of Russia, end the physical isolation of Red Albania, create new pressures on Greece, and open new avenues for infiltration into Italy and France. There are no indications that Yugoslavia is going to rejoin the Cominform. But Marshal Tito's adoption of Jawaharlal Nehru's "non-involvement" thesis when he was in India comes close enough to satisfy Moscow for the time being. And who can say what will happen after Tito?

The fate of Germany

Thus the whole issue of Europe continues to center on Germany. The Western grant of sovereignty to West Germany, it is true, is limited in that the United States, Britain, and France retain their exclusive right to negotiate and settle the fate of all of Germany with the Soviet Union. But in fact this is more a legal right than one the West will find it politically possible to exercise, for the wishes of a sovereign West Germany cannot be ignored. Hence the battle between East and West over the fate of Germany from now on will be fought less over the head of West Germany than in West Germany itself.

The Austrian maneuver will be an attractive pattern for many West Germans, anxious for uni-

fication and wary of a revival of the military in their midst. It also will provide a wedge for Russia aimed at the Atlantic alliance. The French may have voted to permit West German rearmament within NATO, but many Frenchmen would be happier if a way were found to avoid the actual passing out of guns to the proposed twelve divisions.

Military men in Washington accept the argument that the Russians genuinely fear the creation of twelve West German divisions. This alone is enough to account for the Kremlin's maneuver, for it is clear that only the ratification of the Paris pacts moved Moscow from dead center on the long-stalled Austrian treaty. Yet if Moscow has determined upon a larger horizon, the Austrian gambit may indeed be the opener for a new try at the Sovietization of all of continental Europe without firing a shot. This is the real danger.

The events which could lie ahead need more facing up to than has been evident so far in Washington. They need counter policies only now being hazily considered by policy makers recently sighing with relief at the latest narrow escape from chaos in Europe.

Ten-year building boom

Approximately 10 million new housing units have been built in the United States since the end of World War II, not quite ten years ago. This is a phenomenal record which has surprised even the optimists. But of late the building boom has been sustained by ultra-easy credit terms. There are cases in which the home buyer not only pays nothing down for his house but actually receives \$50 cash or an electrical appliance when he puts his name to the mortgage.

Forty-five per cent of the 10 million units have been constructed with government aid either under the FHA or VA mortgage guarantee programs or as Treasury-subsidized public housing. In spite of this government support, the economists have for some time been saying that the building boom cannot last — that the demands stemming from both the wartime backlog and the post-war baby boom have now been so thoroughly met that saturation is just around the corner.

The economic implications of a home-building collapse are obvious enough, for construction (both home and commercial) is not only one of the nation's largest direct employers but creates widespread indirect employment as far away as the forests and mines. But is a collapse actually going

to occur? If it does, it will be because of an utterly needless failure of government — federal, state, and local. The reason: there is now at hand the instrument to sustain the building boom almost indefinitely, assuming a continuation of our national economic growth in peace. This instrument is urban redevelopment, a new technique laboriously created and tested in the past several years.

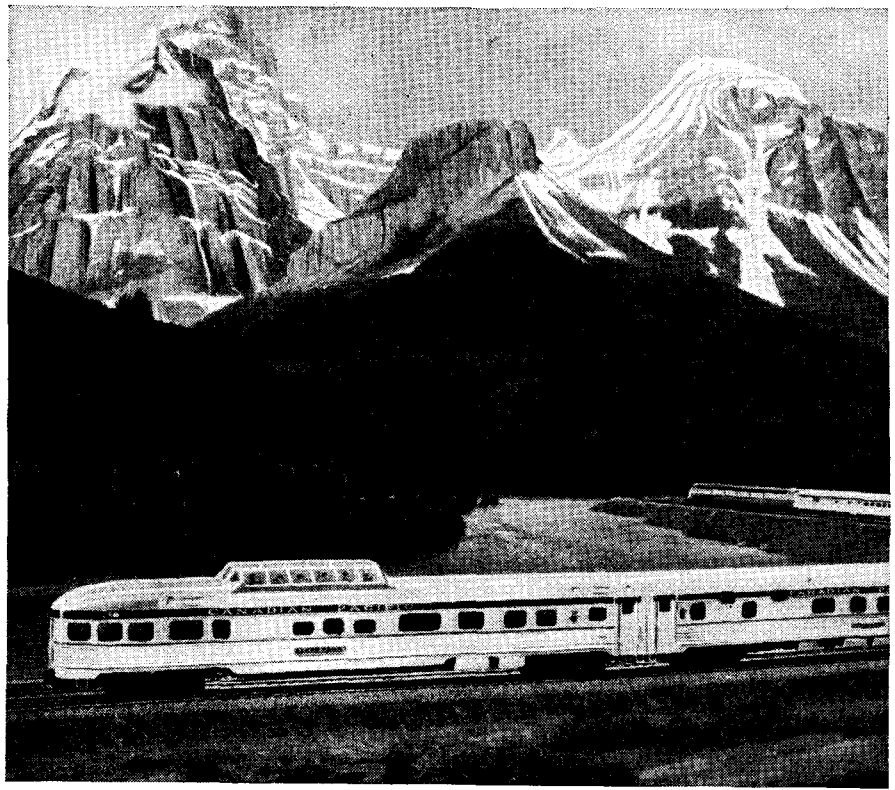
Rebuilding our cities

In pre-war years, slum clearance was limited to tearing down the rat-traps and replacing them, for the most part, with public housing units. The public versus private housing battle so hobbled this program, however, that slum growth far outstripped slum clearance. The post-war migration to the suburbs of families in the rising-income brackets created for our big cities the most severe financial crisis in their histories. Rot has become the word for the older central areas of these cities, locked within boundaries which lack all logic, whatever their historical justification.

Urban redevelopment was conceived as a means of attacking the problem of urban rot on an all-encompassing basis: the replacement of slums not only by new housing but by wholly new neighborhoods complete with tax-producing stores and shops and in many cases light industries as well. In some instances, the plans also permit the expansion of existing heavy industries, which otherwise would have to move to the country to expand.

The urban redevelopment program has now largely won over the private housing backers because the job is done by private industry even though some public housing must be included to accommodate the lowest-income families displaced by slum clearance. Government's hand is vital because the program depends not only on mortgage guarantees but on the use of the power of eminent domain, now finally tested and approved by the courts to include its application to areas designed for nonresidential uses.

Wide public acceptance, too, has been achieved, for which the big city newspapers deserve considerable applause. This acceptance has been won, in part, because of the clear warnings on the cash registers of the



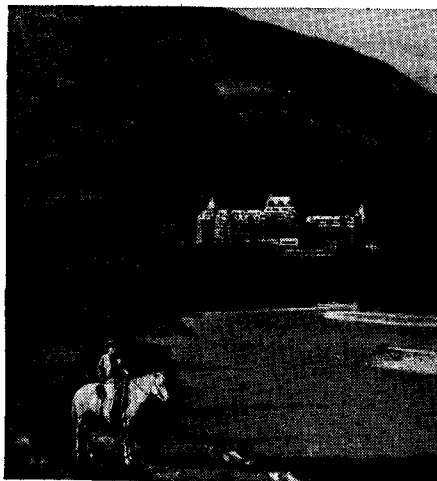
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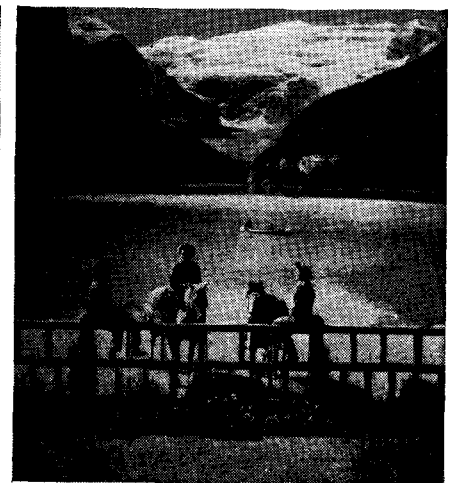
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downtown merchants in the past few years that unless they help push urban redevelopment they risk a major decline in the worth of their vast fixed capital investments. Area-wide or even city-wide planning, fortunately, has come to be generally accepted in principle, though each specific change always brings resistance from some of those directly affected.

There appears to be a happy coincidence between the expected decline in the suburban housing boom and the emergence of techniques for massive downtown urban redevelopment. The additional financial burden on the cities is not too great, for much of their share is met through municipal improvements such as schools, streets, parking, highways, and other public services which would have to be provided anyway. The bulk of the cash involved comes from private lending institutions. Some cities — Chicago, for example — already are deeply involved in major urban redevelopment programs. Washington is close to agreement on a model plan to end a vast area of blight and deterioration in the shadow of the Cap-

itol dome. Incidentally, the end of the segregated school system in Washington has simplified the program in the capital.

If urban redevelopment really works in the next decade on the grand scale which its proponents expect it to, jobs will be created for millions of Americans in construction and related industries. Beyond this simple economic factor is the social one, for the program will be a major contribution in the war on crime and juvenile delinquency, so often the products of bad housing and poor environment. Finally, if the program works in the United States, it could serve to impel suitable versions abroad. This is especially true in Western Europe, where many anti-Communists have long believed that democratic failure to satisfy housing demands has been a major weakness in the struggle against Marxism.

Mood of the Capital

The pre-convention presidential political season, actually more extensive than usual this time because of the lateness of the 1956 party conventions, opened in the spring with Adlai

Stevenson's attack on the Administration's Formosa policy, and was followed by the Democratic dinner for House Speaker Sam Rayburn.

Some Democrats had been playing with the idea that there might be a political issue in the Eisenhower foreign policy. But the indications so far are that they may limit themselves to attacks on Secretary of State John Foster Dulles's flood of words and phrases rather than assault the President's competency to handle the nation's world-wide problems. Rayburn himself made this rather clear when he spoke in almost Biblical tones: "... now we have come upon times whose like is not in the annals of mankind. For today it is possible to enshroud all men in a seamless, cloud-borne garment of poison, and make our planet as lifeless as the moon."

This kind of talk, coupled with Rayburn's public prayer for Eisenhower "in the terrible loneliness that surrounds Presidents," largely offset the whoops and hollers for Harry Truman's shafts at the White House and State Department. The Stevenson speech, too, was centered on constructive proposals highly favored by many within the Republican Administration, whatever the political overtones of the barbs which went with it.

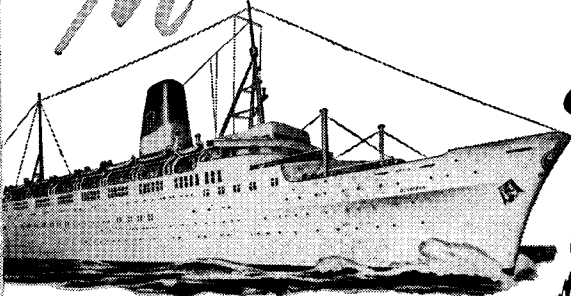
Many Democrats are beginning to think that President Eisenhower may be beatable in '56, though he is conceded to be unbeatable as of mid-'55. The strong Democratic showing in Michigan in the spring on top of the '54 national victory, and the bobbles of the GOP in Washington such as the Corsi case, are slowly building up a feeling that the public enchantment with Ike in '56 could not possibly be as great as it was in '52.

The expectation is that the Congress this year will pass a fair part of what the President has proposed, though some of the legislation will not bear too much resemblance to the Administration's original version. The school and highway programs are in the maybe-this-session, maybe-next-session category. But nobody expects the legislative record in '55 to make much difference to the voters in '56. What the Senators and Representatives do next year will make more difference.

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Southern Italy

ITALY'S number one problem continues to be chronic unemployment. Economic health cannot be achieved in the peninsula until some way is found to put willing hands to work. The attempts to use large numbers of Italians in Britain and in France have not turned out successfully in either country, although individuals often have made a satisfactory place for themselves as masons, builders, gardeners, agricultural workers, and domestic servants.

But because of crowded conditions, there are few countries in Western Europe which could absorb many workers from Italy without creating an acute unemployment problem of their own. To give any real relief, it would be necessary to find employment for far greater numbers than can possibly be accepted by France, Germany, Belgium, or Britain.

The broad spaces of Africa have always attracted Italian statesmen. But in North Africa any substantial Italian immigration would only exacerbate the tense situation that already exists. With black Africa slowly awakening and bound to move toward a greater degree of self-determination during the rest of this century, any massive movement of whites would be opposed by native leaders.

A better solution for Italy's chronic unemployment might be found in the development of the south. In the great days of Greece, these southern areas were prosperous with powerful cities engaged in commerce and trade. To re-establish this area now largely arid would require considerable capital.

The parched earth

Anyone journeying south from the rich plains of Lombardy and Tuscany cannot fail to be impressed by the complete change in the nature of the land. The southern countryside is dry and often volcanic, with vast deserted reaches and barren stony fields. The thriving industrial cities of northern Italy are replaced by small towns, often falling into ruin, where a miserable population is crowded into unsanitary hovels.

Included in this general geographical area, aside from Sicily and Sardinia, are the five southernmost

provinces. Going north from the toe of the peninsula, they are Calabria, Lucania, Apulia, Campania, and the Abruzzi. The last named, lying along the Adriatic coast opposite Lazio and Rome, is classed as southern more because of its economic similarity than because of its actual location in the south.

The average income of the residents of this area is only 67 per cent of the average for the whole of Italy. The consumption of meat is less than a third of the average. Macaroni, spaghetti, bread, and dried vegetables are the fare of the poor, plus fish near the coast. And the unemployed worker south of Rome can hope for only one half as much of this meager choice as his unemployed brother in Florence, Genoa, Turin, or Milan.

In the mountainous south only 15 per cent of the land is flat and therefore arable. Instead of a well-distributed rainfall, practically all the precipitation comes in the winter when the cold weather has arrested all growth. There is virtually no rain from April through October, when plant life would flourish if it were watered.

When rainfall does occur during the summer, it is usually short and violent, inundating the country and often causing landslides which strip the land of the little fertilizing growth which may have sprouted. Rain is followed usually by the sirocco — the hot wind from Africa — and the ground is quickly parched and cracked; if any wheat has managed to ripen, the grains are dried in their sheaths. In a report by an agricultural expert, it is stated: "In the space of a few days, the product of the soil can be reduced by 50 per cent." Compared with the Po valley lands, the production per acre for wheat is 50 per cent, potatoes 50 per cent, and hay 65 per cent.

The general area of barrenness is broken by small sections of fertile land around Naples where the soil has been enriched by centuries of cinders blown by the winds when Vesuvius erupts; along the Bay of Salerno, near Bari and Brindisi; and around Palermo, Siracusa, and Trapani in Sicily. These few richer lands produce about one third of the total



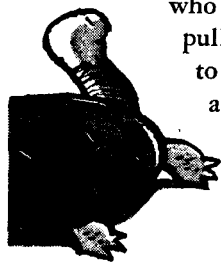
The HARE and the TORTOISE

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agricultural production of the south and about one half of the country's fruit and vegetables.

Workers without power

Turning to industry, the situation is equally unfavorable. Although there are about 850,000 workers in the southern provinces, this is equal to only 20 per cent of the total Italian labor force; and almost half of these in the south are hand workers or artisans using no electric power. Only about 100,000 actually work in factories. Over one half of the industries are in the Naples area, and a quarter are around Bari and Brindisi. This leaves 25 per cent for all the rest of this southern section, including the two islands.

There are some textile mills and a few clothing factories, but there is not in the south a single factory making electric lamps, which is indicative of the primitive living conditions.

In 1860, just prior to unification under the House of Savoy, the Kingdom of Naples was the most prosperous of all the Italian states. It had a small debt and very low taxes, partly owing to customs revenues and to the exports of the produce of its truck gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and partly owing to the foundries in Catanzaro and Reggio Calabria, to naval construction yards in Naples, and to the many textile mills. After Italy was united, customs barriers were abolished, and the ironworks, textile plants, and shipyards were closed or moved north to Turin, Varese, Milan, and Genoa. As industry declined, capital switched to agriculture, which flourished for about ten years, until the customs barriers of other states reduced the export market, which in turn cut agricultural production by half from 1887 to 1897.

Sicilian sulphur, a source of riches since Grecian days, was replaced by sulphur from the United States, produced and processed by better methods at a lower price. This cut off a source of natural wealth that had made Sicily a prize for which Athens, Sparta, Rome, and Carthage had fought in pre-Christian days.

Although Mussolini's Fascists endeavored to halt the economic deterioration and bring back prosperity to this region, measures to curtail emi-

gration closed the safety valve for excess population, which backed up and choked the economy of the whole south. As conditions became worse, those able to travel at all moved north in search of work. And as this movement increased the labor supply in the north, wages dropped and the lowered standard of living cut down the demand for consumers' goods. The problem became one of national importance, and every government since the early days of the republic has struggled in vain with it.

Developing southern industry

One outstanding economist, Francesco Compagna, has declared: "The prolonged depression in the south is choking the Italian economy." As a result of this realization, SVIMEZ (Associazione per il Sviluppo dell'Industria nel Mezzogiorno — Association for the Development of Industry in the South) was formed.

Among those who founded SVIMEZ were important bankers and industrialists from the north who realized that in helping the south they could develop new sales opportunities for their machinery and tractors. Experiments with modern tractors proved that they not only could scale the eroded hills but also, by deep contour plowing, could partly solve the water problem. And modern science, which with DDT reduced malaria from 45.9 cases per 100,000 in 1943 to 0.3 in 1949, has transformed in six years a degenerating population into a vigorous and hopeful one.

Soundings have already revealed previously unknown sources of water in the Tarolian plains, south of Bari in Apulia, where there are 450,000 hectares (1.1 million acres) of barren land. An underground river flowing from 20 to 40 meters below the surface and an artesian lake at a depth of 100 meters should supply enough water to irrigate one third of this land. Engineers estimate that an equal amount of land can be irrigated from reservoirs to hold the waters of mountain streams; and by replanting the lower slopes of now barren mountains, erosion can be arrested.

Land distribution

Steps have been taken to prevent land seizure by the peasants, especially in Calabria and Sicily, but also in districts scattered through the other southern provinces. A practical

plan of expropriation and distribution, affecting in all more than 7 million hectares (17.5 million acres), has been voted. The new scheme is based not on gifts but on purchase with payment in thirty years — or sooner if the peasant is successful.

Under this plan approximately 400,000 hectares (1 million acres) have been taken over, and about one half of this has been already “attributed” to new peasant owners. A special finance office, La Cassa per il Mezzogiorno (The Southern Fund), was set up in 1950 to manage expenditures, development, and the public works required. Originally established for ten years, it has been extended to 1962. The fund has received credits for \$2 billion to be applied to improvement of the soil, development of mountain reservoirs for water storage, mechanization of agriculture, building of aqueducts to make irrigation possible, and construction of railroads, highways, and touring facilities.

Although the plan has still seven years to run, remarkable results have been achieved so far. Swamp lands and tidal marshes have been drained; hillside vineyards and pasture lands in danger of erosion or landslides have been shored up; waste lands have been filled and leveled to make them arable. The total area which it is hoped to reclaim comprises 5.2 million hectares (13 million acres).

Mountain reservoirs

Because it will require years to complete the program, it has been decided to undertake first such works as protect the lands which lie below the mountains and could be inundated or even swept away by uncontrolled floods. Dams creating over 150 reservoirs and basins with over 3 million hectares of water surface have already been built.

To encourage modern methods of handling and storage, silos for wheat and centers for conservation of vegetables and fruits have been built, and model farms have also been established to train prospective peasant-owners in modern farm and dairy methods.

On quite another plane, good roads and hotels have been constructed to attract automobile tourists who will create business for garages and service

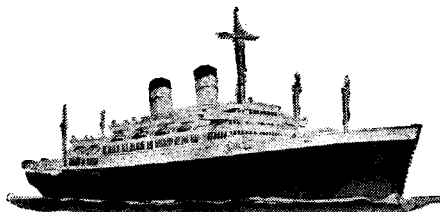


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Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which “whispers” to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

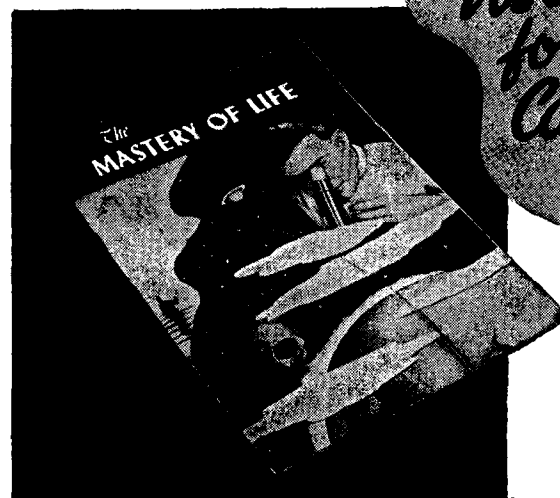
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

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stations. It is also planned to develop the mineral springs in Sicily and on the islands off Naples into watering places, and to encourage visitors to include Paestum and Benevento in their trips to Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Taormina.

On the industrial side, SVIMEZ plans at first to encourage those industries which are connected with agriculture, such as processing and packing for better distribution; saw-mills, cement works, iron and steel shops which produce the building materials required for housing, dams, aqueducts, canals, culverts, and roads; workshops and small plants where the consumers' and household goods needed by the population can be made.

Still the unemployed

Although this movement has much merit, it cannot meet the problem as long as there is no check on the birth rate. When the twelve-year plan has been completed, with the expenditure of \$2 billion, 360,000 unemployed will have found work for themselves and housing for their families. This is a splendid effort, but will only provide for one half of the present unemployed; and every year there are 50,000 more people looking for work. Modern methods will of course help production, but ultimately mechanization will require less manpower. Furthermore, the small holdings of 5 to 6 hectares which are being attributed to the prolific peasants cannot support families averaging five or six children each.

The effort of the Italian government to find a solution to this baffling problem is actually absorbing 37 per cent of total state expenditures for public works and improvements. In Sicily from July, 1945, through June, 1952, 40 billion lire were devoted to this object. But this excellent effort has to date absorbed only 8000 of the 50,000 jobless in Sicily.

Nevertheless, the important thing was to make a start. In any event, at the moment there is in Sicily a scarcity of masons, stonecutters, carpenters, and specialists trained to run the earth-movers, bulldozers, and steam rollers engaged in construction of public works. Any able-bodied laborers who are still unemployed in Sicily are likely to be persons who have failed to master a trade, or who are too old to learn new techniques.

Science and Industry

WITH all the discussion of automation, one point seems to have been largely overlooked. In a number of fields, automatic controls do not merely cut costs. They also make possible production processes that otherwise could not be attempted.

Automatic sensing devices can operate under conditions deadly to man: in the presence of poisonous gases, intense heat, or atomic radiation. Automatic controls can keep track of machine movements so complicated that human machine-tenders cannot follow them. The shapes of parts in new aircraft, for example, are so complex that they present enormous problems even to skilled machinists. This results from making parts perform several functions to save weight and is one reason that the price of aircraft keeps rising.

How automatic controls can solve this problem is demonstrated in a new 200-ton milling machine that Convair is building in San Diego under an Air Force contract. This monster will boast four cutting heads, a 20-foot slide, and a rotary table. Convair quotes one tool engineer: "This concept makes possible as many as eighteen different motions with one machine — an operation so complicated that no human could do it and still maintain quality."

Previous automatic machine tools have been either specially built one-purpose tools or copying tools that require expensive models or templates to follow. The single-purpose tools require a long production run to pay off the investment. The copying type of tool necessitates a lot of preparation for each new job, tends to be slow, has limited accuracy, and needs the attention of a skilled operator.

Convair's milling machine, however, will be used for any job that will fit it, and the change-over from one job to the next will be quick and easy. It will run at high speed, with great accuracy, and completely on its own.

The secret is in the ingenious control system used. Convair's machine will be operated by signals

recorded on magnetic tape: changing from one job to another will be little more difficult than changing tunes on a tape player. The tape can be run repeatedly, and the parts turned out will be identical. Design changes can be made by splicing in a new length. Tapes can be duplicated to run other similar machines if desired.

The magnetic tape is turned out by an electronic computer which takes numbers fed into it and translates them into electrical pulse signals. The numbers represent the distances and times each cutter head must operate to turn a line on a blueprint into a cut in metal.

This system, called numerical control, opens up the advantages of automation to whole new segments of American industry. Its development has been largely carried out by the Electrical Engineering Department of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There, at the Servomechanisms Laboratory in Cambridge, engineers built a pioneer control system for a conventional milling machine and proved its accuracy and reliability by thousands of hours of operation.

Million-dollar machine

Numerical controls make automatic machines more economical by enabling them to be used on a wide variety of jobs. They are still expensive, however: the Convair machine will cost over a million dollars. Fortunately, the really costly part of a numerical control system is the electronic computer, not the actual machine controls, and one computer can turn out tapes for many machines. Already custom computing services are available that will make tapes from blueprints on order. Eventually shops will be able to buy or rent tapes for standard cuts, and subcontractors will receive tapes with their orders.

Numerical controls offer the prospect of an extension of automation's savings not only into relatively short-run industries, such as aircraft, but also into medium-sized and even small metalworking shops of all sorts. It also seems likely that the giants of mass production will find that numerical control offers great savings in diemaking — which



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might result in more frequent model changes.

In a sense, automation imposes its own form of guaranteed annual wage on the user: the interest and amortization of the investment. This wage must be paid as long as the machine is owned, whether the plant is closed down or running full blast. The break-even point moves to a higher level of production, and the penalty for dropping below it is likely to be much heavier than with conventional machines. It takes careful scheduling to keep production on an even keel.

In the shoe industry, leasing machinery is an established practice, and an official of the United Shoe Machinery Company has suggested it as a way that smaller companies can by-pass the big investment automation requires. Leasing, he pointed out to a conference sponsored by the Air Force and Stanford Research Institute, is particularly attractive under certain conditions. These include situations where machines are complex and require unusual servicing; where machines are extremely expensive and tie up capital; where machines are used only intermittently (rents can be tied to production); where machines must be adapted to product changes; and where technology is changing rapidly.

Frontiers of thought

M.I.T. has been in the forefront not only in the application of automation but in the development of the basic communications theory on which automatic controls are based. Much of this work was done by the noted mathematician Norbert Wiener, who has also been instrumental in bringing the whole subject to public attention.

Professor Wiener has deliberately kept aloof from the commercial application of automation in order to remain a disinterested critic and commentator. He believes that the full automation of industry is further off than most people realize. There is much pioneering still to be done. Improved instruments are needed for more delicate control of automatic processes. New mathematical concepts will have to be formulated. New thinking is required to build truly automatic factories. Only a war, he believes, could automatize industry overnight.

On this basis, Professor Wiener fears that automation is being oversold. If companies rush into automation prematurely, before either the machines or the men are ready, the resulting disillusionment could set back the whole concept for years.

For much the same reasons, Professor Wiener urges a cautious approach by private investors who see in automation a chance for future profits. Only the big companies can afford the expensive exploration that this stage of automation involves — and the inevitable losses. Specialized engineering firms, like those that cluster around M.I.T. in Cambridge, are active in the development of automation and will undoubtedly benefit by it. But the work of this type of company, Wiener points out, is little publicized, and as a rule the public is not given an opportunity to invest in them.

As for the small engineering firms that are crowding into the automation field, some are technically sound, others are not. Many, Wiener believes, will fall by the wayside. Unfortunately the average investor lacks the information — if not the skill — to pick the winners. Automation stocks are as much a speculation as uranium shares. Experts may venture into the field and make a killing, but even they must be prepared to lose. In any case, says Dr. Wiener, look out for the automation exploiters who smell gold in the hills.

One Wiener view may not be shared by many of his colleagues: "After all, we have not allowed radio, TV, or aviation to run hog wild: we have set up licensing procedures and regulatory boards. We can't allow automatization to run hog wild either. There can be no such thing as completely uninterrupted free enterprise in these fields — history makes it clear that such forces will be regulated. I expect that some form of government inspection and licensing will be required eventually, regardless of which party is in power."

Professor Wiener also takes a firm stand on nomenclature. "Automation," he says, is barbarous; let it be "automatization" or nothing.

Victory over polio

The announcement of the success of the Salk polio vaccine was a unique

event in the annals of American science. The crowds of reporters, newsreel men, TV cameras, and photographers gathered at Ann Arbor created an atmosphere of excitement hitherto reserved for the World Series, the discovery of a new screen star, or the return of a victorious general.

Some may deplore this and prefer the traditional paper slipped quietly into a learned journal. A more accurate view is that the American people must be growing up when we can find an important medical achievement as newsworthy as one in sports or war.

That the Salk vaccine is a notable victory in man's fight against disease is obvious. It is also an unusually clear example of how money invested in medical research pays off in dollars and cents as well as in the relief of human suffering. Since 1938, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has spent \$18.2 million for research. In the same time it has spent \$203.6 million to help treat and rehabilitate polio patients.

Assuming that the vaccine will reduce paralytic polio to the vanishing point, the entire cost of the research will be equaled every year and a half by the amount saved in medical care — a 67 per cent dividend on the investment.

The outcome emphasizes the fact that medical victories today are won by teams of researchers, not by the dedicated isolation of a Jenner or a Pasteur. The National Foundation played the part of a general staff, coordinating and helping to plan the work of scientists in many institutions. A whole series of important discoveries by at least eight researchers made possible the ultimate development of the vaccine by Dr. Jonas E. Salk.

The story is not yet finished. Thousands of polio patients are still undergoing treatment and rehabilitation. More research must be done on how long the vaccine gives immunity. The search for a cure for the disease will continue.

The National Foundation may turn to other fields of medical research. One which seems highly appropriate for an organization founded by Franklin Delano Roosevelt is the study of

the crushing blow that the brain suffers when an artery is blocked or breaks. Ten years, to the day, before the success of the polio vaccine was announced, such a cerebral accident killed President Roosevelt.

Sea salt and tooth decay

The salt pans that once were a common sight along our coasts may be due for a comeback. Dr. James H. Shaw of the Harvard School of Dental Medicine says that fluoride in table salt may reduce tooth decay as effectively as fluoride in drinking water. Ordinary American table salt doesn't contain fluoride, but salt evaporated from the sea does.

Dr. Shaw bases his views on the amount of fluoride found in teeth in India, where the people use sea salt and have only one-third as much tooth decay as in the United States. Dr. Shaw points out, however, that there may be something else in the sea salt that inhibits decay.

With fluoridation a bitter topic of debate in many American communities, both sides will probably seize on this piece of research to bolster their arguments.

New products

Mylar, a new plastic film developed by Du Pont, which is extra strong, water- and alcohol-proof, and resistant to scratching. Du Pont suggests its use for laminating to wallboard or furniture, and for electrical insulation and magnetic tapes for sound recordings. The film does not shrink, stretch, or grow brittle with age.

Filastic, a non-woven web of rubber fibers. Stronger than foam or sponge rubber, it is highly elastic and can be made with a pore structure that will pass vapors but block liquids. Developed jointly by research scientists of American Viscose and Arthur D. Little, it is expected to be used in the manufacture of rainwear, inner soles, upholstery, and elastic garments and bandages.

Lampreys — a kind of eel — may provide a new drug. Dr. George I. Shinowara of Ohio State University has found that lampreys in certain rivers secrete a powerful anti-coagulant in their mouth glands. The substance, which has not been isolated, keeps the blood of fishes flowing as the eels suck it.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

How Much Pacifism?

SIR:

President John Sloan Dickey of Dartmouth College renders a great service both to education and to the younger generation through his article, "Conscience and the Undergraduate," in the April *Atlantic*.

There is one statement in it, however, that I greatly regret. Near the end of section 3, President Dickey speaks of today's college seniors as accepting their assignment in military service "without retreating . . . to . . . pacifism." This remark seems to me an unfair and unconsidered indictment of those whose conscience leads them to reject the war system as a means to a better world. If a young man honestly believes that in the long run modern warfare unsettles more than it settles, destroys more than it builds, damns more than it saves, makes losers of all and victors of none; and if after long and strenuous struggle of soul war has become for him the supreme social evil of our day, then on what moral or historic grounds dare we call him an escapist? To do so reflects on the importance we really attach to conscience.

SIDNEY A. MAYER
*The Ohio Conference of
the Methodist Church
Columbus, Ohio*

SIR:

Since Dartmouth's President Dickey speaks of conscience, I feel it is not proper to let his characterization of pacifism as a form of retreat go unchallenged. As a Quaker who chose to serve in the Navy after much soul-searching, I should like to

take exception to the suggestion that pacifism in today's undergraduate is a retreat from reality. Quite to the contrary, in my view, it points up those very qualities of "critical doubt" and "a growing awareness of the role of conscience in all his doing" which President Dickey encourages. Pacifist undergraduates have weighed carefully their obligation to "Caesar" as against what they saw as their moral obligation to God and concluded that they could not give to Caesar first and God second. Unwilling to carry arms and to violate a commandment they regard as absolute, pacifists have taken up such tasks as staffing mental hospitals, field work in technical assistance abroad, and working among the indigent American Indians as a positive contribution to their country's welfare. They have faced considerable social ostracism and penalties for following their conscience where it led them. It would seem inappropriate, therefore, to call their actions retreat or evidence of a lack of that "conscience" to which President Dickey refers.

ENSIGN WALTER P. BLASS
*U.S.S. Orion (AS-18)
FPO, N.Y.*

My words "without . . . retreating . . . to pacifism" are open to fair objection. They were inadequate to cover my thought. I was thinking about the waves of "pacifism" that have swept over college campuses from time to time in the past. The historical evidence seems to me clear that there was little depth or permanence of individual conviction in these movements.

Broadly viewed, I think such undergraduate pacifism was more a very understandable retreat from the realities of a bad situation than an advance into a considered commitment to the principles of conscientious objection to the use of force. It was of such epidemic pacifism that I was speaking and of which I see little or no sign on today's campus.

Although I personally believe we are still at a stage where most men must be prepared to use the ultimate force of government to resist international as well as domestic outlawry, I respect the individual conscience that, after maturely facing it all, decides it must walk the more lonely route up the mountain.

— JOHN S. DICKEY

A Retraction

SIR:

Since my letter regarding Pearl Buck's article has appeared in the January *Atlantic Repartee*, Monsignor Martin T. Gilligan has in your columns questioned the validity of my judgment as regards missionary activity. I have also personally received a number of other letters from your readers along the same lines, and therefore hope you will allow this "re-repartee" to appear in your magazine.

Before going any further, I wish to retract the statement I made in my previous letter. I have seen enough missionary activity in the Middle East to know that the medical and educational efforts, at least, have been outstanding.

In my defense let me only say that the greater part of my letter, which was not published, placed the em-

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- 2nd Places:** Sally Snow, Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles, California; *Sister M. Laurentia, CSJ, Instructor* — Valerie Foulkes, University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio; *Elizabeth R. Bills, Instructor* — Roland Tharp, University of Houston, Houston, Texas; *Ruth Pennybacker, Instructor*
- 3rd Places:** Henry Pietersma, Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan; *Henry Zylstra, Instructor* — Viola Talich August, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor* — Kitty Ryan, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Maura, SSND, Instructor*
- 4th Places:** Anne Therese Kierman, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Maura, SSND, Instructor* — Karsten John Vieg, Pomona College, Claremont, California; *Edward R. Weismiller, Instructor* — Patricia Ching, Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles, California; *Sister Marie de Lourdes, Instructor*
- 5th Places:** Charles Miller, SM, St. Mary's University, San Antonio, Texas; *Louis A. Schuster, SM, Instructor* — Stanley Zimmerman, Pomona College, Claremont, California; *Edward R. Weismiller, Instructor*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIPS — Bread Loaf School of English of Middlebury College, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1955 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one to Patricia Francis, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine (for her essay: *Belated Pilgrimage*), and one to Robert Berkelman, Instructor of Patricia Francis.

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ESSAY

STORY

POETRY

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 \$100.00 Bettina Simon, Hunter College High School, New York, New York; *Dorothy L. Bush, Instructor*
 \$100.00 Joan Moffitt, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts; *Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*
- 2nd Places:** Miriam Elizabeth Wolfe, Katharine Branson School, Ross, California; *Helen Martin Ergil, Instructor* — Peggy High, The Chapin School, New York, New York; *Mrs. John Benedict Olli, Instructor* — Kay Clatterbuck, Benson High School, Omaha, Nebraska; *Anna J. Cass, Instructor*
- 3rd Places:** Martha Bachner, Newton High School, Newtonville, Massachusetts; *Floyd Rinker, Instructor* — Barbara Mead, Bethlehem Central High School, Delmar, New York; *Carl J. Freudenreich, Instructor* — Elizabeth Rhett Ball, Harpeth Hall School, Nashville, Tennessee; *Mary C. Rasmussen, Instructor*
- 4th Places:** Judith VanNest Hover, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Virginia Fox, Instructor* — Sara Ellen Sagoff, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts; *Francis W. Newsom, Instructor* — Kathy Cook, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *Mary L. Taft, Instructor*
- 5th Places:** Judith R. Vogel, Newton High School, Newtonville, Massachusetts; *Edith M. Rideout, Instructor* — Kurt VanCleave Blankmeyer, Middlesex School, Concord, Massachusetts; *John DeQ. Briggs, Jr., Instructor* — Cynthia Lovelace, Chatham Hall, Chatham, Virginia; *Virginia L. Radley, Instructor*

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH SCHOLARSHIP — The University of Pittsburgh awards a four-year scholarship (free tuition) to Joan Moffitt, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts (Francis W. Newsom, Instructor), for her poem, *Caesar*.

HONORABLE MENTION

Anchorage High School, Janet Mohr, Randolph Smith — Beaver Country Day School, Anne B. Fanlow — Bethlehem Central Senior High School, Roger Edward Miller — Brookline High School, Linda Novick, Michael A. Woolf — Katherine Delmar Burke School, Claudine Montgomery — The Chapin School, Peggy High — Chatham Hall, Olivia Ladd — Dominican Convent Upper School, Joan DeVor, Suzanne Marrin, Susan Rigsbee — Edgewood High School, Mike Kretschman — Evanston Township High School, John Ferren, Marjory Mott-Smith — Germantown Friends School, Marcia Jean Bell — Gloucester High School, Elaine Gendreau — Harpeth Hall School, Polly Vance Akin — Kent Place School, Sara Lippincott (2), Robin Ann Miesem — Lincoln High School, Linda Swenson — Charles H. Milby High School, Kathryn Pulley — Newton High School, Gail Beckwith (2), Tenney Peck — Northfield School for Girls, Sylvia E. Barnard (2), Hope A. Owen — North Shore Country Day School, Frank R. C. Bacon, William A. Stearns — Will Rogers High School, Gail Arnold — Rutland High School, Stetson C. Edmunds, Jr. — St. Rose Academy, Nancy Farrell (2), Lei Lani Jones — Walnut Hill School, Jacqueline R. Graham, Elizabeth Leigh Pool — Wellesley Senior High School, Peter W. Brown, Nancy Bowen, Joyce Kendall, Mason McCracken — Mary C. Wheeler School, Katama Bonthron — Emma Willard School, Margery Clifford, Betsy Weedon.

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phasis on an entirely different aspect of Miss Buck's article (the present-day rather fashionable belittling of the modern physician) and that in the somewhat impatient frame of mind in which I wrote I have committed the same error as she: namely, thoughtless generalization in an effort to prove a point. When taken out of context this no longer proves anything, leaving simply thoughtless generalization.

CAPT. OSKAR P. FRIEDLIEB, M.C.
U.S. Army Hospital
Fort Dix, N.J.

I Personally —

SIR:

Raymond Loewy, although stressing that he is a member of the automotive industry, seems to have confused business with aesthetics in his article, "Jukebox on Wheels," in the April *Atlantic*.

Chrysler, in 1953 and 1954, tried a shorter, more compact Plymouth and nearly went out of business. As for chrome, the big three all offer a more or less de-chromed version — the Chevrolet 150, the Ford Mainline, the Plymouth Plaza — at a saving of \$100 or more in first cost. The majority of these models seem to be used as fleet cars or taxicabs.

The styling of the American auto has an economic basis. Ford and Chevrolet together produce approximately half the automobiles in the United States, each manufacturing over a million vehicles per year. This production of an article acceptable to a million people per year explains the jukebox automobile. As long as people have to buy a low-priced automobile, they will naturally choose the one that most resembles the more expensive models. I need not point out that in the United States the most expensive cars are the largest and most gaily chromed.

MONTY SQUIRE
Montreal, Canada

SIR:

As one who has seen "The Family of Man" at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, I was somewhat surprised by Phoebe Lou Adams's

review of the exhibit in "Through a Lens Darkly" (April *Atlantic*). Doubtless the exhibit has its shortcomings; and nothing, however good, should be exempt from criticism. But it seems to me that Miss Adams's criticisms are based upon superficial and inaccurate observation.

For example, Miss Adams says: "Deliberate evil has been carefully excluded; there are dead men, but no murderers." If she returns to the exhibit and looks carefully, she will find a series of photographs portraying "deliberate evil" in most un-subtle terms. It includes two pictures of the destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto by the Germans during World War II, and one picture of a lynching victim taken in this country. In the former two pictures, the jack-booted murderers are clearly visible; in the latter, their existence is necessarily implied.

Miss Adams seems troubled by the use of text to "reinforce" the pictures. Admittedly, such text is not essential. But is this a valid objection to its use? Beethoven's music does not require Schiller's verse to be understood, but the two are most effective together.

The last paragraph of the review seems to misconceive the point of the exhibit. The picture of the H-bomb explosion and those of the UN are not in a sequence; they are alternatives. The "family quarrel" has not been forgotten; the point — to this viewer at least — is that it may be tempered, if not eliminated.

PETER L. ALBRECHT
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

I was slightly crushed when my favorite magazine, in its April report on Washington, fell for the latest advertising slogan, "dynamic conservatism." For the most part, the Eisenhower policies have been praiseworthy, but must we encourage these slick but confusing advertising phrases?

I am bracing myself for the inevitable: "static liberalism."

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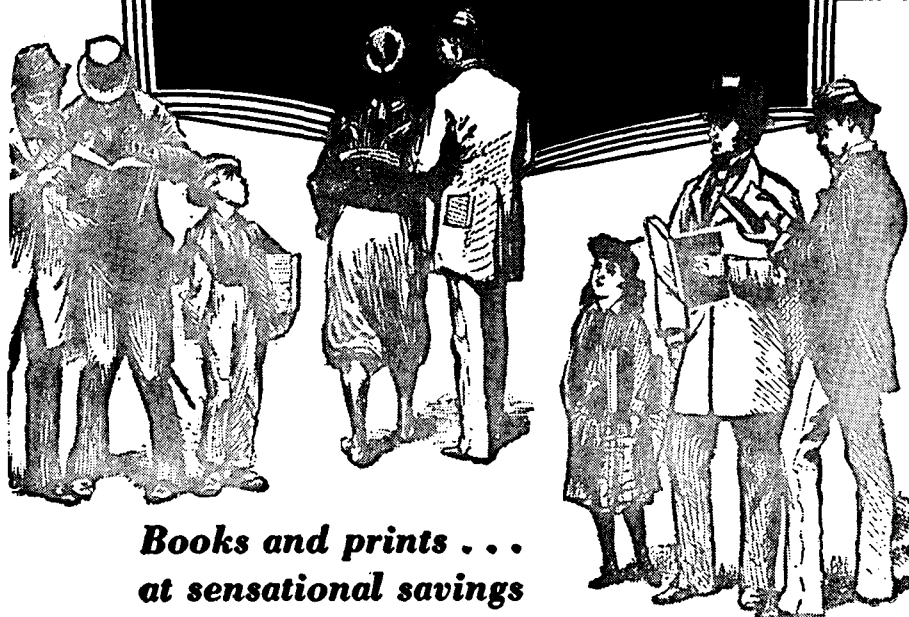
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ALBERT EINSTEIN

Appraisal of an Intellect

by GEORGE R. HARRISON

THE world has lost a shy and kindly man, sweet-natured and intensely human, and for a long time now will be taking stock of what resulted from his three quarter-centuries of living. Most of what he did, woven into the mesh of all future civilization, came about from the long, long thoughts of a youth of twenty-six. Like Newton, Einstein finished his greatest work before the age of thirty.

They are saying that such minds come on the human scene only once in a hundred years, but this is an understatement. Not since that earlier youth invented the calculus and discovered the law of universal gravitation, nearly three hundred years ago, has so lofty a peak of intellectual achievement even been approached. It is futile to argue whether Einstein's was the Everest and Newton's the lesser Himalaya of a mind, or vice versa; in my opinion, with which some would disagree, one must go beyond Galileo and even Archimedes to find Einstein's match, back to the days when the world of speculation was very young indeed. The peaks that rose from the plain of thought when intellectual adventure was new are hard to measure, and it may well have been easier to reorient the ideas of men when there were fewer of men or ideas. The violence Einstein wrought on the common run of thought has been only approached by others. He

reared his structures on a massif left by many minds, but his influence on the reasoning and actions of mankind is likely in the end to make men think of a few only as his peers.

It was more than youth that gave young Einstein such willingness to plunge off in new directions to explain phenomena that had defied explanation in previous terms, but youth played an important role. 1905 was his great year of fruition. Max Planck had in 1901 come to the conclusion that it was impossible to explain the emission of light waves by atoms and molecules in terms of any conceivable adaptation of the classical theories of physics. So much of red light, so much of green, such an intensity of blue in the mixture — the ratios were known to depend mainly on how hot was the luminous object emitting them, whether sun or electric arc. Planck had pointed out that only by assuming the existence of discrete packets of energy, the quanta or photons of light that we all now accept as real, could the observed distribution of energy from a hot glowing object be explained. Few were prepared to believe so radical a concept, until Einstein came forward with a new theory of the photoelectric effect, in which quanta appeared again as essential to an understanding of energy. Today the photoelectric effect, in which electrons are struck from metal plates by incoming

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light waves, is basic to many of our most common instruments: exposure meters, vacuum tubes to open doors for baggage-laden travelers, pickup tubes for television cameras. Einstein showed that to explain the basic phenomenon it was necessary again to assume that light came in tiny packets. Thus he got Planck's Quantum Theory off to a good start.

Soon he did violence to preconceptions again. He started thinking about certain inconsistencies in the explanation of specific heats. When an atom or a molecule vibrates, any person of common sense would suppose that it does so by an amount depending on the energy communicated to it, as a tree vibrates in the wind or a bell rocks when rung. This idea is correct for objects of ordinary size, but Einstein showed that ultramicroscopic objects vibrate with only certain amounts of energy, refusing to accept a change unless a definite increase in energy is communicated to them, so that they change their vibrating energy in discrete jumps. What a thrill of discovery he must have had when he found that using the quantum idea again cleared up the discrepancies!

That the basic action of energy is quantized, it has recently been pointed out by Schrödinger, probably explains how the hereditary genes can remain the same over the ages yet be susceptible to mutations when struck by a cosmic ray or any other unusual bundle of excessive energy. To explain the panorama of organic evolution one must have a gene which is very stable, yet capable of rapid change on occasion. The horseshoe crab, for example, has remained essentially the same for 160 million years, during which time its gene molecules have reduplicated themselves millions of times. How can the gene, a molecule composed of many thousands of atoms, under the ceaseless buffetings of the atoms surrounding it remain stable enough to assemble inert matter into the bodies of horseshoe crabs identical with their ancestors of past ages? Easy, says Schrödinger, if you follow Einstein and the experimenters who have proved that his ideas were right. For at the temperatures at which living creatures exist, the vibrations that come in from other atoms jiggle the gene molecules effectively only seldom, because their energy acceptance is quantized. But subject them to high temperatures, or to mustard gas, or to cosmic rays, and an atom is easily knocked out of place so that a change is induced in the gene which results in production of a creature of slightly different characteristics. Thus a mutation can result, giving nature an occasional new opportunity for improving by selection, with the resulting great sweep of organic evolution.

These great assists to the Quantum Theory of light were only two of Einstein's early papers; the third, his greatest break-through of the boundaries of knowledge, was his 1905 paper on Special Relativity.

Only a few scientists paid much attention to it for a dozen years, and for a time fewer than a dozen were able to understand its mathematics. By 1917 it had been extended, verified, and accepted, and with the Quantum Theory it now forms one of the great twin bastions of modern physics, and indeed of all science.

2

By 1907 Einstein's greatest work was done, though he was still to do enough of importance to bring an outstanding reputation to any run-of-the-mine theoretical physicist. His short paper on General Relativity made a great splash in the popular press when it appeared in 1916, especially after it and his earlier theory were verified by measurements on such things as his prediction of a bending of light rays by the gravitational field of the sun and his explanation of the advance of the perihelion of the planet Mercury.

From this time onward Einstein's work, though occasionally sending a sharp shaft of light to illuminate a dark spot in physics, declined in importance. His work on the Brownian movement, that flea-like jumping of small flakes of mica or carbon that can be observed as they are pushed about by the molecules of a liquid in which they are suspended, published in 1926, was merely an excellent theoretical investigation by a highly qualified physicist. His contribution to the Bose-Einstein Statistics was even more important, but in the same category, and could have been made by any one of a dozen living physicists.

In his later years, while a professor at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, Einstein occupied himself in the search for a unified field theory. Of the three basic forces of the universe, the electrical, magnetic, and gravitational forces which account for all physical phenomena, the first two are known to be related, and it seems probable to many physicists that all will ultimately be found to be expressions of a single basic force. The papers that Einstein published on this subject seem not to have been directly fruitful, though his thoughts will surely serve as a basis on which others can build in the urge for seeking a unifying principle behind all life. Many experts believe that he was not even on the right track in this work. Some felt that he became increasingly traditional as he aged; others that he had struck such a high mark in his youth that he was unable to excel it except by attempting the almost impossible.

Thus the Quantum Theory and Relativity, both basic to our modern understanding of the universe, benefited by Einstein's thought. To the first he was only one contributor of many, however, and the names of Planck, Bohr, Heisenberg, Dirac, de Broglie, Schrödinger, Pauli, and many others must be joined with his. But Relativity is Einstein's

alone, and it will stand as his enduring monument.

The basic arguments of Relativity are not difficult to comprehend, though the detailed mathematical argument lies in a field so uncommon that it was familiar to only a few trained mathematicians when the theory first appeared. Einstein had a pleasant and full-fledged gift of humor, which he used to fob off laymen who wanted a simple explanation of Relativity, saying, "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours, you think it's only a minute. But when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it's two hours. That's relativity." This has, of course, nothing to do with his theory, but only with what the world well knew before he lived: that many things are relative. Closer to the truth was the statement he approved: "There is no hitching post in the Universe — so far as we know." His great feat was analogous to breaking with such obvious observations as that bullets shot from a moving gun have a different velocity than those from a gun at rest, for their motion relative to the gun and to an observer must both be measured. Such common sense when applied to light waves led to contradictory results, and his great genius lay in having both the willingness and the ability to see what had to be assumed to make things come out as they are observed. By being so apparently foolish as to assume that light moves at a constant speed relative to all observers, no matter how they are moving relative to one another, Einstein picked up the thread of truth again and led the whole baying field of scientists, their tattered Aether in shreds, off in a new direction.

3

THE passing of Einstein gives us a chance to stop and think how it felt to have been alive while one of the authentic great minds of all history was doing its work. All of his reputation is deserved, but on a basis rather different from that commonly supposed. The intelligent man in the street is likely to say that Einstein was the world's greatest mathematician. This is correct enough, but in truth it misses the mark. He was, to be sure, a natural lover of mathematics, and taught himself from books at an early age more mathematics than any person but one in a million ever learns. However, there have been and are many greater mathematicians than he. Instead, he was that priceless rarity, an intuitive thinker who was able to assemble and grasp great generalities, and manipulate them into view for the world of men. He knew what he wanted to do, and when he did not have the mathematical tools himself, he knew where to turn for help. For mathematical help he turned to specialists. Much of Relativity is based on the work of Lorentz and of Poincaré.

It is not the feat of working out a theory so difficult to understand as the basic tenets of Relativity that excites our admiration, so much as the ability

of a man to dash in so radical a direction to pick up the vanished thread of truth. Truth travels a variably curved path, and scientists tend to travel in straight lines in the direction in which the thread pointed when they last had hold of it. Then they need an Einstein, who goes in quite unreasonable directions and finds the thread again.

Einstein could be very, very wrong. In fact, he gloried in the willingness to be so, as a mark of the true scientist; for probing in the dark for truth is bound, as he pointed out, to bring ninety-nine fruitless gropings for one successful grasp. But he could be wronger than most, for his mental reach was greater.

Einstein was always a kindly professor, and did human acts which endeared him to many. I treasure my only letter from him, received as an anonymous minor wartime government official in charge of a certain scientific field in which he made an invention. While doing his greatest thinking, Einstein had worked in the Swiss Patent Office, and he was patent-conscious all his life. One of his patents was for a camera in which the size of the lens stop was automatically adjusted by the light from the scene to be photographed as it fell on a photocell attached to the camera. But Einstein was primarily a theorist, and was likely to overlook important details that often bar such devices from practicality. So it was with the device he submitted to the government in wartime, an automatic instrument for navigators, quite correct in theory, but incapable of reduction to practice because of the unfortunate presence of friction.

Einstein became in the last two decades a familiar figure on the Princeton campus in his wrinkled sweater, his long white hair straggling out from under his formless stocking cap. The isolated college community in its village was an ideal place for him; his duties were to sit and think, and to help young scientists to think while they sat and listened to his discussions. He was always a most stimulating thinker, though far from what would be called a good speaker.

Typical of Einstein is the story of the popular lecture he was finally prevailed upon to give, for it shows his incapability of behavior that was not genuine. He had been asked many times to speak to a certain audience, but had always begged off on the basis that he had nothing to say. Finally, however, the pressure became so great that he was forced to accede. Came the evening of the lecture, and amidst applause Dr. Einstein was led to the front of the stage and introduced. For a few moments he looked out at the audience, tongue-tied and silent. Finally he could stand it no longer and, smiling sheepishly, said, "I find that I have nothing to say," and returned to his seat.

Much of his shyness sprang from the fact that the things that occupied his mind would not have interested a casual listener. He was a simple,

friendly man, of utter modesty, truly uninterested in worldly honors, and worried by the adulation heaped upon him. His latest entry in *American Men of Science* does not even mention the Nobel Prize he won in 1921, although it does mention a lesser prize. He had humility in its truest form, and the greatest need of his later years sprang from his desire for protection from a prying and inquisitive public.

Was Einstein naïve? By ordinary standards he often seemed so, but he had the naïveté of a Parsifal, the innocence so dangerous to falsity, a cutting sword that slices the draperies from sham. Many of his friends regretted his stand in advising scientists to refuse to testify before congressional committees, and his half-jesting and misunderstood comment that, the way scientists are treated today, if he had had it to do all over he might well have become a plumber. He did not expect his dicta to be taken with such seriousness by so many.

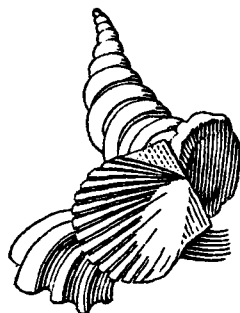
He was a great lover of mankind and an internationalist. He was an intense Zionist, and although he would have been called irreligious by many, was deeply religious in the highest sense, with a profound conviction of the unity of nature and of the presence of purpose in the universe. But he did not concern himself with personal salvation or the details of creeds and isms. Although he lent himself, as the scientist most likely to catch the ear of a busy statesman, to the efforts of others to bring to the attention of President Roosevelt the possibility of the release of nuclear energy, he had no stomach for instruments of warfare and was a profound lover of peace.

A newspaper headline that I saw on the day he died, "His Theory Paved the Way for Atom Bomb,"

would have saddened him. While true in word, it is a distortion of the truth. It would be equally true, and almost as relevant, to say that the submarine *Nautilus* resulted from the discovery made by Archimedes when he sprang from his bath shouting "Eureka!" Einstein's great law of the equivalence of matter and energy, which sprang from his 1905 Theory of Special Relativity, without doubt is one of the most basic discoveries ever made, and will be remembered long after atom bombs have been outmoded or outlawed. The concept that matter and energy are interconvertible strikes directly to the core of the universe, and probably exceeds in grandeur any other picture in the field of physical science. He exercised the most profound influence on the future cogitations of all philosophers, and though his ideas of causality have lately been the subject of controversy between himself and such great physicists as Bohr, and much misunderstood by ordinary thinkers, they cut the solid earth out from under the placid concepts of the nineteenth century and substituted a more tenuous but more realistic picture.

No one regretted more than Einstein the close association of his great theory with atomic bombs and instruments of warfare, yet he realized that this was a normal part of human evolution and that man must grow with his universe. His new directions of thought were filled with meaning for the coming races of mankind, and will lead men into new fields of awareness, new challenges of attainment, and new realizations of human destiny.

Such a combination of intellectual abilities as his comes not more than a few times in a millennium; we are distinguished to have lived while such a giant walked the earth.





There are 250 million children in Asia, exclusive of China, and one of the first and most touching responsibilities of the United Nations has been to improve their health. The successful fight which has been waged against trachoma, tuberculosis, malaria, and yaws is a story of almost incredible achievement, and no man is better placed to tell it than S. M. KEENY. Mr. Keeny served in the State Department during the war; he has been with the United Nations since it was organized, first as Chief of UNRRA in Italy and then as Supply Officer in Europe for the United Nations Children's Fund. Today he is Director of UNICEF for the Asia region.

A LIFE FOR TEN CENTS

by S. M. KEENY

1

IN ASIA at least one child in five dies before it is a year old. Until fairly recently it was generally assumed that this had to be. But in the last decade discoveries have been made in medicine that provide wholly new methods of attack on diseases that could not be brought under control before simply because it cost too much. With DDT we can wipe out malaria; with antibiotics we can cure yaws and trachoma; we can vaccinate successfully against t.b. But in Asia, with one third of the world's population (there are 250 million children, excluding those in China), the job must be done on a gigantic scale.

Most readers have probably never seen a case of yaws, nor had I until five years ago. Then I found myself unexpectedly packed off to Bangkok to take charge of the Asia Office of UNICEF (the United Nations Children's Fund), and I soon saw yaws aplenty.

Yaws is a disease of the tropics which is highly contagious. It is spread by direct contact from the open sore of a victim. In the villages, where nearly everyone goes barefoot and barelegged along paths bordered by briars and sharp-edged weeds, scratches are plentiful. In Indonesia more than half of the open sores start below the knees and often on the soles of the feet.

In Djakarta, the capital, Dr. Leimena, the Minister of Health, confirmed that there were millions of cases. There were few in the cities, but in the villages probably one person in ten had the disease. This meant at least 6 million cases, in every stage from the first raspberry-shaped ulcers and open sores as big as the palm of your hand to advanced cases where the bedridden patient was a mass of scars, with locked joints and wasted muscles.

The government was in a losing fight against the disease; 1500 rural "polyclinics," each manned by

a single male nurse, had been set up, where the patients were being treated with arsenicals. The disease could be cured if the patient came back perhaps ten times. Unfortunately, this seldom happened. After three or four treatments the sores healed, the patient thought he was cured, and that was the end of the matter — until the sores broke out again. Even if the case was cured, the patient could catch the disease again from others in the same village who had it.

The only way to get rid of yaws, said Dr. Leimena, was to go to the villages and treat *all* the cases. Otherwise the disease would keep spreading, for every child who had it would give it to others. But the outlook was not bright. There was a terrible shortage of doctors. As for the male trained nurses or *mantris*, the backbone of the rural health services, they were even scarcer, for the training courses during the war had largely collapsed. Even if the men were available, there was no money with which to expand health services. If anything more was to be done, it would have to be done with the existing trained staff, and with not many more rupiahs than were already being spent. The people were fatalistic: they believed that most of them would get yaws sooner or later. If sooner, then it was the will of Allah. Dr. Leimena had heard that the new drug, penicillin, might shorten the treatment. If this were true, and if they could get the penicillin, and if the nurses could be transported to the villages, something might be accomplished. The best man to consult was Dr. Kodijat, who was trying out some new methods in Central Java.

Dr. Kodijat is a cautious man. He told me that he thought penicillin would do the job; but, to make sure, he was treating a number of cases in a little hospital he had set up at Headquarters, where he could see day by day what happened. He showed

me one case, a boy of two, who was covered with sores from head to foot. "If he's cured, I'll send you a photograph."

Within a month there arrived two pictures of the little boy — one of him as he came to the hospital covered with ulcers, the other taken two weeks later. All the sores were gone. The skin was smooth and healthy; only the light spots of the new skin showed.

But it's a long road in Indonesia from curing one case to curing a million a year under village conditions. Teams of field workers had to be trained and equipment and supplies found. We started with a dozen secondhand jeeps bought from the UN Trustees Commission — some of them are running yet. At the beginning UNICEF had to help out not only with laboratory equipment, sterilizers, syringes, and needles, but with office equipment from typewriters to carbon paper. We did not even have a service station to care for the jeeps. We really started from scratch.

In 1950, only 34,000 cases were treated; in 1951, 228,000; in 1952, 292,000; in 1953, 596,000. By 1953 we had reached the maximum number of cases that could be handled annually because there were no more male nurses to be recruited. It takes several years to train a nurse, and the Indonesian staff in East Java had been experimenting with an even simpler system than the mobile teams of half a dozen nurses. They now proposed that the case finding be done by young men with the equivalent of an American high school education. They had found that youngsters of this type could be trained in three months to identify cases of yaws and to assemble them on a given day to be treated by the nurse from the nearest clinic. The youngsters require more supervision, of course, and to provide this we promoted the best of the original mobile teams.

In 1954 we examined more than 10 million people and we treated more than a million. This job was done with only ten full-time Indonesian doctors and the part-time help of three UN staff — a serologist, a statistician, and an expert to appraise the work. As the number of treatments went up, cost went down. In the last four years the cost per case has dropped from about five dollars to eighty cents. And remember that every case treated means that about ten persons have been examined to find that case.

Of every dollar spent on this yaws program, the local government pays about two thirds. The entire cost to the UN for treating the million cases in 1954 was about \$250,000. If you divide that among the 10 million persons examined (all of whom know and talk about the program), it comes to a little more than two cents each. What price international good will!

Of course they talk about it. Imagine what would happen in an American village of one thou-

sand if a hundred persons, some limping, some unable to work, some bedridden, and all in pain, had their disease cured or arrested within a single month.

To the Director of Public Health all this means much more than the conquest of a single disease and the suffering that has been ended. It means that, when the next health campaign is to be started, the villages cured of yaws will be willing allies. Yaws campaigns are in many respects the ideal beginning of a better rural health service: the percentage of cures is very high — more than 90; the cure takes place within weeks and can be seen by everybody.

Up to now this sounds like the perfect success story in public health. But to get rid of yaws we must cure not only a lot of infectious cases, but *all of them*; and we must be sure that new cases do not break out and start the same cycle over again. Other mass campaigns, especially in Haiti, have shown that the later outbreaks can be practically wiped out if the whole population is given a small prophylactic dose. This must be done and it will be done — if there are penicillin and someone to inject it. With penicillin costing a dime per treatment and a population willing to walk miles for it, the job will be finished.

2

ANOTHER health campaign, still largely in the planning stage, is that against trachoma. Here again, the weapons of attack — aureomycin and terramycin — have become available, in the right forms and at the right prices, only within the last two years. The problem is primarily one of organization; for the cases must not only be found and progress checked monthly by a doctor's diagnosis, but the ointment must be placed in the child's eyes at least twice a day for at least two months. This means in practice that only children in school can be treated, and that the teacher or an older pupil must do the job. Even then good results are reasonably assured only if the children are in school morning and afternoon; and in the overcrowded East many of the schools have two or even three sessions daily.

In this campaign Formosa is showing the way with 1.3 million children being tested in an eighteen-month period that will end in the spring of 1956. One third have already been tested — about half of whom have trachoma and another fourth conjunctivitis.

On a plan worked out with the assistance of an expert World Health Organization consultant and under the supervision of local eye specialists, doctors and nurses from each of the 365 health centers serving the island have been given short courses in identifying the disease. Each of them may have from 3000 to 5000 children to examine. On a care-

fully planned schedule, each doctor and his nurse work full time at the job for perhaps a month at the rate of 30 to 60 children an hour. All school superintendents are being taught their role, and they in turn bring together the teachers, who learn from a nurse how to apply the ointment.

Last November I dropped in to see how the system actually worked. Expecting to find a harassed teacher and squalling children, I was astonished at what I saw. The teacher gave the signal for the drill to his 50 children. At once all the children put on their armbands, each with a number. Half a dozen put on another kind of band — the Red Cross Committee. One child produced the list of children to be treated. Another manned the washbasin, for hands must be clean. Another issued the numbered tubes of ointment — to avoid cross infection — and saw to it that each child got his own. Then the queue formed, and the teacher drew down the lower lid of each eye and applied the ointment. Still another youngster handed out two small squares of tissue paper for each child to lay on his eyelids while he gently rubbed them to spread the ointment. Then the tubes were collected, and the children returned to their seats. Time elapsed: five minutes.

When the present campaign has been completed, each incoming class will be examined and treated in the same way, so that the chances of clearing up the disease in the schools are fairly good. But, to assure control, every case in every home must eventually be treated, especially in preschool children. A large order.

Even if the Formosa program is successful, it will not bring all of the answers for the other countries of Asia. Preliminary tests in Indonesia show almost as high a percentage of cases as in Formosa, although the local estimates were previously only about 20 per cent on Java and probably less on the other islands. Even on this basis, there are at least 10 million cases in this one country. School attendance in Indonesia is much lower than in Formosa, but there are 6 million children in schools in Java alone.

In planning anti-trachoma campaigns for Asia, we must start with the fact that nobody knows even roughly how many cases there are of this disease — probably the largest single cause of blindness in Asia. But the prospect is that the fight will be far bigger than that against yaws. The cost, too, is relatively high: about a dollar a case, of which thirty cents goes for the antibiotic. But prices are coming down and we are learning as we go. In five years the job should be well under way and expanding as the campaigns against yaws and malaria pass their peak.

3

THE campaigns against malaria are less spectacular than those against yaws but even more important.

The number of people exposed in malarious areas in Asia is not less than 300 million, or about three times as many as are threatened by yaws, and they are to be found in practically every country instead of mostly in Indonesia and Thailand.

Malaria is the number one killer of children, especially infants. Farmers fear it because it devastates the workers at planting time and because it keeps out of cultivation otherwise excellent farm land; for when a large area of rich land is badly infected, farmers can cultivate only along the edges because they must get out of the danger zone before the sun goes down. Public health officers dread it because it makes such demands on their staff, hospital beds, and money.

When I was Mission Chief of UNRRA in Italy after the war, the Italian government got rid of malaria in Sardinia with the best technical aid from the Rockefeller Foundation — but at a cost of about ten dollars per person for the population of about one million. At this rate the protection of the 300 million in Asia would cost \$3 billion.

But in the second half of the forties a wholly new method of using DDT was worked out that cut the costs by perhaps 90 per cent. When I arrived in Asia, early in 1950, I found that WHO was already testing with DDT in India, Pakistan, Burma, and Thailand. India and Pakistan had perhaps three fourths of all the malaria in Asia. All sorts of local adaptations had to be met, but in general the method worked, and at an estimated cost of only fifteen or twenty cents per person per year if the attack could be extended to cover millions of persons instead of the thousands in the tests.

UNICEF's funds were limited, but we offered to match the government ton for ton in the increasing purchases of DDT needed. This meant that the government still had to pay about three fourths of the bill, for the cost of spraying almost equaled that of the DDT itself. But our offer was enough to start small mass campaigns, especially since it cut in half the need of foreign exchange for the campaign.

Then came the development of economic aid from the United States, with its emphasis on increasing production of food, the basic need of Asia. But to raise more food there must be less malaria, so that the U.S. recommended fighting malaria wherever the tests promised success.

The job was too big for UNICEF alone, so we offered to transfer to U.S. jurisdiction any of our programs they would accept, and to maintain the supply line until the other agency could deliver its DDT. We continued to help Pakistan in part because the U.S. funds for public health were not enough to meet all the urgent needs. At Burma's urgent request, UNICEF took over support of the Burma campaign after the U.S. withdrawal from that country. These steps kept the work already done from being lost, and protected the people in

the areas treated from the epidemics that sometimes follow when a campaign is stopped too soon and the people are left vulnerable after having lost the partial immunity developed after years of exposure to the disease.

In a word, the concern of all the agencies in the field is not who does the job but that it gets done. And it is getting done. Five years ago, only 15 or 20 million people were being protected. By the end of 1955, about 150 million will have had at least their first year's protection.

As insurance against an indefinitely long drain upon its limited funds, UNICEF is helping several countries to make their own DDT. Two small plants already completed in India and Pakistan will produce enough DDT to protect 40 million persons a year or to do the necessary follow-up covering many more.

4

SECOND only to malaria as a killer in Asia is tuberculosis. It differs from the other diseases we have been discussing in that it is worst in the cities. In some of them, such as Bangkok, mass X-ray examinations of thousands of people from typical groups suggest that one person in twenty that one passes on the street has active tuberculosis. UNICEF and WHO have helped install about a dozen diagnostic and ambulatory treatment clinics, which receive from 4000 to 20,000 visits each month. This is a godsend for those sufferers who can attend these clinics, but it touches only the fringe of the problem. Moreover, most governments have not had the means to add many new clinics to meet the demand, and those started soon find so many cases that the few hospital beds become crowded — and there is no money for more.

UNICEF has therefore decided for a time to concentrate on vaccination by the BCG (Bacillus Calmette Guerin) method, which has helped reduce t.b. in Western Europe, particularly in Scandinavia, where levels in some countries are below that in the United States. This method offers no help for those children who have already been infected or who have developed a "natural" immunity against it through contact with active cases. But for the rest, usually about half, it offers a protection that among American Indians has been shown, over a period of ten years or more, to run about 75 to 80 per cent. Even if the figure for Asia turns out to be considerably lower, the job will still be well worth doing:

it is the only preventive measure that Asia can afford.

In 1954 the total number of children tested had reached 73.6 million, with 32.5 million done within the year. This year's target of 37.5 million is about three fourths as many children as there are in the United States. Even on this scale we are testing the children only half again as fast as they are being born; for the yearly crop of babies runs to about 25 million.

The cost? In India, where more than half the vaccinations in Asia are being done, the total per case tested last year was 2.9 cents, of which UNICEF paid .9 cent.

All these figures, running into the millions, may suggest vast outlays of money for many years. In fact, UNICEF in Asia spends only about \$5 million a year, and only about a third of that on mass health programs. Moreover, of the \$5 million spent annually by UNICEF, about one fourth is contributed by the countries in Asia themselves. Thailand alone contributes half a million dollars every year — more than twice as much as it receives. This is in addition to all local costs, which amount to almost double the aid received from abroad.

And what do the contributing countries, of which the U.S. is of course first, get for what they give? First of all, the knowledge that the risk of these contagious or infectious diseases spreading to other countries — West as well as East — is declining rapidly. Second, that the ground is being cleared not only for better health programs reaching into the hundreds of thousands of villages of Asia, but also for a gradual escape from the vicious circle of poverty and sickness. Finally, a growing measure of good will that is often grossly underestimated because it does not often appear in a formal letter of thanks. But the thanks are there, as anyone who has visited a village after it has been cleared of yaws or malaria will testify. It may be a plate of rice or of bananas or mangoes — or the cool water from a green coconut just brought down from the tree by a village boy.

Of all the forms of economic aid, few are in the form that can be seen and understood by the average villager. But cure a hundred cases of yaws in one village and it's the talk of every household. I recall a comment from one of my friends, a leader of a yaws team in Central Java. "You should have been along yesterday. We finished work in the district of X, and the villagers gave us a grand party. There was a plate for UNICEF."



Dancer, choreographer, and author, AGNES DE MILLE is the granddaughter of Henry George and comes naturally by her respect for ideas and those who proclaim them, especially the teachers. Among the honors which she takes seriously is that of being a Trustee of Sarah Lawrence College; in this capacity, at gatherings in Washington, Buffalo, and elsewhere, she has had occasion to pay tribute to the teaching profession in words which other eager students will take to heart.

THE VALOR OF TEACHING

by AGNES DE MILLE

1

IN THE gypsy about that my work entails, I have lately had occasion to hear at women's colleges several commencement addresses attempting to evaluate higher education and to reassure the girls for risking time and their father's money. The speeches endorsed the happy camaraderie fostered in colleges. They were grateful for the change from home atmosphere and admiring of the development of quick social contacts as well as quick muscular reflexes, durability, stamina, and competitiveness. But above all, they reiterated what everyone well knows: that no desirable job can be procured without a certificate of exposure to this camaraderie and competition.

One quite famous lady spoke about the advantages of a higher education in procuring a first-class husband — but warned against gloating once the end in view had been achieved, particularly to the object of the effort. In the event of a second-class husband, she advised tact. I am not quoting verbatim, but the gist of the argument was exactly that. Another more ambitious alumna emphasized the help to a business career, one's own or one's husband's — but also warned against gloating. A third rejoiced that cooking, upholstery, and flower arrangement had taken their rightful place in man's world and stood at last in equal dignity beside letters and science. It struck me with force that she gloated. They all had a good word for children — the continuance of.

I think, however, these speakers missed the point. The primary concern of colleges is surely neither husband nor children, which are biological and social functions likely to continue to occupy us without help from academicians.

A college should not be considered chiefly a marriage bureau, nor an employment agency, nor a social club, nor an arena; no, nor yet a technical school for crafts and skills; and if we force the

faculties to think of universities primarily in these terms, we are perpetrating a perversion, and a very grave one. It seems to me in our present world a college is the one place where standards are considered and not prices, the one place that is not a market. Everywhere else for the rest of our lives we will be called on to justify ourselves and render account. Here we only recognize.

Here it gains us nothing to say a thing is sound if it is not. We can have the joy of thinking for the intoxication of thinking and for no other purpose — not because, for instance, it will enable us to buy a more expensive dinner. Here we can ask, "Is this true?" without the withering caution as to what might or might not accrue to the answer. We can say, "This is beautiful — my heart turns to it," in pure love. Pure love is rare. At this one time our minds are tuned to the grand scale, to absolute pitch. It is this scale and this pitch we try to recall in our later confusions.

The questions asked during these years are fundamental questions and the answers given are classic — that is, they are enduring and passionate. And the people who dedicate their lives to helping us ask and answer are set apart from others. I don't mean to imply that they are immune to human weakness and that campuses are unlike any other hotbeds of intrigue, jealousy, and frustration. But in certain senses academic teachers are different from and better than other workers. The stuff of their trade is a cut above most, for they deal in immortality.

Furthermore, teachers exist and work not wholly for themselves, but in large part for others; and they seldom have axes to grind. They ask only attention. They ask this, and they ask that the student do the best he can with no thought of immediate profit. It seems little enough, but in actuality it is very much. It will not be demanded again

of us in a hurry. This is the point of view of the artist and of the pure scientist, of the true scholar and of the true friend. This is an important moral experience and one which we certainly cannot afford to miss.

Now, then, you will probably wonder, can we not come by this experience through reading or looking at plays or TV or by taking correspondence courses? And it is true, exceptional people can. Some geniuses have done very well without education, even without books. But for most of us education is a matter of inspiration. Inspire — “to breathe in.” It is a personal experience and it occurs between living minds. Books certainly influence greatly, but few shape lives. I believe teachers do. If family and family conditions determine our essence, the jelly or brew of our character, then the matter is quickened to life by the first encounter with an awakening mind. It is no accident that organic physical life (beyond the stage of the single-cell protozoa) starts with two and with contact. The transfer of spiritual or vital force is no less magic than the infusion of physical life. Men have always known this. It has to do with secret unwritten rites, with relayed formulas, ceremonies by rote, the laying on of hands, the investiture, the Word — “In the beginning was the Word.”

All of us remember at least one great teacher. The first one I remember was a dancer, Vera Fredowa. She taught me the meaning of work, the meaning of dedication and sacrifice. She taught me discipline. How often during my life have I turned back and back to the cleansing comfort of technique!

My second great fortune was Lily Bess Campbell, professor of English literature at the University of California in Los Angeles. She taught me to think exactly, to say the precise truth as nearly as I could perceive it. She taught me that there is vitality in logic, that there is logic in humor and in beauty, that in humor the greater the truth the funnier, that in lyricism the more consistent and clear the more moving. She made me brief a Shelley ode as though it were a legal argument. She taught me that a sentence was organic with bones and sinews and for this reason had life, that the power of logic was a passionate power and that Euclid and Grammar were one. And for the first time I recognized Pattern, which is Law as well as Magic.

The third great teacher was Alfred Longueil, also of U.C.L.A. He taught me to read, and he taught me to listen. “Do you hear the sounds of words?” he asked. “Do you hear the sounds behind and before the words? Do you hear Window, Pavement, Water? Do you hear the language and the ways of living that made these words?” He read us Milton’s prose, the letters of Keats, the narrative poems of Shakespeare. The deaf heard; the blind saw. He gave me my heritage — my native tongue.

And then finally there was Dean Charles Reiber, who taught comparative religion and philosophy. He was a pupil of William James and he cast such a spell over his enormous classes that they used to applaud him as though they were in a theater. He taught me to ask questions. I remember sitting after the class, unmoving in my seat, shaken, almost stunned with the new and piercing sensation of asking great questions.

And there were others sitting there shaken too. Down ahead in the B’s — I was, of course, an M — sat a good-looking basketball player. He seemed to be asking himself some very hard questions. We were proud of him because he was our star player. His name was Ralph Bunche.

Years later I was having dinner at the Lafayette Hotel in New York City, when who should walk by on the street outside but Dr. Reiber! Older now and stooped, but unmistakably and most joyously he!

I jumped out of the window — it was a long French one and stood half open in the summer twilight — and stopped in front of him on the pavement.

“You don’t remember me,” I said, “but I want to thank you for changing my life.”

“I remember you,” he answered. “You’re the girl whose expression I couldn’t reply to. Come, let’s continue the discussion.”

I squared it with my escort.

2

It is sad and frightening to think how few people in our culture believe in what they are doing. There are of course exceptions in every group, but truly most laborers, white-collar workers, domestics, and craftsmen pursue their calling for indirect benefits. Pride of craft has all but disappeared under the extreme exigencies of competition and union curbs. What most have their eye on is not achievement but the Florida vacation and the new car. Work for its own good sake brings joy to only a few dedicated groups, and of these it is the priests and the teachers who persevere undauntedly without financial ambition or financial hope. Do not underestimate the value of this point of view. A community that gives its time to working at what brings little joy loses zest and self-respect and can be teased into any kind of foolishness. Our incorruptibles are our hold on sanity.

Teachers teach because they like the life and because they believe in what they are doing. And what do we pay them for these unique offices? Less, of course, than we pay anyone else of comparable ability. Now, although they seem willing enough to work without recompense, it is manifestly not only unfair but risky to ask them to continue doing so, however idealistic they may profess themselves.

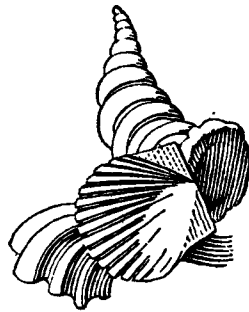
They have families, and with all the high-mindedness in the world they cannot curtail their children's comfort and security. The old adage, "If you can, you do. If you can't, you teach," is not a true one. The kind of mind and point of view and discipline that makes a great pedagogue can be well used in commercial fields. Our finest practitioners in a special and difficult art will be tempted away, and once our faculties diminish in quality, the student will follow suit immediately. And that will be the end of us.

Last winter I was engaged in staging a particularly dispiriting show, and in a mournful rehearsal in Philadelphia I read to my dancers what Joseph Conrad had to say about the art of seamanship, and they took heart and went back to the breach. Conrad was speaking of sailors but the words are applicable equally to dancers or to teachers. If I were a teacher I would say this to my students — and as a student, I would say this to all teachers: ". . . the moral side of an industry, productive or unproductive, the redeeming and ideal aspect of this bread-winning, is the attainment and preservation of the highest possible skill on the part of the craftsmen. Such skill, the skill of technique, is more than honesty; it is something wider, embracing honesty and grace and rule in an elevated and clear sentiment, not altogether utilitarian, which may be called the honor of labor. It is made up of accumulated tradition, kept alive by individual pride, rendered exact by professional opinion, and, like the higher arts, it is spurred on and sustained by discriminating praise . . . the sort of understanding I mean depends so much on love; and love, though in a sense it may be admitted to be stronger than

death, is by no means so universal and so sure. In fact, love is rare — the love of men, of things, of ideas, the love of perfected skill. For love is the enemy of haste; it takes count of passing days, of men who pass away, of a fine art matured slowly in the course of years and doomed in a short time to pass away, too, and be no more. . . ."

And I say to you that one of the things that may pass away is integrity, the valor of pure thinking, the standards that are set by poets and saints and not by sales records and agents.

Remember that free thought has always been kept alive by students in cloister or university, that the university is always the first line of battle. Remember that Hitler hit the universities first and destroyed their freedom. And until he had done this, he could do little else; and once he had done this, all else he accomplished followed as a matter of course. It was the universities in Poland that gave first evidence of the breach within the state as it was the Polish university faculties that were murdered first. Bear in mind the gallant and, most important, the effective stand taken by the faculties of the University of California in the matter of the Regents Oath and by the president and faculty of Sarah Lawrence College in the question of free speech and American Legion strictures — and be grateful for their enlightened courage. Remember always most solemnly that the person who determines your way of living and your chance of salvation is not the man who pays your wages, nor your president, nor your doctor or policeman, nor yet even your spouse, but the one who looks you in the face when you are young, calls you by your true name, and says, "Go forth."



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Revival?

There are signs today that the American people are intent on a religious revival, but how deep, asks the REVEREND HARRY C. MESERVE, does such faith go? Is it lip service or a genuine awakening? A graduate of Haverford College and of the Harvard Divinity School, Dr. Meserve has been minister of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco since 1949. He has served two terms as a member of the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association, and for three years was Chairman of the Editorial Board of the Christian Register.

THE NEW PIETY

by HARRY C. MESERVE

1

IS THERE a revival of religion in America today? Many signs suggest it. Books dealing with frankly religious themes appear high on the best-seller lists. Movies on biblical and religious subjects are popular box-office attractions. Gospel songs sung by crooners and swing quartets can frequently be heard on radio and television. Popular mass-circulation magazines seem to include articles on religion more frequently than they used to. Bishop Sheen, Billy Graham, and Norman Vincent Peale each number their adherents and admirers in the thousands if not the millions.

Church membership and attendance are definitely up in almost all churches. Skepticism is no longer smart. Faith is fashionable. Each Saturday night the newspapers announce that the President and Mrs. Eisenhower plan to attend church on Sunday. Each Monday morning the papers announce that they did in fact do so. The Assembly of the World Council of Churches at Evanston, Illinois, last summer received more extended publicity coverage than any other religious event in the history of our country. Even Jane Russell, not hitherto noted as a theologian, recently announced that she had found God to be "a livin' doll." Cabinet meetings open with prayer. We pledge allegiance to the flag as "one nation under God" where before we were merely "one nation indivisible." A new stamp issue proclaims what our coinage has traditionally proclaimed: "In God we trust." These and many other signs point toward some kind of stirring of renewed interest in religion.

All in all, it is certainly true that religion is receiving a better press today and far more general attention and respect than it has had in many years.

But there is a real question as to what kind of religion is being revived in the new piety. Is it a discovery of a deep ethical faith and of the resources of courage and strength which can enable us to meet the severe challenges of this time? Or

is it a more or less superficial interest in certain outward signs and gestures without the deep inward changes of mind and spirit which always mark a revival of genuine religion?

The new piety takes various forms. One of them is the peace of mind, peace of soul variety. Anxiety is one of the major characteristics of our time. Millions of people have left behind the "faith of our fathers" and have found little or nothing to put in its place. These are the spiritually displaced persons of the modern world. They are aware of a deep anxiety about their own meaning as persons and about the meaning of life as a whole. They are aware of a great need for reassurance and for self-confidence.

There can be no doubt whatsoever that their anxiety is real and justified and that their need and hunger are sincere. But what does the new piety of peace of mind and soul offer them? It says in effect: "Everything is really all right. It is you who are out of tune with the Infinite. If you can just get right with God, coöperate with Him, get Him on your side, so to speak, then the things you want and have striven for so far with such disappointment can be yours. Your anxieties will be relieved. Your frustrations will be removed and you will be on the way to success and happiness."

In this form of the new piety, religion appears as a means to an end. It justifies itself because it is useful to us in getting the things that we want and adjusting ourselves to the world. It helps us to "stop worrying and start living" or to get that promotion or to smooth out that unpleasant situation in our personal relationships.

All these things are undoubtedly good and necessary. But the interpretation of religion as primarily a means to getting the things that we want belongs in the realm of magic. Primitive religions do make this emphasis. But the more mature and highly developed religions have insisted for centuries that the best and truest experiences of religion come

when a person has given up asking "What do I require of God?" and learned to ask humbly "What does God require of me?"

Peace of mind, self-confidence, courage, strength, and faith are all precious spiritual gifts. All of us want and need more of them than we have. But if there is one consistent lesson of our historic religious tradition, both in Judaism and in Christianity, it is that these gifts come as by-products of our sincere and humble commitment to the task of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God.

It is a strange and persistent paradox of man's religious experience that his peace of mind and his courage and strength lie on the other side of his faithful commitment to purposes and ends larger and more durable than his personal destiny and so worthy of his loyalty that he is able to give himself to them come what may. Jesus stated this paradox in two arresting passages: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." That is to say, take up something of my labors; and in them, mysteriously you will find the rest which you could not find elsewhere. Again, in even more familiar words: "Whoever will save his life shall lose it and whoever will lose his life, for my sake, shall find it."

The new piety of peace of mind and soul, in spite of the fact that it is helping many people to adjust themselves better to life and to the world as it is, must also come to terms with that aspect of religion which is concerned with man's efforts to transform himself and the world in the direction of what ought to be.

A gospel of smooth adjustment to the world as it is, with all its mediocrity and evil, leaves out that austere side of religious experience in which we see ourselves as pilgrims and pioneers, the creators of the colony of heaven in the wilderness of the world that is. The religious person at his best is never wholly content with himself and at peace with the world, for he knows how far he falls short of what he ought to be and can be. There is a positive and healthy tension between what is and what ought to be that forbids complacency and incites to action. We are admonished by St. Paul not to be conformed to this world, but to be transformed by the renewing of our minds that we may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

In so far as the new piety of peace of mind and soul permits us to forget or ignore the transforming task of religion, it is failing to offer a revival of individual conscience and ethical social concern. Remove these elements from religion and what is left is a palliative, a pain-killer, but not a healer and a restorer of courage and strength. The stern lesson of religion through the ages is: no peace of mind without adventurous thought and faith; no comfort

without bold commitment to something better than the world that is; no abiding joy and security without loyalty to the best.

2

A SECOND form of the new piety is the patriotic type. The intensity of the struggle with communism in recent years has led many to believe that since communism is dogmatically atheistic in its philosophy, those who are opposed to communism must be dogmatically theistic. From here it is not a long step to the point where we make belief in God a test of a proper hatred of communism. And from this point one proceeds quickly to the assumption that God is not the Father of all mankind but the peculiar protector of the chosen people against the rest of the world. By this process we reduce our idea of God to the level of the fierce tribal deity of the early Old Testament. We make Him into "an angry man, hating half the world." He becomes a sort of Big Brother upon whom we call for aid in our struggle. We assume His sanction and aid for whatever we propose to do since He is on our side.

Now there are many sound reasons for opposing communism, and the person who today can see no differences of ethical value between the ways of communism and the ways of democracy has certainly lost his power to discriminate between relative good and evil; but the tendency to think of God as the Big Brother destroys a higher and nobler vision of God which has been one of the best contributions of Judaeo-Christian faith. God is not the guarantor of any particular nation's destinies. As the prophets of Israel and Jesus after them insisted, God stands for that power of truth and justice and righteousness and love before which all men and all nations are judged. The very foundation of an ethical view of the world is the realization that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." We may trust that in our struggles we are on God's side. But it is presumptuous and untrue to insist that God must back us up whatever we do.

We do not become a better or more religious people because the name of God is engraved on our stamps and coinage, or even by adding the words "under God" to the pledge of allegiance to the flag. We shall not survive as a nation by trusting that God will turn out to be our Big Brother in the conflict with our enemies. We become worthy to survive and to draw on the strength of God in the measure that our personal attitudes and our policies and actions as a nation genuinely reflect something of the divine justice, mercy, and love.

In so far as the new piety of patriotism permits us to forget this austere truth, it weakens our

moral fiber as a people, degrades the idea of God, and points backward in time toward the primitive superstition and tribalism which the Hebrew prophets fought to overcome 2500 years ago. If we as a nation are truly under God, we will know ourselves as under the divine judgment, called to penitence and challenged to reveal in history a more universal justice, a wider compassion, and a more patient and long-suffering love than any nation has yet shown.

A third form of the new piety might be called the emotional shock treatment type. We live in anxious, desperate times and nobody can blame us if we are hungry for a sense of assurance and certainty which we cannot find. The temptation is always upon us to escape from the severe disciplines of reason, from the effort to think things through to some sort of sensible conclusion, from the tensions of doubt and questioning, from the challenges which make faith an adventure involving risk and the possibility of failure. Piety of the emotional shock treatment type offers a way out of all this. It calls on us to abandon thought, to ridicule reason, to acknowledge the complete helplessness and incompetence of our minds and by an act of desire and will to throw ourselves on the mercy of God and accept a scheme of supernatural salvation.

The prospect is in many ways alluring. No man who has attempted to think his way through the great problems of life can fail to regard with humility the vast gap between the reach of the human mind and the size of the mystery which surrounds and includes it. No one knows better than the thinker that reason is not enough, and that all human thought is at last defeated by the stubborn mysteries of life. But to the appeal of those who offer the emotional shock treatment, he can only reply that the abandonment of thought is not enough either. It would doubtless be a great relief to feel oneself "safe in the arms of Jesus." The vast crowds, the skillful modern techniques of presentation, the repetitive dogmatic assertions, are emotionally stirring and satisfying. But the thoughtful religious person cannot get out of his head the great command which says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind" — the heart and soul and strength along with, not instead of, the mind.

While the piety of emotional shock treatment may well induce a vigorous, positive response and even a deep desire to live a new life, it does not show much evidence as yet of aiding the growth of the whole person into an intelligent devotion to higher ethical and spiritual values, which is the only true revival of the religious spirit. In the midst of all the crowds, the floodlights, the techniques, the yelling and the general excitement, the earthquake, wind, and fire, a still, small voice whispers to the consciences of thoughtful men: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do

justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" And the words of Jesus set the standard of judgment: "By their fruits, ye shall know them."

It may be that a necessary part of a revival of genuine religion is to be found in the piety of emotional shock treatment, just as necessary parts are also found in the piety of peace of mind and of patriotism, but in themselves these three types of religious revival are not enough.

The piety of patriotism, now in danger of losing itself in the very nationalism which is threatening to plunge the world into total war, must grow up until it dares confront us with a vision of God who is the God of all mankind and a humanity made up of many peoples and nations all precious in His sight. Any smaller idea of God simply dooms us to the tribal conflicts and hatreds from which we have been trying to escape for centuries.

The piety of peace of mind and soul must grow up until its priests and adherents dare present it as something more than psychotherapy with a religious tinge and smooth adjustment to the world as it is. Somehow it must arouse in men not only the longing for comfort and peace but a vision of themselves as they long to be and of the cleaner world they can help to make. Something of the ancient prophetic and apostolic fire needs to be rekindled in the piety of peace of mind so that its adherents can move out of the vicious circle of their own neurotic fears and anxieties and seek their peace of mind in bold commitment to the effort to do something of God's will on earth.

The piety of emotional shock treatment will have to face the fact that religion is something more than emotional shock treatments, necessary and important as these may sometimes be. Religion is also the steady, sober search for intellectual and emotional integrity, for wholeness and harmony of mind and heart, and for the expression of this wholeness in patient, intelligent effort to realize, in the world as it is, the best possible ethical ideals and policies.

If these changes can take place in the prevailing popular pieties, there is at least a chance that our age may indeed witness an authentic revival of the religious spirit which could save us and our children from the prospect of continual frustration and anxiety and the ever-present dread of total destruction.

3

MEANTIME, there is another evidence of the possible existence of a religious revival which seems to me both more general and more important than any of the prevailing popular pieties. There has been a slow and subtle change in the mood of thought and feeling with which people approach religion. This has been due to the collapse of certain illusions by which many people lived until

quite recently. There were in the 1930s hosts of people whose interest in religion centered in it as a means to social and political reform. Their real faith was that social and political reforms were ends in themselves and that religion could be a powerful aid in bringing about the necessary changes.

One meets this attitude today far less often than one used to. It is not that the concern for social change has decreased. Rather the problem is now seen by many in larger dimensions. The reformation of society, the idea of the kingdom of God on earth, is seen to be not merely a matter of laws, commissions, organizations, and programs. It is also a matter of man's spiritual orientation, his knowledge of himself, his faith in his own powers, his feeling of belonging not only to the human community but to some deeper and more enduring community of faith and meaning which was before he was and will be after he is gone. There has been an unmistakable revival of interest in what we used to call "personal religion" as distinguished from "social religion" or "the social gospel." This revival is healthy in that it recognizes the roots of faith and hope from which all significant action springs and is a sincere search for a better understanding of those roots as they exist and influence the lives of individuals.

A second evidence seems to me to exist in the widespread abandonment of what might be called the negative dogmatisms. One meets some people today who are frankly cynical and many who are skeptical as to religious faith. But there are few of these who are happy about it or proud of it. The smugness has gone out of cynicism and the skeptics are asking the questions which will lead at length to affirmation of some kind. One meets few atheists, though many agnostics. But the agnosticism is humble and open rather than self-satisfied. Whereas the agnostic of yesterday appears to have enjoyed his condition, the agnostic of today would like to be convinced of some positive content in religion, if such a thing is possible. He knows that

it is frivolous to confront the ultimate issues of life as if he were not really concerned with them. He does care about the meaning of life and he would like to know more.

Disillusioned with force, with politics, and with science as saviors, man today searches within himself for hints of those foundations of truth and justice and love on which his thought and action must be based if his power is to be put in the service of justice, his politics redeemed from triviality and corruption, his science devoted to the enrichment of life.

"Man," said Albert Schweitzer when he accepted the Nobel Prize for Peace, "has today become superman because of the power for good or evil which science has placed in his hands. But the superman suffers from a fatal imperfection in his spirit. He is not elevated to that level of superhuman reason which must correspond to the possession of superhuman force."

Perhaps the single greatest factor which makes for a genuine religious revival today is the fact that men everywhere are becoming aware of this terrible truth and are uneasy about it. It is in this uneasiness and restlessness that the search for higher values, the search for God, can begin. Insofar as the new pieties of peace of mind and soul, of patriotism, and of emotional shock treatment are deepened and enlarged enough to aid men in this search, they will be of help in bringing about a general revival of authentic religion. Certainly they should not be condemned out of hand, however distasteful they may be. But neither should they be blindly accepted and approved. For if they are, they may divert our attention from the most important need. That need is: the reorientation of the human spirit so that man sees himself as a child of the Universal God, conceived in dignity and in freedom, sharing a common humanity with all men the world over, answerable to abiding values of truth, justice, and love, in the service of which he finds himself and the things which belong to his peace.





DRONE

by LEAH BODINE DRAKE

GAY burly beau, his life is summer only.
He lives in riot-time of green, — jeweled summer
When golden odors rise from swamp and meadow
Of mint and clethra. O the lime's gold shadow
Falls on a world all one warm smell of honey
To this rich brummel in his banded gold!

He wings through mornings flower-sweet and gold,
Fit-as-a-fiddle velvet boy, fit only
To buzz in lazy joy and suck the honey
From honeysuckle swags, — gold bells of summer
That chime so richly in the swamp's warm shadow
With clover-balls of sweetness in the meadow.

And he's the booming fop of the clover meadow,
A swaggerer in velvet, boy of gold,
Upon whose useless head there falls no shadow
Of humming work: such haunts the virgins only,
Those fierce nuns who carry off the summer
To opulent cloisters dark with thrifty honey.

The warm days hum with their brisk song of honey,
Pure, hurried maidens in the lazy meadow.
Their work will seal away the happy summer
When riotous fields are wasted of their gold.
Proud amazons, their little hearts feel only
Scorn for the drone whose riches know no shadow.

Gourmand of grapes, the wild vine wears his shadow,
Rose and raspberry tangles cup him honey.
He thinks the goldenrod's sweet waters only
Distill for his delight and jewel the meadow!
He rinses his wings in odors rich as gold,
His heart is humming a song of always-summer.

But when October cools the golden summer
On the poor clown falls the relentless shadow
Of thrifty virgin wings. O his splendid gold
Does not protect him from those nuns of honey!
He lumbers, stung to death, to the dark meadow
Where once he knew green days and riches only.

The swaggerer in gold lays on the meadow
His jeweled heart whose only song was summer;
And on him honey-dark falls the hive's shadow.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



NATHANIEL LAMAR, *who was born in Atlanta, Georgia, twenty-one years ago, has always loved the Deep South and especially New Orleans. He prepared for Harvard at Phillips Exeter. He majored in English, and found particular stimulus for his writing in the courses which he took under Archibald MacLeish. He looks forward to a year of graduate study in England and after that hopes to teach in Africa.*

CREOLE LOVE SONG

by NATHANIEL LAMAR

I USED to work for the LaBotte family. That's how I know what I'm going to tell you about Jemmie LaBotte. They lived up on Bayou Street in one of those big pink stucco houses with a wide tile porch and tall windows with fancy, yellow frosty-looking windowpanes.

Old man LaBotte was a doctor. He was queer in a way. I used to hear some of the white people around town say he was nothing but a "ham-fat" doctor. I never could quite get the straight of it. I do know one thing, though. He didn't go around like the other white doctors in New Orleans did. I mean he never went around to highfalutin people like the kind of fine ladies his wife was always playing bridge with. As far as I know, he didn't treat anybody but the Creoles down in the Quarter. Some people said it was because Dr. LaBotte was a Creole himself. They said that about Mrs. LaBotte too; but I didn't believe it. He used to come down to the Quarter whenever somebody got hurt on their job or beat up in a fight. He had a smart way about him; he could always get money out of his patients. I know a lot of people that didn't pay their house rent or their electric bills, but Dr. LaBotte got money out of them. He had a shiny green car, and whenever he came driving through the Quarter everybody would get in their windows and doorways and start yelling and waving at him; even old people.

I'd shout just like the rest of them. "Hey! Hey! There go Doctor. Doctor! Doctor! Hey there, Dr. LaBotte!!!"

That's the way we'd go on. Sometimes he'd have his son Jemmie in the car with him. That was before Jemmie went off to medical school. Jemmie

was almost grown, but he'd hang out of the car window and laugh when we'd shout.

Dr. LaBotte used to come to see my Aunt Albertine sometimes. My parents went to Chicago when I was little, and they didn't come back. So I lived with Aunt Albertine. She was young and pretty — had a lot of men always hanging around our house after her. She had yellow skin and long brown hair; and she had a fine shape. She used to drink a lot. But the thing about her was that she knew it was bad for her. So she'd make me go out to a pay-station phone and call up Dr. LaBotte to come see her. I don't know what he'd do for her because she wasn't really sick. He talked to her; that was about all. But he could get her out of her drinking moods and she'd be all right for a while.

One day in the springtime Dr. LaBotte came to see us when Aunt Albertine was coming out of one of her moods. I was surprised, because he came to talk about me. "Why don't you let Emory come see if he'd like to work for us up at our house, 'Tine? Light work — kind of helping around the house — you know. He could save, maybe — go back and finish high school in a little bit."

At first Aunt Albertine didn't say anything. Finally she sized me up and said, "He fifteen. Let him do what he want to. I don't care. It ain't like he was going far off." She could tell I wanted to go by the way I was looking at her.

So I began working up at the LaBottes'. I think it was March when I started, and Jemmie LaBotte came home from medical school that June. He was a lot like his daddy; he laughed like him and acted just about like him. He was glad to be back home. Some days he'd roam through the house

just smiling, like he'd never seen it before. And every evening he'd go walking down in the Quarter. Maybe he was hunting for somebody to cure, people said. I guess Dr. LaBotte was glad Jemmie was home too. He laughed more than I'd heard him laugh when Jemmie wasn't there.

Jemmie LaBotte didn't pay me much attention. I'd pass by him in the house and he always looked like he was thinking to himself, or sometimes he'd be talking to his mother and daddy. Sometimes he sat in the living room and read all the morning. I knew they were medical books; most of them were old and had pages as flimsy as tissue paper — they were full of fine print. Jemmie LaBotte seemed like a fool to me, reading like that in the summertime. Especially since he was supposed to have just graduated. One day I asked him, "You remember all you read?"

"Yeah. I sure do." He laughed when he said it; he was a friendly somebody after all. "They make you — in a medical school."

"But you're not going back, are you? Your mother says you're a doctor now."

"I want to do what Daddy's doing — doctor up people down there where you live." He looked at me like he wanted me to believe he really meant it. I could see he meant it.

I wondered why Jemmie LaBotte didn't have any friends. Once in a while somebody would call him on the phone and he'd talk a little while to whoever it was, but he never went anywhere much.

2

IT GOT so Jemmie and his daddy argued. They'd sit out on the front porch late in the afternoon. I could hear them through the screen door. The old man's voice would be squeaky and high like he was afraid of something. "You sure you want to stay in New Orleans and practice?" he'd say. "You could always go back up there and study another year, if you wanted. You could be a specialist!" They'd talk a long time, and Jemmie would get worked up and keep telling Dr. LaBotte how much he wanted to be just like him. Jemmie LaBotte was always so serious about everything. "I don't want you to quit, Daddy," he'd say. "I'm not trying to make you *quit*. I just want to go down there with you."

"You don't know how they live — it's hard to get to know. I understand every one of 'em down there." Dr. LaBotte's voice sounded so old. I don't think I'd ever thought he was old before. It was almost pitiful the way he kept trying so hard to get Jemmie's mind off staying in New Orleans; like there was something in New Orleans he was ashamed of.

Mrs. LaBotte took Jemmie's side. She must have thought old man LaBotte was jealous of Jemmie's being young and right out of school. Most of the

time Dr. LaBotte wouldn't say anything to her when she started talking, because he knew what she was leading up to. "You know good and well you ought to let Jemmie make some of your calls for you — 'specially those late calls. It'd be better for *him* to go down there in the Quarter at night when you're tired."

It got so when somebody from the Quarter called up old man LaBotte he'd get his bag and leave the house before Mrs. LaBotte and Jemmie had a chance to ask him where he was going. And when he was home he stayed shut up in the little office room and acted crabbed.

Mrs. LaBotte was the one who finally did it. One morning Dr. LaBotte didn't come out of his bedroom early like he usually did. And Mrs. LaBotte tiptoed around, because she said he needed rest. That bedroom door stayed closed even when the phone started ringing. It was an old man called David calling up from a grocery store. I knew who he was because he stayed about two blocks from where me and Aunt Albertine live. The children in the Quarter named him "that 'il man with the great big head." He wanted to tell Dr. LaBotte he had the "choky-feeling" in his chest again and he couldn't lie down and sleep. So Mrs. LaBotte went in the bedroom. But there wasn't any fussing between them. All Dr. LaBotte said was "Tell Jemmie he can go down there — he wants to go." I think Mrs. LaBotte had worn him down to nothing. His voice sounded so tired. "Let Jemmie go down there —"

I went down to the Quarter with Jemmie LaBotte because I knew where David's house was. It's hard to find a place you're looking for in the Quarter because the house numbers are all faded off. I'm telling you the truth, it felt good riding through the Quarter in old man LaBotte's shiny car, because everybody *really did* look when they saw it was me in there. Jemmie was nervous.

David's house was like the rest of the houses down there; the weatherboards were old and needed some paint. And it had fancy rusty iron banisters around the front porch, with iron flowers and curls. The room old David was in had the shades down and it was black-dark, except David had a little candle sitting in a piece of saucer on his chiffonier. Jemmie LaBotte didn't know what that little candle was for. He didn't pay it much attention at first; but I knew. You see old folks always burning a candle when they're afraid they're going to die, or afraid somebody in their family is going to die. Sometimes you're supposed to put pepper on the candle because everybody says it'll keep the worms from eating you after you're dead. David was propped up on a pillow. I sat down on a little stool by the door. Jemmie said, "You know good and well you ought to have some air in here, hot as it is." And then he went over to the window to let up the shade.

But old David screwed up his face at Jemmie

LaBotte. "I wish you wouldn't be messin' wid that window shade, 'cause that air out there got things in it bad for my feeling right here." He hit his chest with his wrinkled-up little hand. I could see he didn't like Jemmie LaBotte.

"Air never did hurt anybody's heart trouble." Jemmie LaBotte pulled up the shade a little.

"Your daddy don't never make me keep no air in here if I don't want none." I think that was the first thing that got Jemmie. And then old David wouldn't let Jemmie touch him with the needle. He held out those skinny old arms like he was scared to death. "Naw! Naw! You ain't going to put that thing in me. I don't want to have that thing sticking in my arm. And your daddy don't never stick me with none, either!"

I felt sorry for Jemmie LaBotte. He stood there like he didn't know what to do. Old David kept on hollering, "Oh Jesus! Oh Jesus! You going to stick me with that *thing*. Your daddy don't never do nothing like that!" Finally Jemmie LaBotte just took a good hold on his arm and jabbed him very quick; and you'd have thought David was having a baby by the way he was taking on. But after that I started feeling good toward Jemmie LaBotte, because I liked the way he just went on and stuck the needle in anyhow. And he tried to be nice to old David after he gave him that shot: he told him to be quiet because he was through and ready to go, and he said he hoped he'd rest easier.

But old David wasn't ready for Jemmie LaBotte to go away. "You ain't going to give me nothing like what your daddy give me when he come?"

"What'd my daddy give you?"

"Some kind of stuff —"

"What stuff does he give you?"

"That stuff what make me sleep a lot. *You know*, Mr. Jemmie LaBotte." He kept smiling a sly, hateful smile. "Your daddy always give me a piece of paper that I can get it with at the drug-store-man's. Your daddy say it's codeine."

"My daddy didn't give you any codeine. Where'd you get that, talking about codeine? Don't you know your heart's too bad for you to be taking anything like that?"

"Well, that's what your daddy say it was. Codeine. Make me sleep." He winked at Jemmie LaBotte like he expected him to understand something. "Your daddy give me that stuff instead of all that sticking me with that goddam old needle."

I don't know what made me think I had to say something; because it wasn't my business. But Jemmie LaBotte had such a funny look on his face all of a sudden I said, "Don't pay attention to old man big-head David. They say he don't never tell the truth about nothing." And we went out of the house with David still begging for some of the "sleepy stuff."

Jemmie LaBotte just asked me one thing while

we were going back to Bayou Street. "Why'd old David have that little candle? How come he didn't have the electric light on?"

"That's the way a lot of folks do when they're scared of sickness. You smell how that candle was making that stink in there?"

"I'd have made him put it out if I'd known that was what it was."

"A lots of people keep a sick candle," I said. "I bet your daddy never did try to make anybody put out their sick candle. They wouldn't do it anyhow — for him or nobody else." He didn't say anything after that.

The day after we went down to old David's, Mrs. LaBotte called me out on the porch and she tried to make me think she just wanted me to sit out there and rock back and forth in the rocker and talk to keep her company. But she kept on trying to get it out of me about what happened when we went down to the Quarter. I didn't tell her a thing, though. It wasn't my business.

But I did tell Aunt Albertine how Mrs. LaBotte tried to pick me and Aunt Albertine said, "You better be careful — that's all *I* can say." She'd seen old man David that day at the grocery up on Ogechee Street and he was telling everybody Jemmie LaBotte was a good-for-nothing doctor; and then he'd roll up his sleeve and show the little place the needle made. Aunt Albertine said he was clowning and telling everybody Jemmie LaBotte was nothing but "ca-ca."

3

ABOUT a week went by and old man LaBotte didn't seem to be getting better of whatever was wrong with him; at least he didn't come out of his room. And Mrs. LaBotte kept saying all he needed was rest and for people to let him alone and not worry him. There was something wrong between him and Jemmie ever since the day Jemmie went down to David's. But as far as I know, Jemmie hadn't even seen him since then; so I didn't understand what it could be. Then one Sunday morning early a lady named Mrs. Clara called up the house to ask for Dr. LaBotte because her little girl was having a fit. It was so early Jemmie and Mrs. LaBotte didn't even bother to tell Dr. LaBotte.

Jemmie LaBotte took me with him again, and we went driving fast through those gray little snaky-looking streets in the Quarter. We saw a lot of people walking the sidewalks; some of them were still drunk from Saturday night. When we got to Mrs. Clara's house she was out in a funny kind of silk dress washing the steps to her front porch with a jar full of pepper-water. She was real fat and she had her behind turned up to us because she was down on her knees scrubbing the steps; and at first it looked funny. But she turned around and it was pitiful because her big fat face was

screwed up and she was crying. The pepper-water had the front steps smelling loud like grease and vinegar. So Jemmie LaBotte asked her what that stuff was and why she wasn't in the house with her little girl. Mrs. Clara said, "I ain't in there 'cause I got to wash with this old pepper-water. Keeps off bad things from coming in the house — keep 'um way from my baby." Jemmie LaBotte told her she had no business believing in such things and he made her put down the jar with the pepper-water in it. But she kept on saying, "Your own daddy — your flesh-and-blood daddy — your daddy — he say it's fine if I want to wash off them front steps with my pepper-water!"

I sat on the porch while Jemmie LaBotte was inside. I'd seen that little girl lots of times with Mrs. Clara when they'd be walking up Ogechee Street. Her name was Monica and she was about eight years old, and she was pretty because she had a round face with a funny kind of purple eyes and light, hay-colored hair. But you could tell something was wrong with her because she walked so slow and funny and held her head like her neck was made out of rubber.

When Mrs. Clara came to the screen door with Jemmie LaBotte she was saying, "Ain't you going to give her none of them pink pills what make her sleep? Your daddy say them be good for her — they make her lay real quiet so she don't have no more of them fits. She don't roll her eyes or nothing if she have them pink pills."

Jemmie LaBotte kept looking at the little thing around Mrs. Clara's neck. It was hanging on a greasy string. I don't think he knew what it was, but I did, because my Aunt Albertine always has one so she'll be sure to have good luck. It was a little ball of hair; only this was a ball of hay-colored hair. Mrs. Clara and Jemmie LaBotte were both acting upset.

"I'm not going to give her anything to make her sleep, because it wouldn't be good for her. She had a fit! It's not good for her to go to sleep on medicine, I don't care *what* my daddy told you." So we left, and Mrs. Clara stood on her front porch; and she was crying and sprinkling pepper-water because she said Jemmie LaBotte must be evil and she didn't even want the smell of him around her house. "You ain't no good kind of a man like *Doctor*" was the last thing we heard her say.

Then Jemmie LaBotte told his mother. They sat in the living room on that big settee and he told her how old David asked him for codeine and said Dr. LaBotte always gave it to him. And he told her how he didn't want to believe a thing like that on his daddy; but he told her what happened with Mrs. Clara. "That little girl's name is Monica, and the whites of her eyes are all dulled over. Like she's been asleep a *long* time! She's had a lot of codeine — I can tell she has."

Once Mrs. LaBotte looked up and saw me stand-

ing in the doorway, but she turned her head away. Dr. LaBotte came in the living room; I don't know whether he heard them or what. But Jemmie didn't act like he was there. "I thought my daddy was something." He said it just like the old man wasn't there at all.

And Dr. LaBotte said, "They do magic down there, Juanita!" When he called her name Mrs. LaBotte put her little handkerchief up to her mouth. She made a choking noise. And you should've seen Dr. LaBotte — the way he blazed his eyes. "Real magic — *real!*" he said. "And they won't stop. They wouldn't stop it for me. What in the world makes you think *I* could make them stop?"

"You've got them so all they want is codeine. You think codeine can do an epileptic fit any good, Daddy?"

"I told you — you don't know how they are. You think they'll take medicine, don't you?"

"You're bad as they are. You put them all to sleep. You can put them to sleep all right!"

Dr. LaBotte said, "You get so you'll do anything for them if you can just get 'em to love you." And then he went out of the living room and left Mrs. LaBotte and Jemmie still sitting there on the settee. He walked away slow, like he was so old.

From then on strange things started going on. Jemmie LaBotte could hardly wait until some more of the old man's patients called up so he could go back down to the Quarter. It got so the main thing for Jemmie LaBotte was his big idea about making them like him down there.

4

BUT Jemmie LaBotte didn't know the word had got around about him. It just takes one mouth to spread things in the Quarter, and David and Mrs. Clara ran their mouths a plenty. Everybody down there was whispering old man LaBotte was sick and going to die and his boy didn't know a thing to do for him or anybody. His boy wasn't nothing but "ca-ca" and a good-for-nothing. That's what they said about Jemmie LaBotte. David told everybody he could feel funny things crawling in his arm where Jemmie LaBotte stuck him with that needle. And Mrs. Clara said her Monica was bloody-eyed and always screaming with fits, because Jemmie LaBotte didn't give her sleepy-stuff to quiet her down.

Then one day Jemmie LaBotte got tired of waiting. He must've known what was wrong by that time. So he went down to the Quarter. That evening when I got home Aunt Albertine told me, "Jemmie LaBotte come driving down here today. Folks say he was trying to see old David and when David found out he locked up his door on him. Yeah — I hear he was even begging old man David to let him talk to him."

"Begging him do any good?"

"Didn't do a low-more bit of good!" Aunt Albertine laughed about Jemmie LaBotte because she was just like the rest of them; she didn't think he was anything.

But I give him credit. He tried hard in the Quarter. He tried to get David and Mrs. Clara to believe he wanted to do them some good. But David would always lock his door, and Mrs. Clara wouldn't even let him come up on her front porch. It got so bad people would sit in their windows and laugh whenever they'd see him coming. But he kept on going down there.

Then one day he did get a phone call. It was August then, and that day was rainy. The house was quiet like somebody was dead or going to die. And it was so hot all the windows and doors were open and you could hear the rain hitting the gardenia bushes out in the front yard. Whoever it was calling sounded like they were crying. All they said was for somebody to come down to Mama Callie's house quick. So Jemmie went down there by himself. I could see he wasn't thinking about taking me down there with him that day. But I wouldn't have gone anyhow, because I didn't like that old Mama Callie.

When I was little I used to go over to her house with Aunt Albertine. Aunt Albertine never has stopped going to Mama Callie's because Mama Callie knew her when she was just knee-high. In the first place I didn't like Mama Callie because she was always coughing. Everybody knew she had t.b., and she was sleepy-looking and slow-talking because she stayed all doped up on codeine to ease her coughing spells. She must have been about seventy-five years old, and she had a sister named Alena who was somewhere around fifty. She and Alena spent all day making little charms and things; and they sold them to a lot of people. Like if Mrs. Clara wanted a hair ball out of little Monica's hair she'd cut off a snip of hair and take it to Mama Callie, and Mama Callie would do things like dip it in hot chicken fat and tie it on a string and wrap it up for a week in senna leaves. Then she'd give it back to Mrs. Clara when it was ready to do some good.

Sometimes on a hot day you'd walk past their house and you'd see Mama Callie and Alena sitting in the open window and Mama Callie would always be singing something in French. She said that song was a Creole song her father taught her when she was a little girl. They say she was real proud of that; because her and Alena's father was a Frenchman. Anyway, whenever she and Alena sat in the window Mama Callie would hold her old sleepy-looking face out the window to see who was walking up and down the street. Alena, who liked men, would be just sitting there beside Mama Callie brushing her hair. She had hair that came down to her shoulders and she always brushed it with a brush soaked in strong tea to keep it from getting gray.

When Jemmie LaBotte came back from Mama Callie's he looked discouraged, and he didn't say a thing. But that evening Alena was going around telling everybody in the Quarter about how when Jemmie LaBotte got to Mama Callie she'd had a hemorrhage and blood was coming out of her nose and mouth all over the bed sheets. Alena said, "He come bringing his fancy bag with them bottles in it. He thought he was going to give Callie one of them needles of his, but me and Callie wouldn't even let him get near the bed. I told him he wasn't going to touch my Callie!" Alena was bragging about how she told Jemmie LaBotte right to his face they'd just called him so he could give Mama Callie some codeine. But he wouldn't give her any, and he started telling Alena how much Mama Callie needed a hospital, or at least some medicine. Alena laughed. "That Jemmie LaBotte wanted to pay me money to let him stick Callie with one of them shiny needles — low-more wanted to pay me *money*! Callie and me told him if he couldn't put her to sleep there wasn't nothing he could do. We fixed him. Callie, bad off as she was, she couldn't help but laugh at him. We fixed him all right!"

Alena said she warmed up some pig oil with mustard seeds and went to work on Mama Callie and started rubbing her all over with it right there in front of Jemmie LaBotte. "He was just standing there looking. And he looked like he couldn't take his eyes off. He couldn't even stop looking for nothing. Like a young'un watching his daddy in the bed with his ma." Everybody laughed at Alena's saying that. "I could see he didn't like it for nothing, but there wasn't a thing he could do about me rubbing up Callie with that hog grease. Callie was warm, and shiny as she could be when I got through with her. He just stood up there like he had that hog grease on his brain — stood there just looking 'cause that's all he could do — look."

Alena almost bragged herself to death talking about it. She said before he left their house Jemmie LaBotte cursed her and Mama Callie out and told them there wasn't anything he could do for anybody like them. "But you know what I say to that Jemmie LaBotte? I told him we can make him do anything we God-a-mighty please." Alena kept rolling her eyes and giggling. "I say to him we can low-more make him come right straight back down here anytime we want to. We going to show him better'n we can tell him."

5

ABOUT a week after all that happened Jemmie LaBotte asked me if I knew Mama Callie and Alena, and I told him yes. Then he started talking about how queer they were. He talked so fast; like he couldn't tell me quick enough. I didn't see why he was acting so worried. "That old Mama Callie — you know what she did? She wouldn't even let me

put a stethoscope on her. You ever see all the little baskets in there — in her bedroom? They were all full of leaves!”

I knew the little baskets he was talking about. “Yeah. They’re willow leaves.”

“You know what she does with them?”

“Naw,” I said, “I never did know.”

I knew what those willow leaves were for, but I didn’t tell him because I didn’t see what difference it made to him.

One evening Mama Callie called up again; Jemmie LaBotte didn’t seem to want to go down there. But his mother couldn’t see why. “You ought to go on if they called you, Jemmie,” she kept saying. She was so proud of him because she thought he was everything old man LaBotte never *had* been. “You have to go right on down there, even if that old lady won’t let you attend to her — she *called* you.”

Mama Callie and Alena must have known he’d come, because they told Aunt Albertine and a lot of other people to be on the lookout if they wanted to see the car when it drove up. Mama Callie was feeling weak and puny, but she was sitting in the window singing that little French song, and Alena was sitting beside her brushing her hair with that brush she kept wetting in a bowl of tea. Sure enough, Jemmie LaBotte did come. And Mama Callie told Aunt Albertine he tried to give her some medicine. She said he tried to talk big and tell her she was sure to get worse if she didn’t let him give her a needle. But she and Alena wouldn’t let him, and there wasn’t a thing he could do about it.

The way they talked about it you’d have thought Jemmie LaBotte was like a little dog or something they’d taken some kind of fancy to. Alena got rid of all her men friends, and even when it made Mama Callie cough and spit up blood she burned a little basket full of dried-up willow leaves every day. Alena said, “We burn them leaves ’cause it make him get us on the brain and pretty soon he be coming right on down here all the time.”

Sure enough, Jemmie LaBotte did start going down to Mama Callie’s. He told Mrs. LaBotte he went down there so he could leave medicines for Mama Callie and try to make her take them. But Mrs. LaBotte noticed how much he was going down there. She even told old man LaBotte. And he used to lie in his bed and call Jemmie. “Jemmie, come tell your daddy what’s going on down there at Mama Callie’s. Come tell me! How come you’re down to Mama Callie’s so much, Jemmie?” But Jemmie stopped going in his daddy’s room. Even Mrs. LaBotte couldn’t make him go in any more. And that hurt Dr. LaBotte. He began to fall off a lot. You could tell because his hands and face got so thin. But still he’d lie in his bed and call in that nagging voice, like there was something he knew about Jemmie.

Mama Callie and Alena got so they bragged and

said they were going to have Jemmie LaBotte pretty soon. Alena tied up her hair every day in a lot of silk rags because she wanted to look fine when he came. And Mama Callie claimed they could get him down to the Quarter whenever they wanted to. Alena was always telling everybody, “All I got to do is heat up that hog oil and start rubbing on Callie with it. That Jemmie LaBotte look like his eyes going to pop out. When I do that he look like he don’t want to do nothing but just look at me and Callie; and he know we ain’t going to let him touch her. But he just keep on looking. Sometimes he look right pitiful.”

I didn’t think Jemmie still cared anything about his daddy. He did though. Because when old man LaBotte had that heart attack you could see it did something to Jemmie. They had a lot of fine specialists with Dr. LaBotte, but it didn’t do him any good. He lingered, and he got weaker every day. They said he was “in coma” so nobody could go in there to see him. Jemmie and Mrs. LaBotte would just sit in that big living room all day long with the shades down; and two or three nurses were always coming and going and walking soft on those big thick rugs. They made me think of white rabbits, the way they were always streaking through the house. I didn’t like them because they wouldn’t let Jemmie LaBotte see his daddy, and he wanted to a lot. He kept saying he had something he wanted to say to his daddy.

6

ALENA and Mama Callie told Aunt Albertine Jemmie LaBotte had stopped trying to make Mama Callie take his medicines. They said he came to their house just to see them and they called him sweet-boy-Jemmie. “He just like a baby,” Mama Callie was always saying. “He come and just sit there and watch Alena swing hair-plaits around in the air. Sometime Alena hand him one of them hair-plaits and he hold it and he just laugh. Just like a young’un with a sugar-tit.” Alena swore Mama Callie was telling it like it was. “Callie telling the honest-to-God truth! That Jemmie LaBotte done changed a heap.” Then they’d both laugh. Mama Callie would laugh so hard she’d start coughing.

It got around that Jemmie LaBotte had started writing prescriptions for Mama Callie to get codeine with. Somebody even said they saw him go in the drugstore to get it for her one day; but I still thought it was just meanness making them all tell lies on him. All that time Dr. LaBotte was sinking. Mrs. LaBotte couldn’t understand why Jemmie was staying away more and more. She didn’t think it hurt him that his daddy was dying, but she was wrong. He never did mention Dr. LaBotte much, but you could see he cared about the old man, just by some of the other things he’d

say. Like one day he told me, "Mama loves this house, but I want to get out of here. I can't stand it any more."

My Aunt Albertine was there at Mama Callie's one day when Jemmie LaBotte came to see her. She said Mama Callie had a pretty bad coughing spell and her mouth started running blood, but Jemmie LaBotte didn't do a thing except just get down on his knees by Mama Callie's bed. And when she'd stopped coughing Mama Callie took a little ball of hair from under her pillow and gave it to him. Mama Callie told him that little ball had some of her and Alena's hair in it. She gave it to Jemmie LaBotte because he'd kept asking her to give him something to help his daddy in his misery. I'll tell you the truth, I didn't even believe my own flesh-and-blood aunt. For one thing I couldn't see Jemmie LaBotte doing all they said. I didn't even believe the willow leaves I'd found meant anything.

In the end I saw for my own self, though. One night. Dr. LaBotte had been real low all that day, and they'd put him under an oxygen tent. And Mrs. LaBotte had been calling up her friends telling them she didn't understand why Jemmie was off down in the Quarter. I think she must have known Dr. LaBotte was going to die. Anyway, that night after I'd got off I was walking up Bourbon Street on my way over to the show field to see if the carnival had come; and so I passed by Mama Callie's. Even when I was still way up the street I heard that singing. Mama Callie was singing that little French song, but it went so slow I could tell she was weak; she was so feeble her voice sounded high like a chicken squawking.

"Donnez tes levres.
Donnez tes mains.
Ces yeux, ces yeux
Sont pleins du feu!"

All the lights were on real bright in the room where she was. And she was sitting right up in the window with some kind of a shawl on that had long fringes that kept blowing around her arms. I couldn't help but look in there when I went by, but Mama Callie didn't see me because she had her eyes shut. I told you how the light was on in the room; I could see good. Alena was sitting there a little way behind Mama Callie. She was in a straight chair and she had silk rags tied all through her hair: red and blue and green and yellow; all kinds of colors. Jemmie LaBotte must have been down on his knees or almost on his knees, anyway, because all I could see was his head. Alena had Jemmie LaBotte's head, holding it *tight* in her arms. Just as tight as she could. It was so queer, because it looked like she might have cut off his head from his body and was just holding nothing but that head in her arms. She had her eyes closed and he had his closed too. Only in the light I could see shining streaks on his

face, like he was crying. He looked pretty: like a young girl. Maybe it was because Mama Callie and Alena were so wrinkled and ugly. His skin was so smooth, and his hair was shiny and very thick; like purple and black mixed together.

When I got back home that night I told Aunt Albertine how I saw the three of them. And she said, "I been thinking about it a while. I don't like all that funny stuff that's going on." She told me she wanted me to quit working for the LaBottes.

Only the next day when I went up there a lot of people were at the house. Women in fine clothes with feathery hats and little white handkerchiefs. They were answering the telephone and talking loud all over the house and wiping their eyes because old man LaBotte had died the night before. I didn't even get a chance to see Mrs. LaBotte, because a nurse was keeping her quiet. But everybody was whispering about Jemmie. They said they thought he must be crazy because half an hour after the old man died he went driving off down to the Quarter.

It seems like it's been longer than two years since all that was going on, but it's just been about that long. I don't know for sure, but I don't think Jemmie LaBotte even went to his daddy's funeral. I do know one thing for sure though; he doesn't stay home much. I see him every time I go past Mama Callie's house because he's always over there. He always waves his hand to me when he sees me. Alena still makes those little hair balls for people and she burns her willow leaves every day. They say Mama Callie sleeps most of the time because she's only hanging by a thread. And when she's not sleeping she's coughing. But Jemmie LaBotte keeps her full of codeine so she doesn't feel anything. He doesn't just only get that codeine for Mama Callie, though; he lets a lot of them have it.

And they've all stopped talking mean about Jemmie LaBotte in the Quarter now. That's not something that's just happened either; they stopped *long* ago. Even Mrs. Clara and old big-head David don't put the bad-mouth on him any more. You wouldn't believe how everybody changed up. Jemmie LaBotte never has to beg to get his money out of anybody. And that goes to prove what I was just saying.

You ought to hear the way some of them call his name now whenever he comes walking up Bourbon Street. When he comes at night people lean out their windows and all you can see in the dark is fire from cigarettes, but you can hear the laughing and talking. And you can hear that laugh of his above everybody else's. Nobody can tell me all that fuss they make doesn't give him a good feeling, after the way they used to act when he first started coming down here. You can tell it makes him feel good. You ought to see the way his eyes flash, and the way he talks to everybody. Just the way he talks makes you know he'll do anything in the world for them.



Britain's foremost classicist, GILBERT MURRAY, is famous for his translations of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, and equally for his inspired teaching at Oxford, where for a quarter of a century he was Regius Professor of Greek. In 1918 he delivered the Presidential Address to the Classical Association, a paper which under the title "Religio Grammatici" has been widely reprinted. In 1954, in his eighty-ninth year, he spoke to them again, and the essay which follows is drawn from his address.

ARE OUR PEARLS REAL?

by GILBERT MURRAY

I

CLASSICAL studies have in our time made, like other special subjects, immense advances. Our knowledge of Greek papyri, both literary and non-literary, is far greater than ever before. So is our knowledge of ancient art in all its forms. We know more of Minoan problems, both historical and linguistic; more also of the Ptolemaic and Seleucid periods; far more about the early Greek or pre-Greek relations with the various Hittite and Anatolian peoples whose languages have been recently deciphered and understood. Of course, we understand far better than our fathers the anthropological problems of Greek religion and custom. While no doubt the prospects of a Latin quotation in the House of Commons or a sermon are much less bright than they were in Mr. Gladstone's time, or even in Mr. Asquith's, I think there is among non-classical people a certain general desire, much more widespread than in the last century, to know something about these famous old Greeks and Romans — provided it does not involve too much trouble or loss of time.

I am thinking of classical studies in a sense which may almost be called traditional in the more cultivated classes in England. I remember once examining at Winchester and being struck by the readiness with which the good boys quoted Shakespeare and Milton. I asked Dr. Burge, the headmaster, if at Winchester they laid great stress on the teaching of English literature. He said no, but explained that a boy in college would be rather laughed at if he did not know his Shakespeare and Milton. That is, a properly cultivated man would know the great classics of his own literature, but would realize that the great classics of England and of all modern Europe cannot be even approximately understood and enjoyed except with some knowledge of the basic Greek and Latin classics on which they stand. With some writers this is obvious;

who could begin to understand Milton or Shelley or Racine without Greek? But Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe really stand upon the same original base.

Does this make the field almost impossibly wide except for an omnivorous reader? Yes; of course no one can cover it all. But it is worth remembering that there is a vast difference between the Greek and Latin classics on the one hand and the literature of ancient Mesopotamia and modern Europe on the other. The Assyrian, Babylonian, and Hittite remains are the accidental and unselected remains of a very large literature; legal decrees, contracts, royal records, private letters, magical charms, and religious formulae, mixed up with a few songs and epics. Modern literature, since the invention of printing, is so overpoweringly voluminous that of the books in the great libraries I dare say hardly one in a hundred expects to be read again. But a fair familiarity with the Greek and Latin classics provides a key to all the modern European classics. These words written down and copied again and again, represent moments of experience which mankind would not allow to die, moments too precious to be forgotten. In these passages, the soul of man stands at the door and knocks; it is for each one of us to open or not to open, and if we do not open, the message that should have been immortal dies.

Are we classical scholars perhaps absurdly overestimating our province, proclaiming as true pearls ornaments which are only imitations? We can, of course, claim that what we call a classical education does, as a matter of fact, seem to produce good results. In most of the leading departments of life, in the bar, the civil service, the Church, or the House of Commons, people with the traditional classical education have a singularly high record. Nay, when Lord Asquith of Bishopstone remarks that India was probably never so well governed as

when its rulers were trained to write Latin verse, it is difficult to contradict him.

A critic can only point out that the best administrators, if they mostly used to write Latin verses, also used to wear top hats and whiskers; such customs are equally irrelevant and equally obsolete. "Surely," the critic will proceed, "the whole system is absurd. To spend most of your education in learning two languages which you never mean to speak, and would nowhere be understood if you did. You say it is for the sake of the literature? But the literature has all been translated again and again and again. Surely some of the translations are satisfactory? Is it for the historical significance of those ages? But modern Europe has for generations been studying Greek and Roman history and poring over the pages of Greek and Roman philosophers. Surely any message, any revelation, which they may have for us must long ago have permeated our whole tradition. Think of the vast fields of knowledge and culture which you are leaving neglected through this concentration on classical literature. Learn," he will say, "practical technology, learn nuclear fission, learn medicine and surgery, learn modern languages, learn at least something new, and you will have some chance of meeting the most urgent needs of your generation. Do not go on digging in an utterly exhausted mine for metal which is not there, and which, except to a narrow-minded grammarian, would not be of much value if it was."

This criticism seems at first sight obvious and convincing. One can only wonder why it is that practically no really civilized country has acted upon it. All civilized people have their classics. Our European practice is only a particular treatment of a problem that is world-wide.

I had a visit several years ago from a Chinese savant. It was before the rise of Communism, but well in the midst of the general revolutionary movement associated with Sun Yat-sen. My visitor was troubled about the growing neglect of the classics in China. He was a supporter of Sun Yat-sen and was friendly to the American missionaries; but in neglecting the classics, he felt, China was forgetting her own soul. The classics were the sayings and thoughts which had been chosen by the judgment of twenty or thirty generations as the most valuable, the best worth remembering. They were not new discoveries. They were permanent truths or good counsels which all the more because of their remoteness, because all irrelevancies are taken away, can say at certain crises just what we want said.

And the same with our memories of Greek and Latin classics. The true classic must have weathered the ages and have stood out above the fashions of literary cliques. It ought also to be a link of united feeling between people otherwise separate, as a phrase from the Bible or *Pilgrim's Progress* is — or used to be — in England; as a phrase from

Virgil still is among educated men throughout Europe. What a loss it would be to any people to have lost this trusted link, the common joy, this guidance!

2

Now the study of the classics with us in England follows in the main the same lines as that in all the countries that have any ancient culture at all, but in some ways it is peculiar. For one thing, we do not attach any specially religious or superstitious value to our Latin and Greek classics, though of course Greek has its special place as the language of the New Testament. Nor do we associate them with any nationalist feeling such as almost all nations feel about their respective classics, and the French and Italians, for instance, tend to feel about Latin and Greek. Further, like the other nations of Europe, but unlike most Eastern nations, we have to learn not one language but two. That is no doubt a burden.

The case for Latin is clear. Most cultivated Europeans know some Latin, and for several centuries they normally spoke and wrote it. But what of Greek? Well, to the Romans themselves the classics were in Greek. To Cicero, Virgil, Lucretius, Horace, the source of all culture was in the *exemplaria Graeca*, and we children of Rome naturally try to learn the classics that the Romans learned. But is that a sufficient reason? Would it not be more sensible to be content with Latin and not take on the heavy burden of two classical languages? I think not, chiefly because the *exemplaria Graeca* are so extraordinarily good. They are our best pearls.

Human history is not a flat plain, nor yet a continuous slope, neither upward nor downward. It is all mountain peaks and valleys and flats. Almost every human art or capability has its *Blütezeit*, its flowering time, in which it produces work that becomes classic to other periods. In modern times one sees, speaking roughly, a great *Blütezeit* for painting in the Renaissance, from Giotto to Rembrandt; in music perhaps in a period just over, from Bach to Wagner; in science perhaps a period of which we are just in the zenith, or, as some scientific friends tell me, just approaching the zenith.

Now, from that point of view, and it is one of obvious good sense and importance, it seems undeniable that ancient Greece provides a period of extraordinary and unique importance. The Greeks produced and handed on to us work which has served as a sort of permanent model to all Europe — poems of which a plain prose translation, with most of the beauty lost, can sell today, two thousand years later, in hundreds of thousands. They produced drama over which men still weep and laugh, and to which man never created anything approximately equal till the Elizabethan period, two thousand years later; philosophy of which one can

say much the same. Are not our philosophers still finding it worth while to study Plato, and Aristotle, and even the pre-Socratics? Is it not amazing that, in England alone, there have been five different translations of the *Republic* within the last few years? Plato has many faults, every critic lately has been dwelling on them, but he is still alive, still full of living beauty.

Something very similar can be said of other forms of art, such as sculpture and architecture, and such types of prose literature as the strictly political history of Thucydides and the looser, wider, and more anthropological research of Herodotus. They are works of genius; they cannot die. Nor can anyone say of them what Voltaire impudently said of Dante, that their reputation is established forever because no one will ever read them again. Our philosophers and historians are constantly re-examining them and have as a rule no doubt about their surpassing greatness.

And yet, are we deceiving ourselves? Can it really be reasonable, as I suggested before, to spend most of your education in rereading, relearning matter that has been read and known before — to be always learning, never creating, seldom making any new discovery? This argument has much weight. I think the main answer to it is that the alternative is to have no classics at all. The classics are never mere books of information. They are essentially the books that you can read and reread, learn and venerate and love; and to be destitute of such books is to a civilized nation repulsive. It comes near to being absorbed, like an animal, in the necessities of day to day, the prison of the personal material present.

Yes, a critic may say, but granted that Greece has largely taught us our philosophy, and that the effort of learning the Greek language helps us to get our thoughts down to clearer and simpler forms, does it not follow that it also puts us more under the influence of Greek thought than is really wholesome? Many people think that Greek modes of thought are already far too dominant.

There is something in this. I can quite sympathize with that writer to the *Times* about a chair of philosophy at one of the newer universities, who wished to make it a necessary qualification that the candidate should never have learned Greek. If all the others know Greek, it may well be desirable that one at least should approach his problems by some totally different road. Philosophy advances by contradictions and corrections, and a new line of approach to its problems is always welcome. How is it, then, that the sort of philosophy that becomes a classic, though corrected and contradicted, is never killed? How many times has Plato been contradicted, disproved, re-explained, and again disproved? I suspect that the best and most classic philosophy does not profess to give a clear and final answer to a definite problem;

it helps you to see deeper and more clearly into subjects about which you will never reach the whole truth. The whole may be beyond human intelligence, but it is a great thing to be able to follow or accompany a great mind in penetrating deeper into the mystery.

Most people make a distinction here between real philosophy and physical science, saying that science just gives you the true answer to a limited question and goes no further. But I doubt whether that is true. I should have thought that the really great scientist, like the great philosopher, was always conscious that his answer was likely in course of time to be corrected, and that beyond his ascertained facts there remained, and perhaps would always remain, a region of wonder. Thus even our philosophy requires always to be rethought over, and reread.

3

THIS is more obviously and profoundly true of the other great heritage which the Greeks have left us, poetry. Philosophy is primarily a matter of hard thinking; it implies criticism, contradiction, statements with a sharp intellectual edge. Poetry depends on our sense of beauty, on admiration and delight, on emotion and sympathy with emotion. It may sometimes give an exact statement of the facts, but its true aim is always something beyond the facts. It loves traditional language and traditional form because the value to poetry lies not in the statement but in the connotation or atmosphere that clings about it. Nay, if we look at the continuous tradition of poetry from Homer onward, we find that poetry needs a language of its own, a voice of its own. The poet, we know, often feels himself a vehicle for some power outside or above him. When Homer begins the *Iliad*, it is not a story in everyday human speech that we are given; nor is it the poet himself who gives it. It is a goddess who tells the tale, and the goddess sings.

To have a special language for poetry is not an artificial invention. It springs from nature. There is a special language for poetry in Hebrew, in Latin, in Old Icelandic, and, so I am told, in the languages of Australia and the Polynesian islands; but most markedly there is a special language in Greek, where poetry has perhaps reached its highest point. Homer's goddess speaks a language entirely her own. The words are different, the inflectional terminations are different; there are repetitions and conventional formulae and perpetual epithets which would be intolerable in prose but serve some purpose of their own in making the poetry more beautiful. They seem, as it were, almost to hypnotize the reader so that his purely intellectual and critical faculties are lulled, his emotions and his sense of beauty are given the more scope.

This applies particularly to dactylic and lyric poetry; in drama there is a closer approach to nor-

mal speech, though even there hardly a line of tragedy could ever be taken for prose. The meter is the very essence of Homeric poetry, as it later becomes the very essence of Virgil or Ovid. To read a prose translation of Homer or Virgil is like reading a musical score without the music. Throughout the whole vast range of Greek poetry one may say there is never a fault in the meter; there are, at most, certain legitimate licenses admitted to give variety or to enable strange foreign words or proper names to find a place in the verse. In Latin verse there is the same correctness, though in Latin the words have not to any great extent been actually formed or changed by the meter. One may say on the whole that Greek and Latin poetry insist upon the same high degree of metrical regularity that in English is required by a sonnet.

The poetical tradition in England, France, Italy, Germany, has on the whole followed this model. The meters in these languages have not been nearly as sonorous and unmistakable as the dactylic or lyric meters of Greek or Latin, but we have made up for that by introducing rhyme in most forms of verse. We even call verses which do not rhyme "blank," and we generally confine blank verse to the widely known and easily recognized ten-syllable line. In sum, the entire tradition of poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson, from the *Song of Roland* to Victor Hugo, from the *Nibelungenlied* to Heine, has associated the whole idea of poetry with meter; to speak of a prose poem was a metaphor or a paradox.

4

I SUPPOSE there is in every art, as there is in every society, not exactly a set of fixed rules but a traditional norm, a way of living and behaving, which the Greeks might call Themis — the thing that is expected, that is always done, and which implies of course a number of things that are not Themis, that are simply "not done," at least by people who behave themselves. In poetry this is the general way in which all the classic poets have behaved, from Homer to Tennyson, embracing generally three things: a poetical language or diction, rich in overtones and associations of emotion or beauty; secondly, a recognizable meter or form, producing music or something that is felt as music; and thirdly, poetical subjects, or at least an avoidance of subjects that are obviously unpoetical — that is, allergic to high emotion or beauty — such as statistics, dirt, mean feelings, and bad smells. Of course it is almost all a question of treatment; with the right treatment almost any subject might produce the emotion proper to poetry. And apart from such extremes a sudden drop into the unexpected in matter or diction is a well-known and approved trick of the poet's trade.

From the point of view of the classical tradition, what are we to make of the changes in poetical

taste which are so frequent, so adventurous, and often so valuable? Of course some general causes of change are always at work. It is only natural that a younger generation should sometimes feel that it has had more than enough of the style which its elders and betters are always commending. Youth is always hopeful of finding out some real secret of truth or some new form of beauty, not known to the conventions of its parents.

Another influence constantly at work is the eternally seductive dream, appealing in different forms to most artists, that they are concerned not with show but with truth, not with mere art but with nature. In drama this is almost always the watchword of every new change in style. This desire to reject all mere ornamentation and strike straight at the heart of reality is no doubt of immense value in the history of the arts, yet if made a main principle it is suicidal. It implies an attempt to deny that art itself is art, a mimesis, a make-believe; an attempt which, carried to its logical end, would turn art into science or dogma. If poetry is meant in a sense to reveal truth, as no doubt it is, it does so not, like science, by its direct statements, which are almost never true and do not need to be true, but always by the overtones of its music, by the connotations and associations of its words, by the atmosphere with which it surrounds itself. The first book of *Paradise Lost* narrates as fact imaginary conversations between persons who never existed, yet those speeches of the fallen angels in the burning marl convey just the kind of truth that poetry can convey and that plain prose cannot.

I think also that a true artist, however different his own outlook, will always feel some love and reverence for the works of his great predecessors. It is a bad sign when a new fashion speaks with contempt of the whole tradition before it. When I find one fashionable critic today saying contentedly that Milton's reputation as a poet is now finally exploded, or another deciding that the *Odyssey* is bad poetry but a good novel, I seem to see that they are, as it were, tone-deaf or color-blind. They have lost the specific feeling for poetry in the sense in which previous generations of poets and poetry-lovers have used the word.

However, in such criticism one must make some allowance for the critic's pugnacity and desire to shock. I once met a Spanish poet who boasted that he had used in his poetry certain words so indecorous that they had never before been printed. I hold firmly that that was not a thing to be proud of; but what really makes me lose my temper is when some of these dabblers in obscenity think they are being Greek. As if serious Greek poetry ever tolerated an indecent word! Of course there is almost always a certain element of strife between the poet and his ordinary bourgeois public, still more between the poet and the professional critic. I remember that, when it came to judging poetry,

Aeschylus "did not get on with the Athenians, but thought the rest of the world mere rubbish."

Still, I can remember a good many changes of taste which did not give rise to violent feelings. I once in my extreme youth met a man who rather deprecated my mother's admiration for "young Mr. Tennyson"; she should have stuck to Byron. I remember the effect produced by the pre-Raphaelite painters, and the beginning of the Impressionists. More recently I remember the general welcome given to the first volumes of the Georgian poems, collected by Edward Marsh and Harold Monro in 1912 and 1913 and on into the early twenties, and containing specimens of Lascelles Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, Rupert Brooke, de la Mare, Davies, Drinkwater, Gibson, Masefield, Sturge Moore, James Stephens, and presently Hodgson and D. H. Lawrence. You might like some of these better than others; you might have your criticisms; but no one thought of doubting that the book was poetry.

Into the post-war brew there has slipped something different; is it a new revelation, or is it a touch of delirium, a real rebellion against Themis, expressing itself in all the arts? Is it really a sort of echo of the general barbarization of national life in post-war Europe? In most of the arts my opinion is of no value at all, but I cannot help noticing that in painting, in sculpture, and even I think in music and architecture, there is exceptionally violent dissension among artists, such as I never remember occurring before. Formerly, when some new style of art arose, critics might say that a picture was affected or sickly or badly drawn, but they did not say that it was not a picture at all. But now I have not only heard a highly competent critic say when he unveiled a new statue after a charming public speech about it, "Upon my word, I was nearly sick"; I have heard painters say of some non-representational or surrealist picture that simply, it is not a picture; heard sculptors say of some new fashion in stone, or of the famous wire construction which won such a high prize, that it is not sculpture, not a statue at all.

5

Now in poetry I do feel that I can form a judgment; I do not of course claim that my judgment is right, but I do at any rate know a good deal of poetry; poetry forms, I think, my greatest permanent pleasure in life. So I have a right to an opinion. But of course I am too old and too much a child of the classics to be unprejudiced, so I have looked about for an impartial report, and thought a good place would be the *International P.E.N. News*. There I found one coming, as it happened, from Greece. As for subject, it said, one prevailing fashion has been to choose "the dissolution of the soul of contemporary man"; "the monotony, mis-

ery, and ugliness of everyday life is the poet's theme." The movement, then, did not live, like older movements, "by admiration, hope, and love," nor yet certainly by "terror and pity." It lived by ennui, discontent, and disgust, which have not hitherto been found to be fruitful sources of poetry. "After 1930," our critic adds, "union with the main stream of European literature was complete. Surrealism had considerable influence, and the traditional poetic forms were completely abandoned. In Greece as elsewhere, unintelligibility became the order of the day."

This does seem to me to be rejection of poetry itself, not merely a revolt against a particular style. The tradition from Homer onward has allotted to poetry some general characteristics of metrical form, language, and subject, all with overtones or associations of beauty or some of the higher emotions. With skillful treatment you can drop some of these requirements and get a good effect; but to reject them all does seem to me like rejecting poetry itself. As a jury of classical Dutch and Italian painters might say of surrealist or non-representational painting, "But that is not a picture"; as a similar jury of sculptors would say that the famous wire object was not sculpture; as the architects of York Minster or the Taj Mahal would say of the United Nations Building at Lake Success, "That is not architecture. It is a denial of the whole art" — so I often feel that the sort of poetry described above is just not poetry.

Sometimes there is a deliberate — and certainly successful — attempt to be disgusting. I have just been reading a long detailed description of the bedroom of a paralytic who has been for a long time too sick to move. That sort of thing can be very effective if it is made to lead up to some redemption, as in Tolstoy's *Death of Ivan Ilyich*. But in this case there is no contrast, no redemption. I wonder if the writer, who has written some really good poems, thinks in his heart that this is poetry. I certainly feel pretty sure that any average jury of the people we thought poets before 1914 would say no. I think they would pronounce the same sort of verdict on many other highly prized examples of modern composition which are not in the least objectionable but merely have no special poetical quality of thought or language or metrical form. They would begin by saying that it might or might not be an interesting remark, but it was not poetry. If, in addition, it was deliberately unintelligible, they would be confirmed in their opinion.

Of course I am not forgetting the great amount of really beautiful work in the various arts that the present day is producing. Some of it seems to me to be a definite reaction against this harshness and anarchy, just as the extraordinary wealth of charity and loving-kindness now active in the world is a reaction against the horrors connected with war. It has been a great relief and comfort to me, when

recently reading six or seven volumes of new English poetry, to see what a change seems to have set in. Nearly all the poets I read had a sense of meter and a sense of language. They all left with me something of that special delight which belongs to the tradition of poetry.

But what has all this to do with us classical scholars? Just this, I suggest: that the example of the classics does establish a sort of norm or Themis in letters and thought, as the example of various kinds of good life establishes a norm of what is done and what is "not done" by an honest man or a gentleman or a Christian. We have a standard to maintain, a standard of *Sophrosyne*, of piety, and of careful, sensitive work. For the disorder that has affected our own province of letters seems to be not a mere change of taste but a part of that terrific disorder — or shall I say delirium? — which has since the end of the first war gone so far to wreck the rule of Themis in our great Hellenic or European civilization.

And here we lovers of the classics can help. The essence of the classical spirit is to recognize standards, to know and admire and follow what is really good. I often think how greatly the good feeling of nations toward one another would be eased and bettered if instead of current news and scandals we would read one another's classics. If we would habitually think of France in the light of Pascal, Molière, Voltaire, and Victor Hugo; Germany in the light of Goethe and Kant and the great musicians; Italy in the light of Dante and Mazzini, and without forgetting St. Francis, instead of thinking always of the crimes of the recent past or the frets and controversies of the noisy present. The classics are great upholders of the permanent against the merely fashionable, of high standards against the general easy level that suits the common man, or the fashionable piquancy beloved by the professional critic.

Do you remember Wilamowitz's anecdote, how as a German soldier in the invasion of 1870 he was billeted on a French schoolmaster; and how host and invader sat up after supper comparing Racine's *Phèdre* and Euripides' *Hippolytus*? The common tradition was a sort of bond connecting invader and invaded. One preferred Euripides and the other Racine, but they could not be completely enemies.

Time after time at the assembly of the League of Nations one noticed how an apt quotation from Virgil or some Latin phrase would raise a smile all round the Hall, as when the Albanian Bishop of Noli, who was being rather difficult, was referred to by one of the Serbs as "Ce vieux *Noli me tangere*." It suggests that mutual liaison of the "clerks" which held Europe together in the Middle Ages.

Of course those who care for classical standards are a minority. That has always been so; but they need not be a disheartened or defeatist minority. It is astonishing to me to see how the wrecked or impoverished nations of Western Europe keep up their output of classical work. I found in a new edition of Aeschylus at which I am working that I am getting good contributions from Holland, France, Italy, America, New Zealand, as well as Germany and Britain. In this country too, when I look at my *Classical Review* I am struck by the wide range of subjects treated and by the widely different sources of the articles. I think the meetings of the Classical Association show not less vitality, but more vitality, than before we were threatened by our present dangers. The International Meetings of classical scholars in Berlin, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen, and the existence of new literary periodicals, like *Diogenes* and *Erasmus*, with articles in two or sometimes three languages, indicate, I think, that Europe still values its cultural heritage and does not mean to let it die.

There are many forces at work actively rebarbarizing the civilized world. But the old phrase of Dionysius describing the Athenians as "*those who made gentle the life of mankind*" was true when spoken and remains true now of our Hellenic heritage. If Europe can preserve and America uphold the standards that we call "classic" or "Christian" or "Hellenic," there will be at least one great center at which the higher, gentler, nobler influences of the world can gather and stand fast. The success or failure of that enterprise will depend upon the forces that really actuate the great nations, but in every country of Western and Central Europe there will be a certain number of *Grammatici*, or lovers of letters, who will at least contribute their own mite by showing their faith that the *Grammata* prized so long by a great tradition are real pearls which they will not allow to perish.



*In 1885 Owen Wister's health broke down and that summer, on the advice of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, he headed for Wyoming to stay on a friend's ranch. He had graduated from Harvard, studied music in Paris, and was about to enter law school. This was the first time he had ever been west of Paoli, Pennsylvania, and the impressions which were made on him that summer determined his career. On his visits to the West, he began to write down the adventures and descriptions which were eventually to provide the source material for his famous book, *The Virginian*, the first romantic western in American literature. What turned him from a lawyer (he began practicing in 1888) into a writer is disclosed in his unpublished journals, edited by his daughter, FANNY KEMBLE WISTER. The original manuscripts are in the Library of the University of Wyoming in Laramie.*

OWEN WISTER'S WEST

The Unpublished Journals

Edited by FANNY KEMBLE WISTER

DOZENS of claims have been made by people saying that they were the Virginian, knew the Virginian, or had seen the Virginian. None of these are true. The Virginian is a composite character drawn from several different men my father had either seen briefly or known well. In his preface to *The Virginian* in the collected edition of 1928, he says several different men were "a ratification of a character already conceived and nearly rounded out." My father mentions the gentle manners and gentle voice of a Virginian whom he saw only once, at a roadside ranch where the stagecoach let him off for his first night in Wyoming in the summer of 1885.

In 1894 he met Corporal Skirdin, born in Arizona, who seemed to him a "sort of incarnation of my imaginary Virginian." Two Kansas boys he knew in New Mexico in 1894 were also a ratification of his imaginary character.

The source of "When you call me that, *smile!*" is found at the end of the 1894 notebook in which the Earp and Clanton feud is described.

"Card Game going on — Big money — Several desperados playing — one John Lawrence among others — A player calls him a son of a b——. John Lawrence does not look as if he had heard it — Merely passes his fingers strokingly up and down his pile of chips — When hand is done, he looks across at the man and says: 'You *smile* when you call me that.' The man smiled, and all was well."

By 1891 my father had made five trips to the West. This part of his journal begins with the train trip to Tisdale's ranch.

1891

WYOMING. Tuesday Morning, *June 9*. — Slowly today crops and trees and grass and farmhouses grew more and more rare. Then I looked out and the round green hills were gone and the big empty country had begun. There came two bunches of cattle, and cowpunchers circling among them. At this beloved sight I almost cheered aloud in the car. The strangest sunset; don't let me forget it. Over the bare plains in front, all around us a sluicy downpour of rain, the clouds brick red and luminous against the horizon, on which the sun, a blurred fluffy ball of yellowish light, was resting, while continual streaks of blue lightning quivered down straight across the looming disc. Now the rain has gone, and on a platform when we stopped just now, I looked westward and saw the sky still light, and the silhouette of the long monotonous hills clear as a knife edge against it. After two years this glorious, this supernatural atmosphere meets me again better, clearer, more magical, even than I remembered it.

WEDNESDAY, *June 10*. — Reached Chadron at 2.15 A.M. this morning. Then up and breakfast and off on this train which takes from 6.30 A.M. till 7 P.M. to go 192 miles. It has one passenger coach behind a miscellaneous assortment of great freight and stock cars, and the engine is always just around the next curve, and can be identified only by the jetting black smoke it shoots heavily up. I don't object to the gait of this train. It oozes along through the draws and the sun blazes comfortably

down. I sit on the back platform and find it great luxury to stare at the things I know so well. . . .

SATURDAY, *June 13.* At Tisdale's. — I reached Casper at seven the night before last, passing desolate, deserted Fetterman and Walcott's station. Saw George Mitchell, who piloted me to a bargain with a pleasant sandy-faced little scrub for his team. Hotel food, vile; town of Casper, vile. Left yesterday morning at 5.30 in buggy with tough pair of little horses. Off horse a very delicate kicker indeed. Came here, 65 miles, at 7 P.M. Dreary country. . . . No water except poisonous wells. We carried beer, however. My scrub knew all the people I do, and beamed when I mentioned Chalkeye, who it appears got a windfall of \$5000, went East, and is married. I didn't tell him I aspired to be the author of a book called *Chalkeye*. He gave me news of Tom King and was enthusiastic about West. Let me note for future use his talk of roundups. Four days nearly without water. Old bulls lying down to die, and left so. Cattle at evening with eyes sunk through thirst. Little north breeze springs, ah. They throw their heads and tails in the air and stampede. All people jumping for rocks to get out of their way. The cattle have smelled Willow Creek on the breeze, and travel on the trot till dawn, when they break into this ranch pasture. Old Tisdale routed out and furious. But when he hears how it is from the foreman, is very helpful. Cattle water to their heart's content. This sort of event could be worked up splendidly. Also, steers travel faster than cows. When they get too far ahead, cowpunchers turn them off trail and they fall to grazing. When they're put on trail, they know what "travel" means. We killed a rattlesnake. We saw a few antelope.

Powder River is a beastly stream. But Tisdale's ranch stands where good country begins. The ranch buildings on the river make the usual flat cluster of low brown cabins and stables and corrals and fences all brown. One gets the effect of universal logs. Irrigated garden behind, irrigated area of grass in front. Ditches dry, but their carrying will start this evening when the water will get down from Willow Creek. . . .

Morris left here twenty-four hours before I came. So did Tisdale. But they'll be back soon, so the German (or Swedish) cook said. I spent the night, and am now much at leisure — very pleasant, delightful leisure. Rose at five, breakfast 5.30. Then the four men went off in various directions. Cook's at the house. The day was cool till lately, with the clear sky and the "light that never was on sea or land." . . . Wish I could draw. Writing is so wretched. But I am bound on this trip to lose nothing. Former experience has taught that you can hardly make a journal too full. I hope I shall be able to get down in notes, anyhow, all the things that are peculiar to this life and country.

WEDNESDAY, *June 17.* Riverside. — Shared bed with Tisdale on floor. No bugs there. Not much sleep either. Today the surly weather is gone and again comes a cloudless sky and the birds piping. No mail came. On way here yesterday, passed emigrants on their way from Black Hills to Oregon. Three slow crawling wagons ("prairie schooners") with their white tops and long teams. A woman riding straddle, several other women, and any amount of children. The women do this work, and the children are begotten and raised along the journey. A miserable population. These people, it seems, have been moving in this way pretty much all over the continent west of the Missouri, settling nowhere.

Comment on them in the cabin last night was severe. (Smith, our host, did most of it, sitting on the bed weighing his jingling heels.) The bed, as usual, a tray of rough boards on four legs, filled loosely with half-folded blankets and greasy mounds of canvas slung over them. This particular canvas stained with the blood of a man who was killed here in the spring. By the trail north of here lie the bones of an old fellow found shot some years ago. It is suspected his employer, whom he had left the morning he was found, shot him. Teams come by constantly, but he has never been buried. This is not thought well of by Smith, who says it is a disgrace "t' have lef' him there thet way like a cow." Lately someone went to appropriate his boots, government boots; but on picking them up, the bones of the feet fell out on the ground. So the boots are there yet alongside of the bones. Also someone has set the head on a stake.

Mail still not here. We shall stay another night here. Just had a delicious bath in Blue Creek. Still we wait. It's 6 P.M., and on Smith's open magazine a bedbug has just fallen from the ceiling. This strikes me as unjust. If I can secure one blanket tonight, I shall secretly sleep outside.

THURSDAY, *June 18.* Back at Tisdale's. — Did sleep outside, along with Tisdale. During the evening a second bedbug dropped from the ceiling, just missing Smith's head and falling on his book as he sat by the lamp. This is evidently intentional on their part. Very cool and pleasant going to sleep under the moon. Was waked by the sound of imminent horse's hoofs — Coable with the mail. The river had been up, he explained. I wrote a line to Morris to be taken to the roundup. I trust it will reach him and bring him soon. Taking the mail for the men at Tisdale's ranch, we left Messrs. Smith and Coable. We had two extra horses with us. I rode one, leading Syd, my horse of yesterday. Tisdale led a big sorrel, an outlaw because of his bucking habits, whom he proposes to make into a team horse. We came comfortably by the Carrs' ranch on Middle Fork, passing three vultures who sat on some high bluffs with wings spread out to catch the

sun. A curious sight. When we passed the last gate on the Carrs' ranch, Tisdale roped the horses we were leading pretty close together, and started to drive them in front of us. The sorrel got a little way ahead on the trail and decided he was not coming with us. So he ran up a steep sultry hill towing Sydney after him. Syd was conscientious and had no thought other than to follow the trail, but he was weak and had no other choice than to follow the sorrel. Tisdale drove his horse up after them and they turned and made for the gate we had left. Down and up, into crazy ditches of baked mud and so back to the wire fence, which stopped them. I came slowly after, not much use at this work. Then we started again, and in about 200 yards, up goes the sorrel on the other side of the steep little valley, straight among the red ridges above, dragging the harmless Syd after him.

Tisdale's horse, while he was dismounted at the gate, had put his feet inside the bridle rein as it lay along the ground, dangling from the bit. The horse was stupid about lifting his foot to free the rein. But I thought Tisdale unnecessarily violent about this. To make the horse lift his foot, he jammed his heel down on the hoof just where the hair begins, and after several kicks the rein came free, upon which he dug his heel into the other foot above the hoof, filling these actions with the language appropriate to them. Then we set after the sorrel and Syd, who were not on the trail but now climbing high among the rocks. But the sorrel soon saw the place was too steep and returned on his tracks. Then we chased them up and down, I not doing much, and Tisdale forging heavily after them, for his horse began to tire and breathed painfully. My horse was tired too, for the ground was very broken and precipitant and the sun blazing down.

At length the runaways got far ahead of us, and I left Tisdale kicking and cursing his horse, who was now able to walk only. I took the high ground, pretty level and free of holes, to keep the sorrel in sight, and Tisdale kept in the trail below in the valley, his horse being too done up to go uphill. I stopped and he at last came up with me. The sorrel and the kidnaped Syd were now away off, still going over the uplands at a good steady gait.

Tisdale dismounted and kicked his poor quiet beast, who stood quite patient. He kicked its ribs, its legs, its jaw, and I saw that red foam was running down the bit. I saw Tisdale was insane with rage. "I'll have to ask you to swap horses for a time," he said to me. "This — brute's given out on me. They'd never got away if he hadn't given out." Then he resumed his kicking the animal and jerking its head. I jumped off as soon as he said "swap," very anxious he should do so and leave his wretched horse in peace. Beyond urging him to take my horse at once, I said nothing. I felt like remonstrating, but I failed to do so. Tisdale seemed to forget about his intention of swapping. He continued to

swear at his horse and kick it, and then I noticed him make several vicious grabs at its eye. Then he got into the saddle again and the brute walked slowly forward with him some twenty yards in the direction of the vanished sorrel, leaving me dismounted and watching Tisdale's heels and fists beat the horse without pause. It stood still, too weak to move, and I saw Tisdale lean forward with his arm down on its forehead. He had told me that he would kill it if he had a gun, but he hadn't.

I watched him, dazed with disgust and horror. Suddenly the horse sank, pinning him to the ground. He could not release himself, and I ran across to him and found only his leg caught. So I lifted the horse and he got his leg out. I asked him if he was hurt. He said no and got up, adding, "I've got one eye out all right." The horse turned where he lay, and I caught sight of his face, where there was no longer any left eye, but only a sinkhole of blood. I was utterly stunned and sickened at this atrocious cruelty, and walked back to my own horse and sat down, not knowing very well what I was doing. Tisdale's horse struggled to his feet and he mounted, and the animal wavered slowly away with him. Then he came back to me and asked for one of my spurs. I gave him both at once, with the idea of saving further brutality, for the spurs were not severe and all horses here answered to them from training. It turned out as I hoped. The blinded animal walked forward without any further violence in the direction of the runaways. I sat still where I was. My first resolve was to ask for horses and quit this ranch at the earliest moment. I did not feel like eating the bread of a man whom I had seen perpetrate such a monstrous thing. I watched him grow distant, then followed him at a distance. We never saw the horses again and so we came slowly home here across 20 miles of baking desert. Now and then we crossed some gulch where Tisdale was obliged to dismount and lead his horse down and up. It was too weak to carry him through these heavy places. Once it fell in a heap as he was leading it up a steep bank. I never spoke to him, nor he to me (after the first half of our journey). At first he would turn back and make some remark, but I answered only in monosyllables. He became silent, though I don't know whether he knew or knows what I was thinking. As we rode, my position became more complicated to me. I tried to think of other matters, but this damnable thing I had seen done kept burning like a blister through every thought that came to me.

Moreover, my own conduct in making no effort to prevent or stop this treatment of the horse has grown more and more discreditable to me. But the situation was a hard one. Here was I, the guest — and the very welcome guest — of a stranger, who had done all he could to make me at home because I had come to see his friend. He could have told me the horse was his horse, not mine, and I was

riding another of his. And I should have done no good, and reduced the relation between us two solitary people to something pretty bad, with nothing to do but sit together, eat together, and sleep together. No getting away, unless I requested to be driven the 65 miles to Casper, and then here I would have come to see Morris and gone away not seeing him — and think of an explanation! So my worldly wisdom, for I think this is all a low argument, prevailed over the higher course.

FRIDAY, *June 19.* — Still Morris does not come, and still I sit (though as little as I can) with Tisdale. The man's conduct yesterday has given me a lasting disgust. I cannot talk to him. I don't know what he thinks. Whenever he addresses me, I answer with perfect civility and coldness. Hand him the things at table and then it stops. His manner to me is pleasant, but he says very little now. I don't know what he thinks. He told the men at dinner about how the horses got away from us, and he spoke about his horse giving out, but not a word about the eye. He didn't even suggest the horse had enraged him. So I conclude that at least he prefers not to dwell on that episode. I wonder if after a time I shall laugh at this situation.

SATURDAY, *June 20.* — . . . I told Tisdale that if Morris did not come today, I should like to be sent to the railroad, if he could do so. This was arranged in a perfectly smooth manner (Tisdale retains his friendly, if not conciliatory, tone and it's all damned awkward). But today, to my great relief, Morris came, having got my letter a day late. I put my intention to have gone away tomorrow on the excellent (and also true) ground that I could not possibly impose myself for two weeks on a stranger's hands, no matter how hospitable he was, and I underlined Tisdale's hospitality with care. This Morris naturally accepted, and all I have to do now is to be civil but taciturn when we three are together!!! I find it still utterly impossible to be cordial to Tisdale, or treat him in the least on the terms of before the horse incident. If he thinks anything, I imagine he sets me down as a capricious and moody crank. But I seize every chance to be civil, as you would to a stranger just introduced to you in a club by a friend.

Nothing disgraceful an acquaintance of mine has ever done has nauseated my soul like this. The man who cheated at cards; the man who pretended to be my sincere friend and came to my room every day and left it to blacken my character; the man who treated the Cambridge waitress in that way; none of these people's acts have had the sickening effect that the sight of that wretched fainting horse having his eye gouged out has had. I wonder if I take an exaggerated view? If any man who reads will think I am overstrung? By God, as I rode back over those dry steep gulches, I found myself once or

twice hoping the horse would fall and kill him. And I remain the moral craven who did not lift a finger or speak a word. Some confidences Otto the cook made to me today let some light in. He knows nothing about the horse, for Tisdale turned him into the pasture at once on arriving. But Otto, talking to me at this kitchen door and observing Tisdale down by the river beating a horse with a stake over the head, called my attention to it and went on to say no one in the territory had such a name for cruelty — that the 200 or so men who had worked for Tisdale at various times all spoke of it. He then added that sometimes Tisdale gouged an animal's eye!

I was deeply astonished, of course. I begin to conclude, from five seasons of observation, that life in this negligent, irresponsible wilderness tends to turn people shiftless, incompetent, and cruel. I noticed in 1885 and I notice today a sloth, in doing anything and everything, that is born of the deceitful ease with which makeshifts answer here. Did I believe in the efficacy of prayer, I should petition to be the hand that once for all chronicled and laid bare the virtues and the vices of this extraordinary phase of American social progress. Nobody has done it. Nobody has touched anywhere near it. A few have described external sights and incidents, but the grand total thing — its rise, its hysterical unreal prosperity, and its disenchanting downfall; all this and its influence on the various sorts of human character that have been subjected to it — has not been hinted at by a single writer that I, at least, have heard of. The fact is, it is quite worthy of Tolstoi or George Eliot or Dickens. Thackeray wouldn't do.

FRIDAY, *June 26.* — Buffalo is a shade better in appearance than most of these towns. It stands on Clear Creek (well named) which comes pouring and sliding from the Big Horn Mountains only a short distance away. The town itself has less of that portable appearance prevailing elsewhere. The stages come in from Douglas and from Bell Fourche. Fort McKinney is two miles away to the west, almost against the mountains, whose canyons open just above it and whose snow peaks are in plain view behind the lower timbered foothills. We went up there with the doctor in the afternoon and were very cordially entertained. . . .

Our visit to the officers started us off on a highly picturesque night, during which I was rejoiced again to encounter my friend of Riverside, Henry Smith. He is the real thing, and the only unabridged badman I have ever had a chance to know. He is originally from Texas, and pronounces Spanish very prettily. He has been "run out" of every country he has resided in. His last coup was some eighteen months ago: to persuade his friend Russell to borrow money from every man he knew to take him traveling to foreign parts on the pro-

ceeds. They disappeared suddenly. When Smith returned here this spring he had been to South America and all over Europe.

Before I forget him, I must describe Smith's appearance. A tall, long-nosed, dark fellow, with a shock of straight black hair on end all over his head. Blue overalls tucked into boots of the usual high-heeled pattern, and a slouchy waistcoat. He is so tall he bends down over almost everyone as he talks, and he has a catching but sardonic smile. His voice is unpleasant, very rasping, though not overloud. The great thing is his eyes. They are of mottled yellow, like agate or half-clear amber, large and piercing, at times burning with light. They are the very worst eyes I have ever looked at. Perfectly fearless and shrewd, and treacherous. I don't see how an eye can express all that, but it does.

I have sat and talked to Smith, or rather listened to him; he's a brilliant talker in his vagabond line, and he has found me what I set out to be in this world — a good listener. And all the while he talked I watched him as intently as I have ever studied the day before an examination, noting every turn in his speech and every lift of his hand. He is not a halfway man. Not the Bret Harte villain with the heart of a woman. Not the mixed dish of cambric tea so dear to modern novelists. He is just bad through and through, without a scruple and without an affection. His face is entirely cruel, and you hear cruelty in his voice.

How do I know all this? Because I know something of his past and present, and I have heard him speak for himself. He has attended to scores of men and women in his talk, and never to one without a corrosive sneer. When I come to my castle in Spain, my book about Wyoming, I shall strain my muscles to catch Smith. I'm getting to believe mixed characters are not the only ones in the world.

FRIDAY, *July 3*. In train leaving Casper. — I was much struck by our manner of departure just now, ten minutes late. The train hands were doing nothing. Merely sitting on the platform or leaning against the doors of the station. That is all they had been doing for fifteen minutes, and I looked out of the window and wondered just when, and owing to just what, we should leave Casper. A man said, "Well, let's get out of this town." Apparently the conductor. Another, in blackened overalls, rose. Apparently the engineer. He walked towards the head of the train out of my sight and immediately we began to move. . . .

By this time my father had made five trips to the West, including the states of Wyoming, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, and Washington. One night in the Philadelphia Club he was talking to his friend Walter Furness, the son of Horace Howard Furness, noted Shakespearean scholar. Mr. Furness had also gone big game shooting. They were speaking of the

articles Theodore Roosevelt had written about the West, which Frederic Remington had illustrated, and saying that there should be a Kipling to write about and preserve the West. "I'm going to try it myself," said my father. "I'm going to start this very minute."

"Go to it," said Mr. Furness. "You should have started long ago," and that night in the library of the Philadelphia Club, Owen Wister wrote "Hank's Woman." It was his first western story.

"When Lin McLean Went East" was written shortly after "Hank's Woman." He showed both stories to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who gave him an introduction to H. M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Monthly*. My father sent the two stories to Alden. On January 28, 1892, *Harper's* sent him a check for \$175.

1893

FRIDAY, *June 23*. In train returning from New York. — I went today to see Mr. Alden at Harper's. I told him of my present literary plans, which seemed to suit his notions. The novelette about Chalkeye he spoke of as possible for the *Weekly* if, when it should be written, the *Monthly* was full — and the longer book, *The Course of Empire*, he at once suggested would do for the *Monthly*. May I live to do all this as it should be done — and much more!

WEDNESDAY, *June 28*. — I am returning by the eleven o'clock train, after a condensed and satisfactory interview. If I can write what is wanted of me I shall certainly have eaten the cake and had it, too. Alden wants me to do the whole adventure of the West in sketches or fiction, as I find most suitable in each case, taking Indian fighting, train robbing — what I please. He suggests articles of 7500 words on an average, and to pay me \$250 a piece — or on a basis of \$30-\$35 a thousand. He is at present paying me \$20, which was an increase from \$12. He also is willing to send Frederic Remington along with me if I desire it! He said that Remington was a very companionable fellow — but that I should do as I liked. He wanted the first ms. by September 1st. The series should begin through February, after "Balaam and Pedro," and continue through the year. . . . Events in my literary life have crowded so thick of late that I am a little bewildered. But one thing I plainly see — that one of my dreams, to have Remington as an illustrator, is likely to be realized in a most substantial manner.

SATURDAY, *December 23*. Between Harrisburg and Philadelphia. — At Harrisburg I bought the January *Harper*, which has "Balaam and Pedro" in it — I am curious to have a verdict on this story. I know that I have never done anything so good, or that contains so big a swallow of Wyoming; but the

event related is cruel; and "artistic" motives led me to exclude all sunshine. This is not the kind of thing the general reader likes.

Later.—My first verdict on "Balaam and Pedro" was given me with miraculous promptness. A youth whose name I know not, and with whom I have been playing whist through the uninteresting states of Indiana and Ohio, came about an hour ago and sat down here by me. "Did you say you had *Scribner* for January?" said he. I told him to get it from my valise at his side. He got out *Harper* — "It's all the same," said he — and began looking at the illustrations. When he came to Remington's of the horse deal, he stopped and looked at it three times as long as the others. Then he read a few sentences in the text opposite and turning more leaves finished all the illustrations the number contains. Then he returned and looked at Remington again. After that he found the beginning of the story and began to read it. When he had read about three pages he turned to me and said, "Don't it make you hot to read about cruelty and horses being abused?" To which I replied: "Yes — is that story about such things?"

"Yes, it is. The way those cowboys treat dumb animals makes me mad. I've seen it." After which he continued the story till it was about half finished, then took to skipping, and at length read the end. My author's pride was chastened by his not reading every word I had written, of course. But he read nothing else in the number; looked at the pictures in the advertisements, and then put the volume back in my valise. "You can take *Scribner*," said I. "It's in there."

"No, much obliged — it's all the same. *Scribner* and *Harper* both generally have one good story, and that's all I wanted." This youth is a matter-of-fact youth, not showing — in talk at least — any literary interests; and his business is banking, real estate, and fire insurance. West Superior, Wisconsin. If such as this will read me, I am secure. But I think I owe it to Remington's picture; otherwise he might not have been arrested.

1894

WEDNESDAY, May 23. Deming. — My days at Bowie were one like another, and all of them the easy outdoor unruffled days that I like, spent in the company of people who feel as I do about things in life. Also, there was flattery, the real, delicious sort. I found that whenever the new *Harper* came, they tore off the cover to see if I was inside anywhere. And the quartermaster sergeant, Tager, a steady old German, said, "Mr. Wister, if I may take the liberty, I would like to express my appreciation of your very good stories."

Also a private soldier in the telegraph office who did some typewriting for me looked at the title and said, "I read about him going East." So I told him I hadn't finished with Lin McClean yet. And when

I paid him, he wanted to refuse, and said, "I'd typewrite for the pleasure of reading what you tell about." And young Fred Fowler, fifteen years old, wished to know if Wild Goose Jake was a real person. So I had quite as much incense as was wholesome. But incense is unluckily necessary for me; a lot of it scarcely counteracts a little of bad odor, and I'm always in danger of being more discouraged by adversity than prosperity encourages me. Unworthy, this!

Some of my days at Bowie were spent in riding in company with Corporal Skirdin — or when he could not go, Private Pierce. Both have natures and histories that appeal to me strongly. Skirdin's family abandoned him when he was six, moving East from Arizona as soon as they could sell the father's property at his death. Since then Skirdin has shifted for himself, beginning when eight years old by pointing a gun at the old man with whom he lived and who beat him whenever he failed to find the horses in the morning. Skirdin left that house and the first night slept in the Pinal range — a boy of eight, possessing a pony, a gun, and a pair of trousers — in the middle of the Apache country. His story, literally and faithfully recorded, would make a book as absorbing as *Robinson Crusoe*, and he's only twenty-seven now, but life has made him look thirty-five. His search and discovery of his family, a taking of many years for which he saved all his money, is deeply touching.

Skirdin is uncouth, ugly, and knows only what he has taught himself. But his talk is as simple and strong as nature and he has a most beautiful eye. The officers place a high value on him. We grew very intimate, riding about the hot hills, and our views of life were precisely similar. His native wisdom is remarkable, and now and then he says something that many a celebrity would be glad to have phrased himself. "When I've said what I've got to say to a woman, she can have as many last words as she pleases." He told us in camp the other day how he had silenced a bragging civilian who had been talking of the Texas rangers and comparing the soldiers unfavorably to them; said that he gave it to him pretty strong and straight — "And good grammar, too." This set Fowler and me laughing, whereupon Skirdin added, "Some I didn't understand myself." I parted with Skirdin with regret. I tried to make him take a gold piece, but it was no use. But he has promised to come and see me when he makes his younger sister the visit he has been planning for several years. She is younger than he, and the only member of his family he'll have anything to do with.

There's nothing makes this world seem so little evil as to meet good men in the humbler walks of life. It has been my luck to do so often; and their sensible comments have been tonics to my cynicism when they hadn't an idea of the secret poison they were providing with an antidote.



A free trader in a field where he faces the stiffest possible competition from abroad, CHARLES H. PERCY became president of Bell & Howell, manufacturers of cameras, lenses, and photographic equipment, at the age of twenty-nine. He entered the coöperative training program of his company while he was still an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, and was elected to the board of directors the year after his graduation in 1942. After serving in the Navy in the war, he came back to Chicago, where his keen interest in economics, industry, and education has made him one of the most intelligent, outspoken men in his field.

A FREE TRADER SPEAKS

by CHARLES H. PERCY

1

WHAT happens when an American manufacturer faces foreign competition? As a strong supporter of President Eisenhower's reciprocal trade program, I wish to present a few facts about freer trade and its effect upon our company — a manufacturing company that is protected, that is strategic, that faces foreign competition.

The photographic industry employs about 50,000 people. It is a relatively small industry, but it competes with manufacturers in Belgium, Germany, Italy, France — one can hardly name a country that doesn't make some kind of photographic product.

I have seen skilled Japanese workers paid 27 cents an hour, Italian workers who received 34 cents an hour, and German workers who earned 37 cents an hour. In contrast, at Bell & Howell and in the American photographic manufacturing industry, the average wage is in excess of \$2 an hour.

Germany alone exports to the United States over 150 different models and brands of still cameras. In 1949 the United States imported 16,000 lenses; last year imports rose to a quarter of a million lenses competing with the products of domestic manufacturers.

Bell & Howell's position is this: We are a company employing more than 3000 people in Chicago. We have a very high labor content in our product, 38 per cent of our total cost of sales being the cost of labor. We have a great deal of foreign competition.

We manufacture annually a total of about \$40.5 million worth of products, only 6 per cent of which goes abroad. So exports are not an important percentage of our business, though they do play a strategic part in maintaining our prestige and keeping our name before the public in some sixty-eight countries. We also manufacture under license in England.

We at Bell & Howell have done a good deal of

soul-searching on this subject over the past several years, to determine our position with regard to the world economy. We believe that it is in the interest of the free world to trade. Many people abroad — 2.5 billion of them — want the products of the United States. If we don't trade with them, we are going to limit our market to 160 million people in the United States — a market too small for our productive capacity. At the present time our exports exceed our imports. But we cannot maintain our export market if we refuse to trade with the world. It is difficult for the American people to understand that the only place the American dollar can ultimately be spent is the United States. When we import products and pay dollars for them, we do not lose those dollars. They always come back to us.

To import products which foreign manufacturers can make better than we can is as beneficial to us as it is to the rest of the free world. It simply means that we shift our domestic capital and labor to items which we can produce more efficiently.

Last year as I stood on a street in Tokyo, I asked our agent who was escorting me what the loudspeakers on the mobile trucks were saying. I think he was a little embarrassed, but he gave me a straightforward answer. He said, "They are denouncing American imperialism and demanding that the United States troops go home."

I talked to our Ambassador, to educators and business people, both Japanese and American. They all told the same story — a story of the sagging Japanese economy. For example, they predicted that 40 per cent of the graduates of Japanese universities this year will not be able to find jobs.

The United States has told Japan, "We cannot trade with you freely because of your cheap labor. We have imposed restrictions and barriers against

you, and the free world has followed our example." But we have also said, "We shall be very unhappy if you trade with the Communist bloc."

So we have placed Japan in an untenable position by saying in effect, "You cannot trade." I believe that no nation can endure such a situation. More and more, Japan is becoming susceptible to the wooing of the Chinese Communists and Russians.

A few months ago the President submitted a message to Congress on the Formosa question. He asked authority to use ships, guns, and planes to defend the security of our country and its allies. Within a week, the House of Representatives and the Senate voted overwhelmingly to give him this authority.

This was an issue that Congressmen could clearly understand; it was an issue they would have no trouble explaining to their constituents at home. But for a year and a half the President has said, "It is in the national interest that we liberalize our trade abroad." And he has gone so far as to say, "If we fail in our foreign trade economic policy, we may fail in all."

If the President today should send a message to Congress asking for billions for a network of radar and guns to ring our coastline and for planes to patrol our shores, Congress would not hesitate to appropriate the money if he said it was imperative to the national interest. It couldn't defend its position if it refused.

But the President has said that in a nuclear era it is in the national interest to surround this country with a network of free nations which will form an integral part of our national security. This is more difficult to explain to the constituents back home. It steps on a few toes. Despite the fact that heads of labor, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Farm Bureau, and an ever-increasing number of business people favor it, the bill was passed by only a slim majority and was almost sent back to committee on three different votes.

However, there is little doubt about the interest of the consumer in freer trade. It is he who benefits when competition lowers prices, and he is entitled to the benefits of foreign competition.

2

I CAN best demonstrate what sometimes happens when an American manufacturer faces foreign competition by telling our experience when we entered the high-priced 35 mm. still camera market a few years ago. Our Foton camera had many features. It wound like a movie camera and clicked off five pictures a second, taking wonderful action photographs. But it required a lot of hand work that necessitated a selling price of \$700. In competing with foreign manufacturers we lost \$1.25 million.

We had to decide what to do. We could say we were being hurt by foreign competition and we

could seek higher tariff protection. But, from the moral standpoint, we would be prohibiting the American consumer, who happens to like German cameras, from buying them unless he paid a higher subsidy in the form of a higher tariff. In other words, the consumer would be penalized because we had decided to enter a field in which we were not as efficient (from a cost standpoint) as the Germans. We decided to write off our \$1.25 million loss.

I have heard many protectionists say, "You can't compete with cheap foreign labor if your product has a high labor content." Manufacturers in our own industry have repeatedly testified that there is a high labor content in photographic equipment—and it is high, particularly in a photographic lens.

There is the aluminum we use to make a half-inch b/1.9 movie camera lens. Then there is the chunk of optical glass we mold into four different elements and assemble into this lens. The raw material costs 43 cents and the finished lens has a retail value of \$87. So the difference between 43 cents and \$87 is the cost of labor in manufacturing and merchandising.

Since our purchasing division is authorized to buy where it can get high quality at the lowest prices, our own lens division competes with foreign manufacturers for the business of our own purchasing division. I think this is the way it should be. For a while our lens division continually lost orders on a very high volume of lenses. When they lost an order for 10,000 lenses, it broke their hearts, and they really started to dig in.

The vice president of manufacturing, the factory superintendent, and the manufacturing superintendent of the optical division held a meeting with 150 people to discuss the tooling and engineering phases of our lens designing and manufacturing program. Working together, they approached the making of this particular lens in an entirely different way. As a result, the last order for some 20,000 lenses was awarded to our own lens division, on a strictly competitive basis. In the lens division, they had big signs on the bulletin board, "We beat foreign competition!" In talking to the foremen about it, I said, "In all honesty, would you have done this without the spur of foreign competition?" and they replied, "No."

An industry that is protected is in a dangerous position. Its shelter can be taken away at any time. But an industry that is strong because of competition is an industry based upon a firm foundation. The best weapon of management is its ability to meet competition. The ability to improve its manufacturing techniques cannot be developed under the soft blanket of protection.

Again and again manufacturers have pointed out the disparity between American and foreign hourly labor rates. Never in any of those testimonies have I found reference to the *unit* cost of produc-

tion. Yet this is the important element of cost and the answer to the problem of cheap foreign labor.

Here is an illustration. We had cheap domestic labor in this country a relatively few years ago. When I worked on the Bell & Howell assembly line, we were paid 40 cents an hour to assemble a particular 8 mm. movie camera. We sold this movie camera for \$49.95. When the war ended and our labor cost had almost tripled, we asked ourselves whether we should ever again be able to sell a movie camera for less than \$50.

We started to work on a design concept, a tooling concept. Groups of people worked on it as a team. We produced, for \$49.95, a camera with six exclusive features that the other camera did not have. It is made with such precision that the parts resemble those of high-priced American and Swiss watches, yet it is assembled on a conveyorized line. We did it with labor that cost \$2 an hour, but we designed the camera and developed manufacturing methods to use the minds of our workers more than their hands and their muscles. And our labor cost per unit was very low.

I'm not an expert on farm problems, but I have studied the impact of our export trade on the farm market. My wife and I own a farm in Iowa, and frankly I am ashamed to sell crops that are not needed to the government each year and then approve the plans of the farm manager to plant these same crops the next season. Yet we do it because, if we didn't, our farm manager would think we should be committed to a mental institution. But how wrong it is to freeze unneeded capital and labor on the farm! What if they had done this about a hundred years ago when the population distribution was 90 per cent rural and 10 per cent urban, instead of the reverse? It is little more sensible today to freeze the 10 per cent and keep labor and capital employed where it is only relatively efficient.

Where does the farmer stand? On an average, about \$1000 of his cash receipts comes from exports. We export 25 per cent of our tobacco and soy beans, 33 per cent of our wheat, and 40 per cent of our cotton and rice. The dairy farmers in Wisconsin, who were successful in forcing the infamous cheese quota, export 42 per cent of their dried, evaporated, and condensed milk. If it weren't for the export market, they would be hard pressed. Yet they, like too many other economic groups in the United States, including business, want a one-way street. Farmers favor a freer trade policy almost universally, until it permits a volume of imports that interferes with the artificially protected high prices of their own products. They do not ask where the dollars for their exports are to come from if we refuse to trade with their foreign customers. Are we to give dollars away, or are they to be siphoned from some other part of our economy?

It is often said that freer trade is all right in theory but would not work in practice. And to the protectionists we are the theorists and they are the practical men who built America. They know that we have to keep out cheap foreign labor and keep our market to ourselves. The fact that almost every economist in the United States favors the President's reciprocal trade program does put us in a category with college professors and economists. But I submit that the real theorist is the protectionist, because protectionism has never really worked in practice.

Who is to decide what infant industry is to be protected? Who is to decide when an infant industry has grown to maturity? Many are protected but few, if any, are ever weaned.

The argument that our national defense depends upon strategic industries that must be protected is essentially theory. In practice, most of our defense industries — the aircraft, automotive, and electronics industries — have little if any tariff protection and have never needed it.

I wish to mention that the Bell & Howell executives have stood with me in my support of the President's foreign economic trade policy. Without their support I could not have acted.

I am sure that the by-laws of our corporation are not very different from those of other corporations. And nowhere do I see that the officer of a company is required to subordinate the national interest to the immediate short-range interest of his own company.

I think we must always, in American industry, in farming, and in labor circles, determine what is in the national interest and then find a way to adjust our own programs to that interest. It is not always easy, but it is necessary. And the appeal of the President's proposed program and H.R.1 is its moderation and gradualness. Tariff *rate* reductions for most product categories are proposed at only 5 per cent per year for three years. It is inconceivable that such a reduction could cripple an industry unless it is already on the brink of disaster. H.R.1 does not remove any of the appeal provisions found in existing legislation.

I believe that a liberalized trade policy in the national interest will make industry in this country more efficient. It will help lower our unit cost of production, raise our standard of living, strengthen our allies, weaken our enemies, and provide a greater measure of strength and support for the defense of this nation than will countless billions' worth of guns.

I believe in a freer trade policy for our country because political friendships through the centuries have followed the trade lanes. Never has there been a greater need to strengthen the political ties between the free nations of the world. Mutually beneficial trade forms a solid foundation on which to build lasting political friendships.



KENNETH ROBERTS's ancestors have been "down-Easters" since 1639. He himself made his first reputation as a staff writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, where his articles were featured for almost a decade. He had written no fiction whatever when, in 1928, he cut loose from journalism and with a packing case of reference books sought sanctuary in Italy, where he wrote *Arundel*, his first historical novel about the North Country. *Rabble in Arms*, *Northwest Passage*, and *Oliver Wiswell* followed, establishing his second reputation and a lasting one.

HOME FROM THE SEA

by KENNETH ROBERTS

I

THE ship's clock in the kitchen of Cap'n Gould's Arundel home struck seven times, and the gray cat in the rocking-chair beside the kitchen stove half-opened one eye so that the September sun was tremblingly reflected from it as from a drop of ink.

The Cap'n looked at her appraisingly. "Not like Sime, that cat ain't," he said. "Siamese cat, Sime was, given to us in Hong Kong. He had eyes as blue as a chiny saucer, and just about as round, and he always had 'em open, looking for something to fight. Man or beast; fish, flesh, or fowl: they was all the same to Sime. Licked everything in Formosa, he did, the time the *Mary L. Stone* was wrecked; licked everything in San Francisco when we got home; licked the president of the railroad, and licked all the dogs in Arundel when we got back here. People used to come from miles around, just to look at Sime sitting on the front steps and staring at nothing out of those chiny-blue eyes."

"How'd you happen to pile up the *Mary L. Stone* on Formosa, Cap'n?" I asked.

Cap'n Gould heaved himself about on his chair cushions and rolled an imaginary crumb of tobacco between his lips. "I had a mate," he said. "Edgar Ward — you know Edgar Ward over on the Cape Porpoise road? Worth about as much as a mate as that kitchen stove over there, Edgar was. We was headed up past the eastern end of Formosa in the *Mary L. Stone*, and I had neuralgia bad, all around my face, up and down and everywhere, so I had to keep out of the wind or pretty near go crazy. I stood in till I saw the land: then I said to the mate, 'Tack her and take her out fifty miles; then call me.'

"Well, he called me, and I come up the companion and looked around and said to him, 'Did you take her out fifty miles?'

"He said, 'Yes, sir,' and I said, 'You sure you took her out fifty miles?' and he said, 'Yes, sir.'

"I said, 'Well,' I said, 'if you're sure, put her around on the other tack and we'll be all right.'

"Then I went back in the cabin and doctored my neuralgia some more. Well, pretty soon I got to feeling something was wrong, so I went on deck, neuralgia or no neuralgia, and by Gorry I heard breakers! I hollered 'About ship!' and then I said to the mate, 'You never logged that fifty miles! You went ten miles; that's what you went!' But before I more than got the words out of my mouth we banged up on a reef. Then the stern settled down, and that was the end of the *Mary L. Stone*.

"There wa'n't much of a sea running, so we stayed aboard her that night, and next morning we piled ourselves and some food into boats and set out to row forty miles to the next settlement that showed on the chart."

"How many of you were there?" I asked.

"How many?" The Cap'n squinted at the kitchen range. "There was eighteen men before the mast, the first mate, second mate, carpenter, cook, and of course there was Mother and Aggie and Will and Harold and Sime and the cockatoo. That cockatoo! When he'd holler 'Cap'n!' at me, you'd think it was my wife. Imitate anything, that cockatoo could! He'd sit up on that door there, and chew pieces out of it, and make noises you couldn't tell from a hod full of coal going into the stove, or the teakettle coming to a boil, so't everybody in the house would come running into the kitchen. Why I've seen him —"

"Sime was the cat," I said, "but who —"

"Siamese cat from Hong Kong," the Cap'n said. "And fight! Why, he didn't care *what* he fought. Fight a horse or a cow — Did I ever tell you about winning the bet on the cow's upper teeth? We were in Hong Kong —"

"I'd like to get this shipwreck straight, Cap'n," I said. "'Mother,' I take it, was Mrs. Gould."

"Certainly," the Cap'n said. "Will was my son, and so was Harold — the redheaded one." He pointed to a window beyond which a redheaded young man was doing something to the interior of an automobile with enormous vigor. "That's him — that one — that one right there! Born in Shanghai, he was. Did I ever tell you about the time he took the two candles out of the room Napoleon died in? Yes, sir; that one with the red hair! Picked up those two candles and marched right out with 'em, and both lighted! Why, in Hong Kong once —"

"Getting back to that shipwreck," I said, "who was Aggie?"

The Cap'n looked hurt. "Aggie?" he asked. "Why, Ag's my daughter; the one that was born in Iquique. She's the one that got the holiday declared for her in Hong Kong harbor when she was ten years old." He eyed me glassily. "I never think of that without having to laff. Yes, sir! That was as good a joke as ever I —"

"And did you get safely ashore on Formosa?" I asked.

"Safely?" the Cap'n asked. "Why, Mother saved a red kimono when we left the ship; and when the folks on Formosa saw that red kimono, there wa'n't enough they could do for us! Gave us all the best food they had, and made us sit up beside the minister whenever they had services, and handed around their young women pretty freely. Even gave us houses to live in. Why, the way those young women would crowd up around the window of my house to look at me and Mother's red kimono was a caution. Why, I put my hand out of the window and felt of one of those young women, and she just laffed and came closer, so I said to Mother, 'You turn your back: I'm going to feel this young woman'; but she said, 'Don't you do it!'

"Well, I felt of her anyway, and she only laffed and laffed, and damned if she didn't go get another one to come up and be felt! Oh, my gracious!" The Cap'n wagged his head at the delightful memory. "Before the ship broke up, we took off the ship's bell and hung it in the belfry of the church, and gave them all the soap we had aboard — do anything for a cake of soap, those people would: anything! Stole a set of chiny out of my ship and used it for a communion service in their church, they did; but they was real friendly people at heart. Yes, sir, we had a real pleasant time getting shipwrecked, and we all got home safe, including Sime and the cockatoo and the red kimono. When we got back to San Francisco the owner wrote me out a check for a hundred and fifty dollars extra, on account of the hardships we'd gone through being shipwrecked!" Again the Cap'n eyed me coldly.

"We took Sime along when we went up to the owner's house to have dinner, on account of his getting fretty when left alone; and when we went

in, Mr. Sprague said, 'You better not bring that Sime cat in here, because this old cat of mine, he's death on young cats. There ain't a cat for miles around that he ain't licked.'

"'Oh,' I says, 'I guess he won't do Sime no damage to speak of'; but Mr. Sprague, he put his tomcat outdoors so Sime wouldn't get hurt. Well, sir, that tomcat jumped up on the window ledge and kept glaring in at Sime as if he couldn't make up his mind which end to start on first. Pretty soon another caller came in to see Mr. Sprague, and that cat jumped down out of the window and sneaked in between the caller's legs. He went straight for Sime, and Sime just reared up on his hind legs and kind of welcomed that tomcat with every tooth and every claw sticking right straight out. In about two minutes those cats tore that sitting room to pieces. You'd think two tigers had been in there instead of two cats. They rolled out into the dining room, spitting and howling and swearing and shedding fur all around, and that tomcat of Sprague's jumped up on the dining-room table, and Sime caught him by the tail and pulled him back off it, and the tablecloth came with him, and all the glass and chiny-ware, and it sounded like a tug ramming a ferryboat.

"I sat there and said nothin', but Mrs. Sprague screamed; and the guest, he said, 'Here, I'll separate 'em.' He reached down to take hold of Sime, and Sime let go of the tomcat just long enough to bite pretty near through his wrist; and then Mr. Sprague's daughter, she ran past to get out of the way and Sime turned quick as a wink and bit her on the ankle. Why, he'd bite anything, that Sime would!

2

THE next day we went down to get our tickets to go home, and the ticket man said, 'You can't take that cat in the railroad train with you.' Mother, she said, 'Young man, that cat's been with us too long to be separated from us by a railroad train, and you can just hand over a ticket for that cat or I'll take steps.'

"'Well, ma'am,' the ticket seller said, 'you'd have to have permission from the president of this railroad before you could carry that cat on this railroad train!'

"Mother turned around and walked out of that station without a word, and me after her, and I said, 'Where you going?'

"'Going?' she said. 'I'm going to see the president of this railroad! That's where I'm going!'

"Well, sir, that's just where she went. She went down to his office, and she went upstairs, and she walked right past the people that tried to stop her. Me, I wouldn't go in and bother a railroad president about a cat, so I waited outside.

"She went right up to the president, and she said, 'This cat traveled all the way from Hong

Kong with us,' she said, 'and whipped every cat that came anywhere near us,' she said; 'so I'll thank you for permission to take this cat home on your railroad.'

"The president looked at Mother, and looked at Sime, and then he reached for a piece of paper and wrote a pass for one Siamese cat answering to the name of Sime to travel wherever he wanted to on his railroad.

"The next day when we went down to get aboard the train, the conductor looked at Sime and said, 'What's that?'

"That's a cat,' Mother said.

"Well,' the conductor said, 'don't you know cats ain't allowed to travel on this railroad?'

"Oh, indeed!' Mother said. 'I'll thank you to look at this!' With that she hands him the president's pass, and the conductor looked at it front and back, and he says, 'Well, sir, I've seen many a strange thing on this railroad; but I never see nothin' to beat this! We'll do everything we can for this cat of yours, ma'am, and there's one favor I'd like to ask of you. I'd like to be allowed to keep this pass, because there ain't never been nothin' like it!' Well, we gave it to him, and everybody on that train did everything he could to keep Sime peaceful and happy.

"After we got home he had a little trouble with a dog up the street that had a reputation for killing cats. The neighbors all warned me I'd better keep Sime locked up; but I said, 'Oh, Sime's got along all right so far, and I guess he'll get along somehow.'

"Well, sir, it wa'n't long before that dog came in to 'tend to Sime and polish him off the way he had all the other cats. Sime watched him coming, and just when the dog was about ready to clamp down on Sime's back, Sime jumped up in the air and lit on top of him, digging with his claws, and chawing with those long teeth of his.

"Well, sir, that dog went kiting down the street, traveling all of twenty knots, and letting out howls that made your blood run cold. When he got to the corner, Sime got off and come back home; but the dog kept right on going the rest of that day; and after that Sime wa'n't bothered by nothin'."

"Ag's birthday," the Cap'n said, "was the 8th of February, and the day she was ten years old we was lying in Hong Kong harbor. It was kind of a gray day, and I thought it might cheer Ag up if I dressed ship for her, so I gave orders to break out all flags and dress her up and down. Well, they done so, and it brightened things considerable for Ag, and she was real pleased. There was a couple of American barques lying near us, and we see 'em bring out their flags and run 'em all up. Then some British tea clippers, they hoisted flags, and pretty quick the whole harbor was dressed up, same as the emperor's birthday.

"Long about dinnertime one of those official

boats came rowing out, stopping at this ship and that ship, and finally it come up to us, and the feller in the stern, he hollered: 'Cap'n, what holiday you got your ship dressed for?'

"Why,' I says, 'what are all those other fellers dressed up for?'

"Well,' the feller says, 'they all say it's an American holiday, but they say you hoisted your flags first and prob'ly know more about it than they do. What holiday is it, Cap'n? They want to know on shore, so they can 'tend to hoisting the flags on the post office.'

"Holiday,' I said, 'holiday? Why, it's my daughter Ag's birthday, that's what it is. Ag's ten years old today!' Laff? I thought I'd die!"

"Between a couple of my father's voyages," Captain Gould said, "he got into his buggy and drove across the river and bought a cow from Will Gooch. He came driving back with her and put her in the barn. We all went out to look at her; and by Gorrry, she didn't have an upper tooth in her head!

"Look here, Father,' I said, 'how old is this cow?'

"How old?' my father said. 'Why, she's a young cow!'

"She can't be so all-fired young,' I said, 'because she's got a lot of teeth missing. Look at her upper jaw,' I said. 'There ain't a tooth in it.'

"By Gorrry,' my father said, 'Will Gooch told me she was a young cow! I guess I been cheated! We'll go right back to see Will, because that's one thing I can't endure — having a landsman cheat a mariner.'

"We got into the buggy, and I took the cow by the halter and we went back across the river to Will Gooch's. Will come out and looked at the cow, but before he could say anything, my father said, 'Will, you told me this cow was a young cow; but she's lost pretty near all her teeth.'

"How's that?' Will says.

"Not an upper tooth has she got,' my father said, 'and I want you to understand you can't palm off a toothless critter like that as a young cow!'

"Will snorted and said: 'Cap'n Gould, just step into my cow barn a minute.'

"We stepped into the cow barn, and Will reached out to the first cow and pulled up her upper lip, and she didn't have a tooth in her upper jaw. He went right down the barn, pulling up upper lips, and there wa'n't one of them that had an upper tooth. My father never said a word, and we got back into the buggy and took our cow and went home with her, and it was near two days before my father said much of anything to anybody.

"Well, after I got to be a captain myself, I was out in Hong Kong one time, having a bite to eat with a few sea captain friends, when Cap'n Rogers came in, just arrived from Australia, and sat down

with us. He was bragging about some cows he had aboard that he was taking back to San Francisco for some feller that raised extra-fine cattle.

" 'If they're so fine,' I said, 'how do you account for their not having teeth in their upper jaws?'

" 'What you talking about?' Rogers said. 'Those cows are perfect cows! Of *course* they got teeth in their upper jaws.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'they ain't, as you'd well know if you'd spent any time on a farm.'

" 'Tain't so,' Rogers said. 'I bet you ten dollars t'ain't so!'

" 'I'll take that bet,' I said, 'and as many more like it as anyone wants to make.'

"Cap'n Rogers quieted down, not wanting to let on he'd caught me, but one of the other sea captains said he'd seen cows all his life, and they was always chewing, which they couldn't 'a' done unless they

had teeth in their upper jaw. He said he'd bet ten dollars; so three other captains, they spoke up and said they'd bet ten dollars too. Well, sir, we finished our dinner, and had a little mite of something to drink; then we got a few of those rickshaws, and drove right out to a dairy farm on the edge of town, everybody singing and happy over the money I was going to lose.

"Well, sir, when we got to that dairy farm and those five captains started looking for cows' upper teeth, they couldn't find a one in the place. They must have pulled the upper lips nearly off two hundred cows, but it was just as I'd told them: not a one of 'em had upper teeth, by Gorry!" The Cap'n ejected a tobacco fragment from his upper lip and considered me tranquilly. "So I collected myself fifty dollars, and Mother got herself a new silk dress. Laff? I thought I'd bust!"



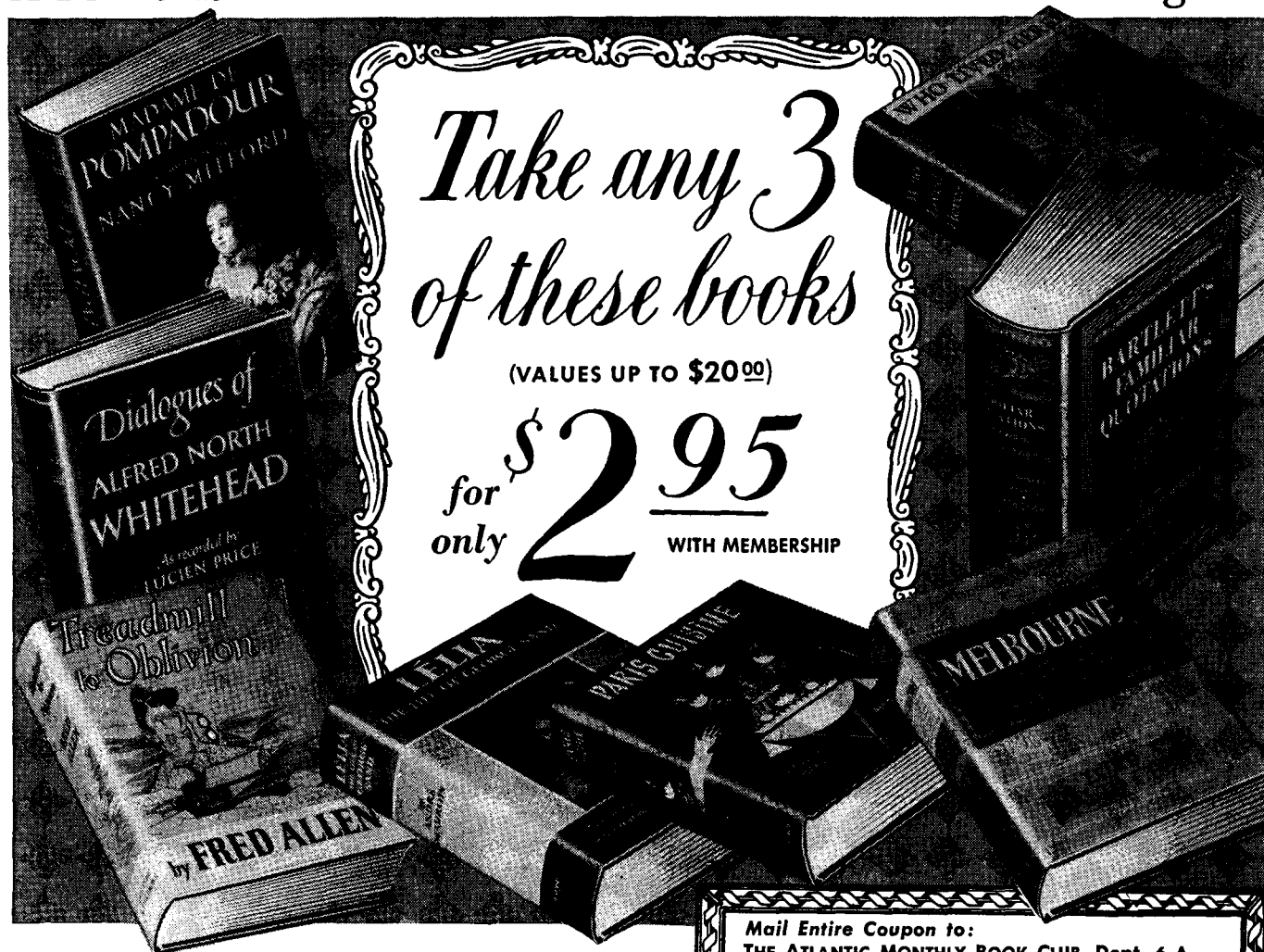
THE PASSENGER

by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

I sit alone in a way station
On a long railroad,
Waiting for the train that will pick me up.
Nobody can tell me
Precisely when it will arrive,
Or precisely where it will put me down.
The print on my one-way ticket should help,
But it is a little blurred,
And, even if I could read
The name of my destination —
Never visited before —
It would not tell what may be found there.

Fond, as I have always been of travel,
The thought of this as my last journey —
For such I somehow know it to be —
Brings little comfort.
Yet let me not forget that all my journeys
Have won a crown of happiness
Through coming home.
How will it be this time?
I hear a nearing bell and whistle —
The train will soon be here,
And I shall join its passengers,
Cumbered, myself, with little luggage,
But bearing in one hand
A parcel packed with thankfulness,
And in the other a parcel of surmise
Not unmixed with hope.

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Lover of the woods, fly-fisherman, and conservationist, SIDNEY C. HAYWARD is Secretary of Dartmouth College. With his friend Paul Sample, the artist, he has fished for salmon in the Canadian rivers and in Iceland. Last summer he undertook the management of a new camp in Newfoundland, and here, for the first time in his career, he assumed the duties of a professional guide. It was quite a different point of view.

MY TURN TO GUIDE

by SIDNEY C. HAYWARD

1

MY TRIPS to northern waters in search of Atlantic salmon and trout have usually been taken with someone at the other end to make all the arrangements. Native guides carried the packs and built the fire at noon to "bile the kittle." They did the worrying about wind and weather on the water. They consoled me if the fish were scarce.

Now it was my turn to guide. I was in charge of a new set of cabins in Newfoundland for an American company whose offices were 1500 miles from the sub-Arctic area. Few of the guests flying in each weekend had ever thrown a fly for a salmon or had any experience with deep pools and fast water; some had never handled a fly rod; others had fished for muskies, trolling heavy gear from a boat; others were addicts of the spinning rod.

My first job was to get acquainted with the newcomers and to match the guests with my crew of cheerful Newfoundlanders. A tired, tense executive would find tonic in the bantering, relaxed company of Mac. That younger, exuberant guy (he had never hooked a salmon before) would need Jack with his safe and quiet ways. This angler with the keen look and well-worn equipment might be top rod of the season if he had Angus at his elbow to help spot the fish.

The guests began to ask questions and I found myself giving the traditional replies.

"How's the fishing?"

"Well," I said, "it was good last week. You can never tell . . ."

"Are the fish here?" inquired another sportsman.

Albert spoke up: "Salmon are here, sir, but the river he is too low and they don't take good."

"We need rain and a rise of water," I remarked.

"The sun is too darn bright. I wish you had all been here last week."

I wasn't trying to dampen their ardor; it's just the way things are.

So we paired off for the evening fishing. I led my sportsman to the head of a handsome rip — fast water leading into a deep, dark slick fanning out to a long, quiet pool. I cautioned him against beating up the fly on the backcast.

"Use a short line and hold the rod high," I advised. Within three casts the hook of a new Jock Scott from Hardy's hit a rock on the beach. I tied on another and we worked together on casting, counting aloud "one . . . two . . . three," back . . . pause . . . forward. It went better.

"You moved a salmon," I called from a rock downstream. A guide often sees fish first because he can spot a slight bulge on the surface caused by a moving body beneath. The fisherman becomes too preoccupied with casting and retrieving, with laying out too long a line, when he should be concentrating on action in the water. The guide looks for signs of a fish.

"He took your fly. Strike when I shout," I yelled. Another cast. A bulge on the surface, a flash of silver beneath. "Strike!" I called. Back went the rod, but not in time. How I ached to have that rod in my hands!

The stream really came to life. Salmon jumped. Huge dorsal fins showed in porpoise rolls. But they weren't hooking themselves, and we took the trail back to camp empty-handed. On the way we fell in with Mac, whose man asked, "Any luck?" "No," my guest replied. "We should have been here last week. Water's too low."

Sunday evening the cabins were full of talk as we got ready for supper and the long evening of fishing.

"My wife gave me this pole a year ago last Christmas. She thought it was a bargain. Is the pole any good?"

"What kind of rod is it?" I began, but —

"Not a damn salmon fly in the city of Toledo. Tried everywhere. They thought I was crazy ask-

SHAKESPEARE'S CURSE

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE!
BLESE BE ^EY MAN ^TY SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE ^TY MOVES MY BONES.



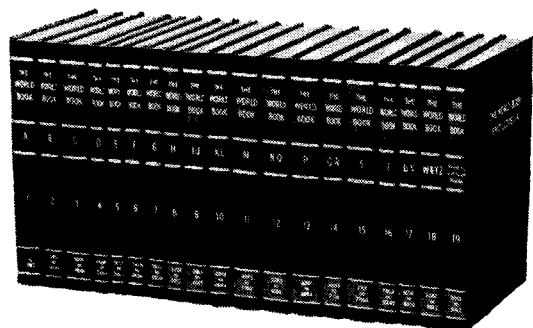
There is much to be read between these lines carved on the headstone at the bard's final resting place. What appears to be an epitaph is actually an ingenious device employed by Shakespeare to prevent the disturbing of his grave.

In English churches, where people were buried under the floor year after year, interment space would eventually fill up. The sexton would then remove the remains of those long forgotten to make room for new arrivals.

To forestall this eventuality, Shakespeare resorted to a dramatic device which equaled his most imaginative playwriting. His self-penned inscription kept generations of superstitious sextons from moving his remains and preserved his original grave for posterity.

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ing for Atlantic salmon flies, but when I told them I was headed for Newfoundland . . ."

"All I brought with me was a casting rod and plugs, but now I hear you've got to use flies. Anyway, I always did want to learn fly casting . . ."

"Do you put stockings under the waders or over?"

"Honest, do we use hooks that small? How can you catch a big fish on a little thing like that?"

I moved around the cabin and the bedrooms: "Supper in five minutes. You want to get out early tonight and stay late. A lovely evening to fish."

One of the guests had been pointed out to me as a devout Catholic who had missed church because of travel into the northern wilderness. Candles were lighted along the table. The kitchen boy held plates for me to serve two huge pink slabs of charcoal-grilled salmon.

"We'll return thanks," I said, and heads were bowed in the brief word of grace.

"My guide says they had no woods work last winter and the people are very poor. How do they earn a living?" It was a motor executive from Detroit speaking.

"It's a rough life and very hard to earn a living," I replied. "Cod fishing with hand lines is almost a thing of the past. Lobsters provide uncertain and short employment. Work in the woods, cutting pulp and saw logs, is now the best bet for a man along these bleak northern coasts. When there's no logging, there is almost no money coming in — except for visiting fishermen. Sporting camps can make a difference."

Another observation: "We are guests up here of a company that has invested in cabins, equipment, and local labor. Does Newfoundland welcome the idea?"

"The government is coöperating," I said, "knowing that salmon fishing is one of its most important resources. Plans are under discussion for leasing the more remote rivers and pools, such as this one. At the same time Newfoundlanders, living for the most part near mouths of rivers or in the cities, would retain public fishing rights to those nearby waters. For every fish killed, two or three are released by our guests to swim away, spawn, and come again next year. Conservation of this far-sighted sort is very important. These fish can't stand heavy pressure. Without some leasing plan they will be wiped out in Newfoundland, as they have been to a great extent on open rivers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick."

2

THE timing in casting a fly and in striking a rising salmon results from coördinated skills acquired through practice and experience. Beginners in the art were wise to ask for instruction, and also to keep their sense of humor dusted off. One of the

older guides, who stated his opinions with complete candor, but only in my hearing, despaired of getting a fish for his man. "Mr. 'Ayward," Joe said, "we has plenty of rises but he don't hook them salmon. That's what he don't. Couldn't hook a thing, not he."

When a fisherman is down on his luck and others are reveling in good sport, an indigo atmosphere stifles all efforts by guests or crew to lessen the tension. As hours and days go by without a fish, pride suffers grievously.

That evening I went along with Joe and his fishless sportsman to the best pool on the river. The visitor was really learning to cast.

Joe whispered, "I tells him to keep the rod tip high, come back slow, wait a bit, and then make his cast. He do's it pretty good."

Just then a No. 8 single Jock Scott fly lured a great fin and huge tail above water. It brought a yell from Joe: "Strike! Pull! Hit it! Pull back on that son of a bitch!"

But the strike came too late and too hard. "Here, Joe," the fisherman said, "you get one and I'll net him."

The guide threw a nice line — back slow, the all-important pause at the top of the back swing, then swiftly forward with slender, strong bamboo sending the oiled silk across the pool. The fly curved downstream. Before the salmon showed himself (but the surface bulge and a slight checking of the line were clues), Joe raised the rod tip firmly to straighten the line and the fish was hooked. It ran straight out, jumped, and circled with a tight line screaming from the reel. Great leaps threw showers of spray. Gradually, a hundred feet or more of line was reeled back. The salmon eased in toward shore, silver sides flashed in the dark water of twilight, the guest was ready with the net. He moved too fast, lunging at the fish, striking a steel body that had never known restraint. Off went the heavy salmon, pulling hard against too short a line, the leader broken, dashing to freedom in skips and jumps across the pool.

"My God," Joe whispered to me, "he can't even net a fish, much less hook one!"

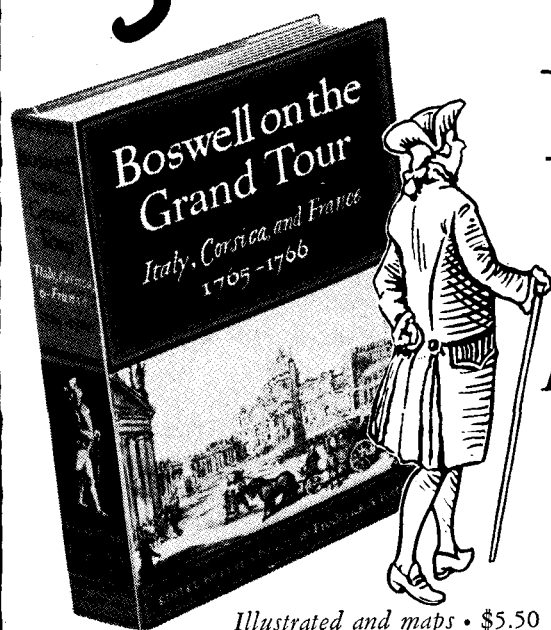
Frontier people have their own ways of showing whether morale and spirits are good. Eight guides were leaving for a night at home. Much of the 24-hour leave would be spent rowing and hiking to the distant ocean settlement, then back over the same rough trails, crossing wind-swept lakes and bucking river currents. Tomorrow evening another group of Americans would arrive eager for salmon and trout.

"Cheerio!" I called to the departing group.

"Cheerio!" They waved from a heavy Newfoundland dory loaded deep in the water with men and duffel.

Down the path ran Mac, a few minutes late be-

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cause he had had to return to the guides' bunkhouse for a forgotten item. Lifting his pack from the beach he hefted its weight suspiciously, pulled open buckles, and dove inside to look for stones. He found three rocks and tossed them at the dory. Men ducked splashes and fought off the invader.

Mac hauled one guide into the water over his boots. He climbed aboard and threw a pack in the river. Around the corner of the nearby cabin rushed the cook's helper with a fire hose spraying a potent stream over the melee in the dory. Everyone got soaked. With two bailing, two rowing, all men laughing and shouting, the rolling craft crawled out of range around a point toward home.

Early in the day I had handed an air-mail letter to guests leaving from the seaplane ramp.

"I can send it from Montreal this afternoon," said one. Another offered, "With luck I can drop it in the mail tonight in Houston."

The Cessna taxied to the end of the lake, paused for the pilot's final check, swung around quickly, and roared into the wind, tail up as the plane rose to the step, and suddenly the long floats were free of water's heavy friction. Long trails of spray streamed down from the pontoons in bright morning sun. Sitting alone on a rock at the landing ramp, I waved as the craft soared away.

Now the solitary silence of the wilderness took over. In place of laughing good-bys and the barking roar of an airplane engine, there was utter and complete silence.

I finished my pipe, shouldered a box of airlift food, and turned to the empty trail. The liquid call of a whitethroat came from a fir thicket, and I caught a rare glimpse as he flitted ahead to sing his lovely song again. White blossoms were giving way to red bunchberries. Small pink flowers like tiny orchids covered the damp, mossy ground, raising a fragrance that has earned them the local name of "scent pot." The trail swung to the riverbank flowering with blue iris, lush meadow rue, and alder blossoms, then past a salmon pool where huge fish jumped in fast water.

With a single place set at the end of the large table, and a single candle burning, Tom gave me late evening soup, salmon, toast, and tea. Instead of eight or ten lively anglers, fired with fresh air and festive nightcaps, the ceaseless wind hummed a background murmur to the cabin quiet. On the empty trail, the "Peabody, Peabody, Peabody" call of white-throated sparrows gave lyrical voice

to the deep woods; here, a crackling open fire and a candle put off loneliness.

What does it all add up to — this experience of seeing a sporting camp, and fishing, from the viewpoint of guides and management? I wondered at breakfast the next morning how it would seem to spend this day between parties on the river, to locate rising fish, to do some casting myself. "No need to kill a salmon," I thought; "just see what's going on."

It was good to hike the trails alone. An hour's strenuous workout on foot and by dory ended at the big lake pool where salmon rested on their way upstream. I climbed a leaning tree and studied the eddies, rocks, and sloping ledges. Flashes of sun revealed long, dark patches on the bottom, just barely moving against the current. The fish were here.

"I'll give them a dry fly," I thought. "A Brown Wulff for the bright water, cast 45 degrees downstream with a short, straight line. We have a grilse ahead for food at camp. Just have fun. Loosen up. If I miss one rise there'll be another. This is it — the true joy in fishing."

It worked. One of the shadows down deep leisurely rose to inspect the wisp of brown fluff but a flick of the tail put him down again among the stones and other dark patches. A few casts later the same fish roared to the surface, angrily arched out of water straight down on the floating fly. The rod tip came up firmly against a tight line and the battle began. A bright sun reflected from a thousand sequin scales when I reached down to grasp him behind the gills to work the fly loose. I let him go. He flashed silver, sliding into deep water.

I might be talking to a guest now, newly arrived and eager to kill big fish. He, as I, had just won a battle with a rare 20-pound salmon. Could I make him understand what I had learned as a guide? I could try.

"He was a beauty and you did a good job," I would say. "I like to see him swim away since we don't need him to eat. When he's alive, a salmon fresh from the sea is lovely, a beautiful work of nature. There's nothing like the way he fights and pulls and jumps. But when he lies on the shore with his eyes staring at you, bloody, with sand and slime along his royal purple back, and the bright silver getting dark and dull, then he's just another dead fish.

"I like to see salmon swim away."



9

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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

IT is so easy to take a good dog for granted, and most people do. He is expected to be the most adaptable member of any household, and it is only when he is gone for good that we remember how much he did for us and with what individuality. My first dog was a large Airedale named Teddy, who fished me out of Lake Hatley when, at the age of three, I had fallen off the end of the dock. Mother came running, but it was Teddy who, with a firm, painful grip on my rompers, dragged me into the shallow water.

Mr. Dooley came next, a pure-white, sleek-skinned bull terrier with a fine head. He used to accompany me every morning to school, all the way from Jefferson Avenue to North Broad Street; and what was more, he would come back for me at the lunch hour. I don't know how he ever learned to keep time, but at five minutes after twelve, when school was over, there he would be. When he was indoors and felt the impulse, he would scratch the door to get out, and he had to cross one trolley track and four intersections to reach me. The traffic, of course, was a lot less then, and Mr. Dooley kept clear of vehicles — actually he died from swallowing a splintered chicken bone, and I still remember how pitiful he was the last day and how much I cared.

He was followed by a Boston bull, Smoke — a jet-black hide, with a white shirt front on which his rash showed when he had measles along with all the rest of us children. By this time we were a family of five, and Smoke had many youngsters to obey. He submitted to the usual mauling, never lost his temper, and was so intelligent that I used to believe he could understand our talk.

A family dog with several children to care for has a divided allegiance and a well-developed sense of responsibility. Smoke did, and so did our beloved Mickey, a ten-dollar Ipswich spaniel who for seven-

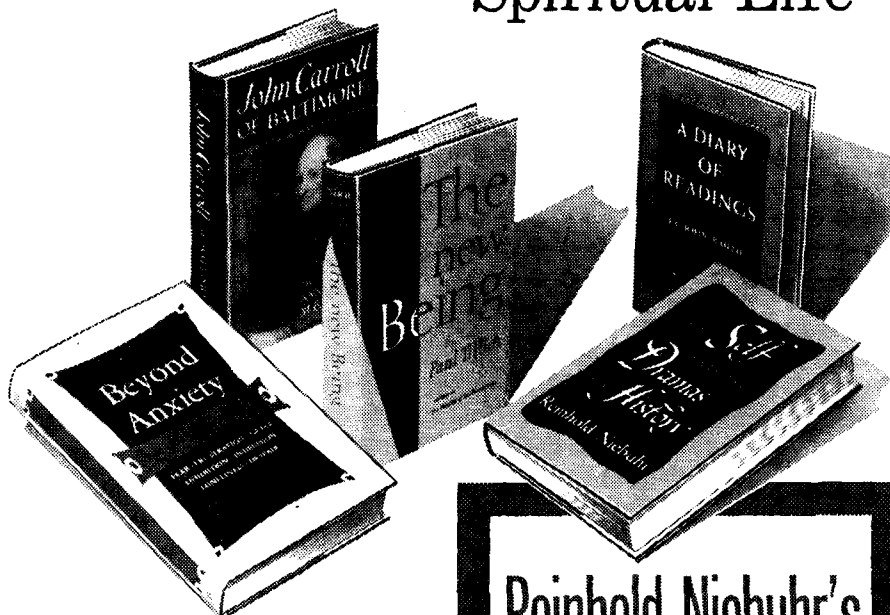
teen years brightened our home in Boston. Mickey, who came to us when he was three weeks old, trusted and loved me as head of the clan, and in the pecking order he established himself as a contemporary of my daughter Sara and as a senior in every respect to young Ted. In his youth we spent the winters in an apartment on the Fenway, and here Mickey devised a series of games for his own and our amusement. There was one he liked to play with a Malaga grape. A grape would be given him and he would go through the motions of chewing it. Then he would lie down facing us, his head cocked on one side. With a sudden twist he would fling the grape, perfectly intact, over his shoulder and pounce upon it as it rolled along the rug or under the table. Again the mock seriousness of swallowing it, the fixed stare in our direction, and again the quick projection. The wonder was that he could keep this up for such a long time without puncturing the thin-skinned grape.

He loved to tease Sara about her dollhouse. The open rooms were just right for his inspection, and the inmates — known as Mr. and Mrs. Brewster — were much to his taste. He would stand gazing into the living room until he was sure Sara was watching him; then with a quick dart he would seize one of the little dolls and be off, up the hall, through the kitchen, through the dining room, across the living room, and into the hall again. It was a lovely circle, and Sara could seldom catch him without the help of May, the cook. Sara's revenge was unpremeditated. One evening she set Mr. and Mrs. Brewster at the dinner table and served each of them a chocolate-covered Ex-lax for their supper, and after she had gone to sleep Mickey ate them both. On rising the next morning, I found that he had used the bathroom in a hurry, and Sara, all unknowing, supplied the perfect caption at breakfast: "Now, Mother, I told you the dolls were alive. They ate their candy."

Dogs and cats

"There is no domestic animal which has so radically altered its whole way of living, indeed its whole sphere of interests, that has become domestic in so true a sense as the dog; and there is no animal that, in the course of its century-old association with man, has altered so little as the cat." This is the major premise of a perceptive and charming book, *Man Meets Dog*, by Konrad Z. Lorenz (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00). The author is an Austrian zoologist and a professor of psychology, who

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has taught at several universities and who has brought to his study of dogs and cats knowledge, discipline, and affection. He tells us of his belief that the dog was first domesticated in the Stone Age, and of the two main bloodstreams which were to be blended and developed in our breeds of today: in the south the jackal, and in the north the wolf. He tells us of the earliest house dogs, the little Spitz-like Turf-dogs whose skulls were found among the remains of the pillar dwellings on the Baltic Sea. These were descended from the jackal. He tells us that although the Egyptians revered the cat and protected it with the death penalty, it continued to be a rarity in Europe until after the year 1000.

Dr. Lorenz is a hardy man. His idea of the perfect holiday is to swim the Danube with his pet dog Susi by his side, spend the day in the shallows along the wilder shore, and then at sunset swim the three and one-half miles back, pausing to net a few fish for supper before walking home. His own favorite breed naturally comes from the wolf strain, a mixture of Chow and Alsatian, and it is plain that he likes dogs as much for the wild instincts which they preserve as for the discipline under which they behave. His great dogs, Susi, Wolf, Stasi, a tough but lovely lady, Tito (who "often knocked me black and blue when playing"), and his dachshund Kroki roam through the book in a vivid and endearing way.

Dr. Lorenz feels that no household can be complete without a cat, and in his the cats and dogs live together in perfect harmony. He writes of each with a true, illuminating knowledge of their history, their motivations, their faults, and their virtues; he writes of them with wisdom and tenderness. The relation between Master and Dog, Man and Cat, has never been better depicted, and his chapters on Dogs and Children and Feline Play are almost as much fun to read as they would be to live. "Any dog is better than none," concludes the good doctor, and I concur.

Overlord and after

Nevil Shute, Commander Norway, is an agreeable, trustworthy novelist, a writer warmhearted and competent. His best books have been about the war, and in *The Breaking Wave* (Morrow, \$3.50) he tells a story that shuttles back and forth between a vast sheep ranch in Australia and England in the trying, exultant days before and after Overlord. This is essentially a love story involving two Australian brothers and an English girl, Janet Prentice, to whom Bill Duncan, the younger of the two, is engaged. The trio spend a few stolen hours of happiness together shortly before the invasion. Then Bill, a frogman, goes to his death and Alan, the survivor and the teller of this tale, loses both his feet in a dogfight with the Luftwaffe. Long after his convalescence Alan lingers on in England,

partly to complete his studies but chiefly to see if he cannot locate his brother's fiancée. It is a shock when, on his return to Coombargana, the family estate, he finds that for more than a year she has been caring for his aged parents but, for reasons which the book discloses, she is physically incapable of facing him.

The framework within which Mr. Shute has placed his story is, it seems to me, needlessly complicated. I never quite believe in the detective work which the crippled Alan pursues so relentlessly in Britain, nor do I see why the circumstances of Janet's visit must be so farfetched. But leaving aside one's suspicions of the architecture, the dedication of the trio to each other and to the defense of Britain is touching and well told. Janet's broad-shouldered competence as a Wren, Alan's ability as a fighter pilot, Bill's devotion and his courage under water, and the whole tremendous panorama of Overlord as the invasion goes forward on those stormy days, are what one remembers as these scenes come back to the crippled veteran in the serenity of the farm.

Gay and schmaltzy moments

To her books, Cornelia Otis Skinner imparts the gaiety and the incredibly accurate mimicry which have made her monologues such delightful replicas of life. In *Bottoms Up!* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00) she writes about three of her lifelong loves: her father, the stage, and Paris. The opening chapter, "The Bard and My Father," gives a hilarious account of a Benefit Performance which Otis Skinner and Cornelia rehearsed and perpetrated in behalf of the Actors' Fund of America. The performance did not come off as rehearsed: the scenes which Father had stitched together rather sketchily from *Richard III* fell apart — and for reasons which Miss Skinner and not I must tell you. To call it, as Dan Frohman did, "the most unique performance of *Richard I*'ve seen in years!" is an understatement.

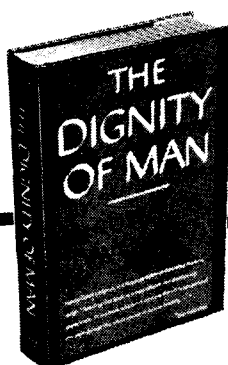
Going on from there, Miss Skinner recalls the slinky Theda Bara expression and costume which she affected when she was first looking for bit parts; she describes some of the unexpected perils in playing summer stock; and in a nice piece of writing entitled "Crying in the Dark" she depicts unerringly those poignant characteristics which have dissolved so many of us — "the poetry of Duse's hands, the melodious catch in Ethel Barrymore's voice, the burning nobility of Olivier's eyes, the eloquence of Katharine Cornell's quickly raised throat, the damp handkerchief of Jane Cowl." She is always good when she writes about France, and at her best in this new volume when in "Biblio-Technique" she itemizes the various knots of French red tape which she has to cut through before she can withdraw reading matter from the Bibliothèque Nationale. She makes the light essay as personal and entertaining as you please.

Joyce Cary

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—N. Y. Times. \$3.50



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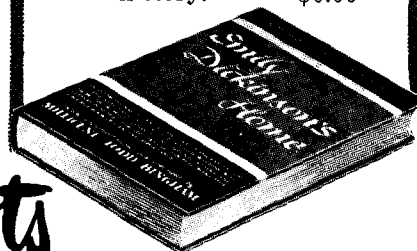
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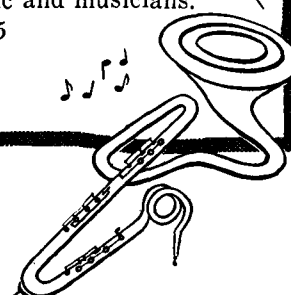
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



Boswell on the Grand Tour: Italy, Corsica, and France, 1765-66 (McGraw-Hill, \$5.50), edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle, is the most eventful and the most entertaining volume of the Boswell papers published to date. No novelist would have the audacity to invent a character as improbable as Boswell; and in these pages his oddities and contradictions exhibit themselves more richly than ever before, for Italy made him supremely true to all of his conflicting tendencies.

While Catholic Italy excited Boswell's religious feeling, the Italian *ambiance* inflamed both his romanticism and his lechery. The high-minded visitor to monasteries and cathedrals was also an irrepressible gallant, who kept offering his heart to great ladies with extravagant professions of adoration; he was, too, a grubby man of pleasure who could not stay away from bordellos and streetwalkers. In his political contacts, Boswell was simultaneously calculating and imprudent. With an eye to gaining a powerful patron, he traveled in the often uncongenial entourage of young Lord Mountstuart, son of the King's favorite. Meanwhile he cultivated a dangerous friendship with the outlawed radical, John Wilkes.

The current volume opens with one of the great comic episodes in Boswell's career. Arriving in Turin feeling like "a hero of austerity in a dissolute age," Boswell decided to allow himself just "one intrigue . . . in order to increase my knowledge of the world." Whereupon, seeking to outdo Don Giovanni in the land of opera, he made eager-beaver advances to three countesses in rapid succession—and was ignominiously repulsed. Later, in Siena, he feverishly and unsuccessfully courted the wife of an important official while carrying on an affair with another prominent matron, who fell desperately in love with him.

The most important event of this period was Boswell's tour of Corsica, where he was the honored guest of Pasquale de Paoli, leader of the Cor-

sican struggle for independence. Boswell's association with Paoli gave an enduring lift to his self-confidence, and Corsica furnished him with a Cause with which he remained identified throughout his life. What the Grand Tour had done for Boswell becomes noticeable in the conversations with Dr. Johnson and especially with William Pitt which provide a dignified conclusion to this very lively chapter in the Boswell saga.

Dreams that came true

Tiger of the Snows (Putnam, \$4.50), the autobiography of **Tenzing of Everest**, should be billed "as told to" and not "written in collaboration with" **James Ramsay Ullman**: Tenzing explains at the outset that his people, the Sherpas of Nepal, have no written language and that he has never learned to read and write. Mr. Ullman deserves the highest praise for presenting Tenzing's story so naturally, so convincingly, and with such sustained dramatic skill. *Tiger of the Snows* is not just another chronicle of mountaineering, but the unusual and very stirring personal history of one of the extremely few humble-born Asians to achieve world-wide renown. While it contains many exciting pages about mountaineering experiences, what made it so impressive to this reader was the quality of Tenzing as a man.

When he set foot on the top of Everest—which he did a few seconds after Hillary—Tenzing Nor-gay fulfilled a dream which had caused him to run away from home in his teens to become a porter in Darjeeling, and which took him to Everest on seven expeditions. Even as a boy, while tending his father's yaks on the tall hillsides of the Himalayas, Tenzing was possessed of a longing rare among the Sherpas—the longing to travel, to meet strange people, to know more about the world. His autobiography shows him to be a natural-born internationalist. After the Everest triumph, he was shocked to learn that he had naïvely allowed himself to be exploited by journalists with political axes to grind; and he has since repeatedly proclaimed his aversion to nationalism or Asiatic jingoism.

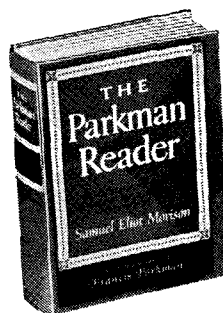
The friction between Sherpas and British during the Everest expedition, and the awkward moments between Tenzing and the British after

it, are treated by him with a remarkable combination of candor, simple dignity, and shining generosity of spirit. His story fully supports the summation which Mr. Ullman makes in his Introduction: "There is a flame in Tenzing, a marvellously strong and pure flame that no storm of man or Nature can extinguish. It is compounded of dream and desire, will and struggle, pride and humility; and in the end, with the deed done . . . it is the man's humility that stands out above all his other qualities."

The leaders of Egypt's "Blessed Revolution"—General **Mohammed Naguib** and Premier **Gamal Abdul Nasser**—are also men whose lives have been decisively influenced by a dream which has more or less come true: to see their country completely independent and governed by a regime concerned with the welfare of the Egyptian people. General Naguib is now publishing his autobiography, *Egypt's Destiny* (Doubleday, \$4.00), written "with the editorial assistance of" **Leigh White**; and from Gamal Abdul Nasser there comes a short essay entitled *Egypt's Liberation* (Public Affairs Press, \$2.00), which explores "the philosophy of the Revolution."

It is a revolution which has been exceptionally hard to size up, and these two books are certainly a help. They make it clear, for one thing, that there was seldom a more reluctant revolution and that it was primarily nationalist in inspiration: while the "free officers" group was deeply incensed by the corruption of the royal palace, what really pushed them to the decision that Farouk must be ousted was the conviction that he was dishonoring Egypt by weakness vis-à-vis the British.

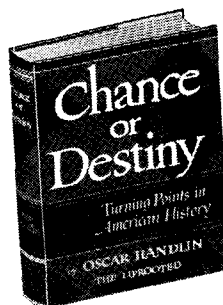
Both Naguib and Nasser have the courage to make two admissions seldom heard from leaders of a successful revolution. They acknowledge that though they have known all along what they wanted, they often have not known how best to go about achieving it. They also confess—especially Nasser—that they were naïve in their faith in their people, and have experienced harrowing disillusionment in the struggle to revitalize Egypt. Directly or indirectly, the two books dispel some of the confusion surrounding Naguib's removal from office. Nasser and his supporters insisted on government by committee. Naguib—who ap-



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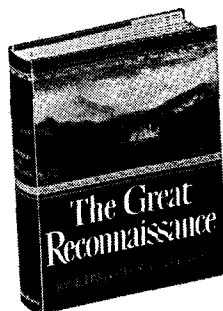
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pears very conscious of his seniority in age and rank over the other members of the military junta—believed that in government there must be a well-defined "chain of command." He does not, however, seem to be the kind of man who would have wished to become an Egyptian Ataturk.

Mohammed Naguib's book—with its success-story of a middle-class Egyptian boy and its detailed "inside" account of the Revolution—is an interesting personal history of much broader appeal than Nasser's essay. The latter, however, cuts deeper on the plane of political ideas. It affords us a striking glimpse of the spirit which animates the present leadership of Egypt.

The glitter and the gold

Ethel Barrymore's autobiography, *Memories* (Harper, \$4.00), is a rather disappointing account of a phenomenally rich and glittering life. It has two major weaknesses, one of which is typified by Miss Barrymore's treatment of her first meeting with Whistler at a London dinner party. "He had one of his great evenings," she writes. "It was absolutely breathtaking for me. When I got home I had to wake up Susanne to tell her all about it." Unfortunately, Miss Barrymore neglects to tell her readers *anything* about it; and this tendency not to develop her material sufficiently is accompanied by an acknowledged reticence about her "deepest feelings" and "private affairs"—a sentiment as limiting to an autobiographer as fear of heights to a mountain climber. Miss Barrymore leaves the reader with little understanding of the personal qualities which have won her the friendship and admiration of so many of the leading figures of her age.

What Miss Barrymore's memoirs bring us is a sort of scrap-album picture of a career which is dazzling enough to make one want to go on turning the pages. Her story begins in Philadelphia with recollections of her remarkable grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, and of a family group lavishly endowed with brilliance and good looks. As an inexperienced young actress trying out her luck in England, Miss Barrymore was suddenly signed up as leading lady by the great Sir Henry Irving and she found herself the glamor girl of the London *grand monde* in the era of Edwardian splendor. Her memories

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touch on many of the high points in half a century of theatrical history, and they contain a sizable quota of good anecdotes. My favorite is the story of the lady who rashly asked Henry James whether he had had a pleasant walk — “He said, ‘Yes,’ in two and a half pages, with hardly a semicolon and never a period.”

Readers who are partial to flamboyant life stories should not miss **André Maurois's** short biography, *Alexandre Dumas* (Knopf, \$2.50), which is one of an excellent series of “Great Lives in Brief” inaugurated some months back by the House of Knopf. M. Maurois is at the top of his form and he has an electrifying subject in the impoverished provincial youth who made his way to Paris as a poacher, dashed off a couple of dramas, and took the Comédie Française by storm. In the course of his life Dumas made a fortune ten times and was ruined eleven. As Maurois says: “Dumas was a hero out of Dumas. As strong as Porthos, as adroit as d’Artagnan, as generous as Edmond Dantès, this superb giant strode across the nineteenth century breaking down doors with his shoulder, sweeping women away in his arms . . . [filling] the newspapers with his prose, the stage with his dramas, the world with his clamor. Never did he know a moment of doubt or an instant of despair.”

1929

The Great Crash, 1929 (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00) by **John Kenneth Galbraith** — a Harvard economist whose views were solicited during the recent Fulbright study of the stock market — is a trenchant and timely re-examination of the most spectacular boom-and-bust period in American history. Economic writings are seldom notable for their entertainment value, but this book is: Mr. Galbraith’s prose has grace and wit, and he distills a good deal of sardonic fun from the whopping errors of the nation’s oracles and the wondrous antics of the financial community.

Orthodox conservative opinion (as represented, say, by Herbert Hoover) has generally attributed prime responsibility for the speculative orgy of the late 1920s and for the ensuing crash to the “cheap money” policy adopted by the Federal Reserve authorities in 1927 at the instigation of the Governors of the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and the Reichsbank. This attractive ex-

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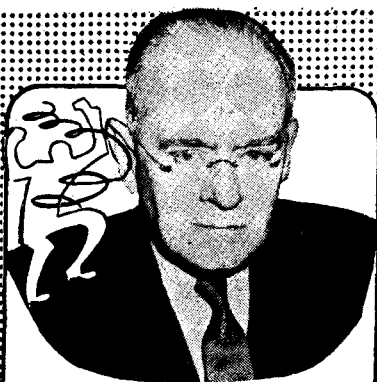
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**Candidly, we don't know this fellow Hops

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planation (which exonerates the American people and their economic system from any substantial blame) is rejected by Mr. Galbraith, who points out that there have been long periods in which credit was cheaper and more plentiful than in 1927-1929.

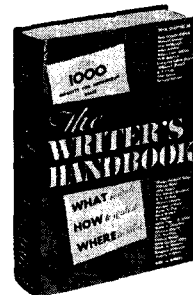
Mr. Galbraith's conclusions boil down to this: A nation-wide excess of optimism, encouraged by people in high places, produced an inordinate desire among many Americans to get rich quickly with a minimum of effort, and precipitated "a mass escape from reality." Long after stock prices had sailed far into the wild blue yonder, those who pointed out, with incontrovertible logic, that stocks could not go on rising indefinitely were denounced as "destructionists" by the oracles of the day. Modifying a famous cliché, Galbraith argues that in the late twenties the economy was "fundamentally unsound"; and he analyzes in detail what he believes to have been its five main weaknesses — bad distribution of income; bad corporate structure; bad banking structure; the dubious state of the foreign balance; and the poor state of economic intelligence.

Galbraith's final chapter explores the question, Can it happen again? The points of extreme weakness exposed in 1929 have, he believes, been substantially strengthened; and the Securities and Exchange Commission provides safeguards against the large-scale market manipulations and the fraudulent salesmanship which helped bring about disaster in the late nineteen-twenties. The current stock market boom, in Galbraith's opinion, is so far only "a pale imitation of 1929." But the decisive determinant of its course, he believes, is the psychology of the American people. And on this score his verdict is: "The chances for a recurrence of a speculative orgy are rather good."

Briefly noted

Children of the Black-Haired People (Rinehart, \$5.00) is a long novel by a retired American diplomat who has spent nineteen years in China and who writes under the pseudonym **Evan King**; it depicts the life of a typical village in Shansi Province, the heartland of China, in the years 1927 and 1928, the eve of the Nationalist Revolution. Mr. King's story centers on the struggle of a young peasant and a slave girl

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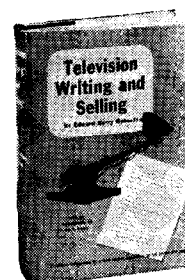
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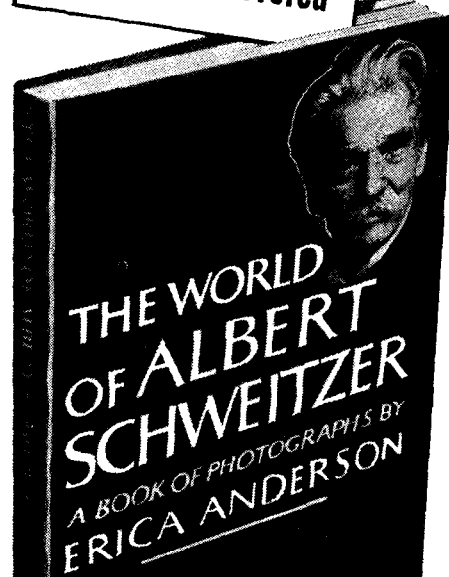
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to brave out a marriage which has earned them the hostility of the village soothsayer, Third Immortal Maiden, a powerful and dissolute woman who causes the young couple to be cruelly persecuted by the feudal gentry ruling the village. The impossibly virtuous hero and heroine fail to emerge as flesh-and-blood characterizations, but some of the other protagonists — especially Third Immortal Maiden — are sharply and vigorously drawn. Though the plotting, with its simple opposition of virtue and vice, became a bit wearisome to this reader, the novel unquestionably gives us an unusually intimate and vivid picture of Chinese life.

The Dinner Party (Harper, \$3.00) by Gretchen Finletter is the fictional journal of "a Lady of Today." The narrator's husband is working on a book about "foreign policy and world economic conditions," and in the interests of this project they have sublet their city apartment and have moved to the country with their two young daughters. Mrs. Finletter has written an observant and ironic chronicle, stretching from May through September, of the life of a household belonging to the Upper Upper-Middle social stratum of Outer Suburbia. Her book might be described, a bit more specifically, as a work of wryly humorous self-analysis in the domain of Wifemanship. The narrator writes about her servants, her children, her husband, her house guests; about giving dinner parties and going to them; about redecorating and improving the house; about her involvement in the local fair; about a dance at the country club and a ceremonial visit to a neighboring Army Base. In all these situations and relationships she sees herself as less than the woman she would like to be; and the reader sees her as rather more than she thinks she is. Mrs. Finletter's material seems to me the kind of stuff which would stand up fine in four or five magazine sketches, but which is somewhat on the slender side for a 236-page book. She is, however, a witty and perceptive writer, and her fictional journal kept me pleasantly amused much of the time.

The *Atlantic's* Charles W. Morton has recently published *A Slight Sense of Outrage* (Lippincott, \$3.50), a collection of humorous essays, burlesques, and light criticism.

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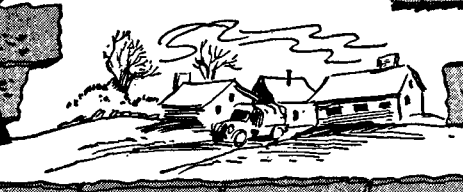
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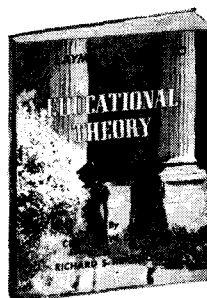
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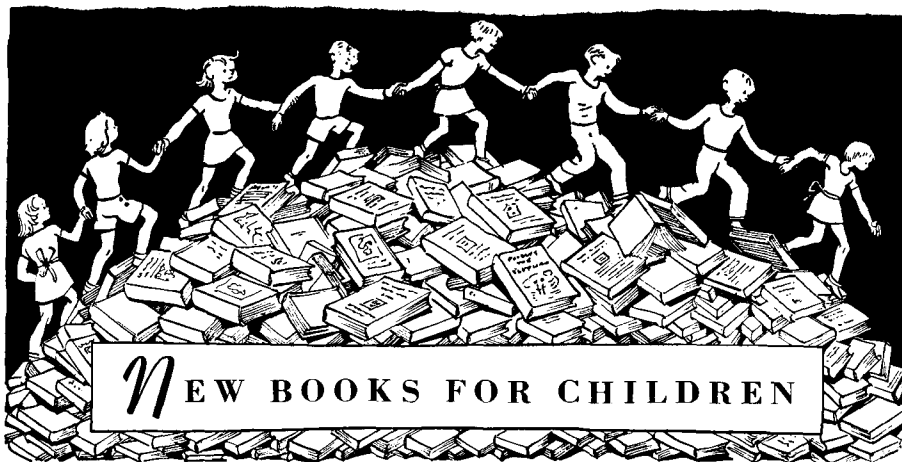
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NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

by MARGARET FORD KIERAN

MARGARET FORD KIERAN was *Children's Page Editor of the Boston Herald for twenty-three years. She is the author of a juvenile, David and the Magic Powder, and co-author with her husband, John Kieran, of John James Audubon.*

THE output of stories for younger readers this spring is just as enticing as ever. Take *The Swans of Willow Pond* by Olive L. Earle (Morrow), for example, and *The Poppy Seeds* by Clyde Robert Bulla (Crowell). Both are beautifully done. The latter was illustrated by Jean Charlot, who must have at least four books to his credit this year, while *The Swans*, like every one in Miss Earle's fine nature series, is illustrated by the author.

Lullaby for Eggs by Betty Bridgman (Macmillan) is exquisitely developed from her poem that first appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor*. The artist — Elizabeth Orton Jones — has a vivid imagination but she adapts it to soft pastel shades in her field and shore sketches. This would be a lovely gift for some young friend. So would *The Valentine Party* by Pamela Bianco (Lippincott). It just looks like a present — dainty and distinctive.

One of my extra-special choices this spring was *A Little House of Your Own* by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers (Harcourt, Brace). The theme is universal. "Every one has to have a little house of his own," it begins. Of course he does. Didn't you? Didn't you hide up in a tree or under the table or behind the lilac bush? Even one's father, the story goes on, should have a little house of his own. That might be behind his newspaper. The line drawings by Irene Haas are amusingly childlike — so much so that the whole book delighted me.

If you and your young companions

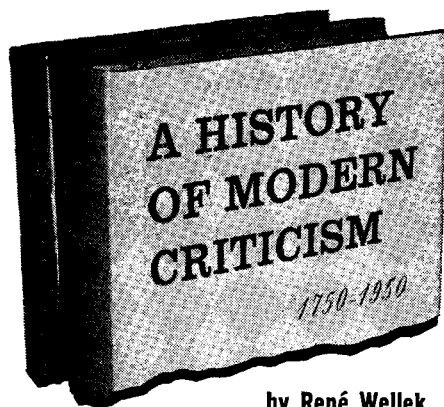
like good splashy color and lots of active animals, you will be captivated by *Frog Went A-Courtin'* retold by John Langstaff and pictured by Feodor Rojankovsky (Harcourt, Brace). Perhaps you will say as I did, "That's not the way we heard the old rhyme" — but no matter. The full-page illustrations are nothing short of stunning, and I predict that this will be a lasting favorite in the nursery.

Talking still of illustrations — which one must do when books for the youngest children are under scrutiny — I recommend *Little Red Nose* by Miriam Schlein (Abelard-Schuman). Roger Duvoisin is the artist, which means that the black and white illustrations as well as those in color are as fine as any you are likely to see around. The drawing of the little boy looking from his black, black bedroom to the black, black night would be beautiful framed in silver.

The illustrations in *Our Lady of Guadalupe* could have been done only by Jean Charlot (Viking). Modern and powerful, they make an unforgettable accompaniment to the familiarly cherished tale of Mexico as related by Helen Rand Parish. I'd gold-star this.

A story in rhyme has to be extra good these days to attract small chil-

As a stimulus for summer reading, the Atlantic has compiled a list of fifty outstanding books for children which have been published since 1940. The books have been selected by Virginia Haviland of the Boston Public Library, Julia Sauer of the Rochester Public Library, and Elizabeth H. Gross of the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore. The list will be sent with our compliments to those who request it. Address the Editor of the Atlantic, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.



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dren, I find; but *The Duchess Bakes a Cake*, written and illustrated by Virginia Kahl (Scribner), won the enthusiastic endorsement of the two-legged guinea pigs on whom I tried it out. They chortled with delight when they repeated rhythmically: "A lovely light luscious delectable cake."

Curious how an unfamiliar word like "delectable" enchants children even when they don't know exactly what it means. I noticed this again in *Sneakers* by Margaret Wise Brown. In this, one of the fine William R. Scott Easy-to-Read Series by the way, my young friends immediately added "rapscallion" to their meager vocabulary. You see, *Sneakers* was a rapscallion little cat, as Jean Charlot's droll illustrations indicate. "We had a rapscallion lunch" was what I heard them say. I knew instantly that this meant nothing less than chicken à la king with fudge cake and ice cream for dessert.

Going up the line to boys and girls a little older, there's *We Went to the Doctor* by Carl Memling, illustrated by Virginia Carten (Abelard-Schuman). Though it is simply an account of a baby's check-up in relation to its effect on his older sister, the concern of that sister plus the lovely gray and yellow pictures puts it in a class by itself.

A series that was just introduced to me comes from the Fisherman Press and is called *True-to-Life Stories*. I think they are excellent. Done by American wildlife experts, they have none of the nauseating baby-talk in which some such books wallow. You know you are reading authoritative stuff, but the presentation is simple enough and colorful enough to interest younger readers.

I'm moving on now to an older group. Not teen-agers. 'Tween-agers would come nearer to it, I guess, because these children have dropped dolls and marbles but they have not graduated to dress and dates. One of my choices for this group would be *The Expandable Browns* by Adele and Cateau DeLeeuw (Little, Brown). It's a warm, moving story of a family who were quite ordinary in every respect except that they just couldn't help helping people. In their house, "Always room for one more" was the motto. You can imagine the complications.

In *Ponds and Streams* by Margaret Waring Buck (Abingdon) is just as fine as her other two nature books — than which there is no higher

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praise. The index and the bibliography attest to its scope. A very appealing presentation for almost any young person.

My favorite animal story this year is *Junket* by Anne H. White, illustrated by Robert McCloskey (Viking). Not only is the hero of the tale an Airedale with a very attractive personality, but the original plot which revolves around him is completely believable. Just to give you an idea of the kind of dog Junket was, I shall point out that when asked to shake hands he was apt to extend both paws (not simultaneously of course) in case you were left-handed. A big T-bone for *Junket*, please.

As for the high school girl set, I was especially taken with *My Love for One* by Laura Cooper Rendina (Little, Brown) and *Beany Has a Secret Life* by Lenora Mattingly Weber (Crowell). Both stories search way below the surface of their young heroines' hopes and disappointments. Dialogue is handled with a rare understanding of the teen-age idiom, and the plots are skillfully spun.

This age group, I found by chit-chat over a coke or two, is not exclusively preoccupied with dating. It is able to become starry-eyed, too, over books in a much more serious vein. For them, *On Wings of Fire* by Marguerite Vance (Dutton) would prove inspirational in a most exciting way. This biography of the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne tells of her renouncing everything material to become a nun who dedicated her life exclusively to the care of the incurably ill. Lovely illustrations by Nedda Walker.

Adventure of another sort is served up in *The King's Snare* by Helen Lobdell (Houghton Mifflin). Though I have a deep-lying prejudice against half-fact, half-fiction tales, I found this story of Sir Walter Raleigh's time so finely done that I added it to my preferred list.

Then there's the mystery department. I liked *Carolina House* by Elisabeth Kyle (Nelson). On the surface it is just a pleasant story of young love on a Glasgow newspaper, but the background tapestry of skulduggery between tobacco merchants in the eighteenth century is expertly woven. The characters are not just puppets: they are carefully drawn and well developed.

While *Carolina House* would be almost as interesting to boys as to girls, *Arctic Hunter* by Bud

Helmericks (Little, Brown) is definitely of a masculine flavor. I thought it was wonderful. The encounter with an infuriated polar bear, for instance, was about as exciting as anything I've ever read. There's no question but that the drawings and diagrams by Henry B. Kane are a great addition.

For sports enthusiasts there's a topnotch baseball story called *Baron of the Bull Pen* by Dick Friendlich (Westminster). To give it the acid test (since my knowledge of baseball is limited to a vague recollection of flaunting a Red Sox banner and a hot dog in 1912), I turned this book over to my husband. He stayed right with it until the end and then made a pronouncement. "First-rate" is what he said.

Kickoff by William MacKellar (Whittlesey House) and *The Battery for Madison High* by Al Hirshberg (Little, Brown) received a similar accolade.

I must pay tribute to one more book for the older group even though I realize that its appeal will be somewhat limited. It is the beautifully written *Santiago* by Ann Nolan Clark (Viking). This story of a young Indian boy is extremely moving because of its very simplicity. Little Santiago wants to be just one thing: "A good Indian in today's world." With sure and quiet actions he works toward this ambition and achieves it too when he decides that his future lies in helping his own people fulfill their destinies.

Of course I realize that this book could never compete in a popularity contest with *The Dagger*, *The Fish* and *Casey McKee* (McKay), a simply wonderful mystery by Electa Clark, but I think it would be unfair not to call it to the attention of a more mature age group.

Parents and teachers will want to take a look at *The Workshop Book* by Martha Lincoln and Katharine Torrey (Houghton Mifflin). It is not at all the usual "now this peg goes in this hole" kind of thing. No, the stints for children are really practical in a creative way, and I think you should insure yourself against rainy-day boredom by having a copy around the house.

Many spring books came too late for this report. I'll hold them until the fall roundup, when I hope to have my comments enlivened by supplementary remarks from two of our sixteen grandchildren.

ACCENT ON LIVING



BRASIL may burn six or seven million bags of coffee this year to keep the price up," so the AP story began. "In the past Brazil has burned millions of bags of its major crop to keep prices up in the world market. Between 1932 and 1940 the torch was put to 80,000,000 bags."

The estimate of six or seven million bags may seem impressive at first glance, especially to the uninitiate, but to the expert it discloses an ominous decline in Brazil's destructive capacity. Even those who have long realized that there is no "royal road" to destruction must be shocked by the news that Brazil will destroy so little in 1955 — only some 60 per cent of the average maintained in the pre-war period. What does this mean? What are its implications for our own country? For butter? For ghee? One conclusion is irresistible: *our ability to destroy is failing to keep pace with our ability to produce.*

There appear to be several reasons why Brazil, where the first great pioneering strides in destructivity were taken, is failing in manpower as well as in pyrotechnology to meet the requirements of its current pro-

gram. Brazil continues to use illiterate peons, untrained in any but the cruder forms of arson, on its destruction projects. Many of these workers are itinerants who drift from one fire to another, shiftless and often content to destroy only enough to provide themselves with the bare necessities of life for a few days at a time. The obliteration-index per peon-destruction-day must, under this circumstance, remain dangerously low.

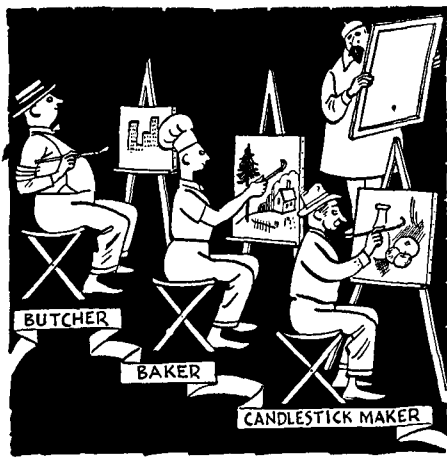
We must be prepared to recognize, also, the possibility of sabotage in any such major program as Brazil's. In every society there are malcontents, sometimes well financed and organized, who seek to build up what the rest of us are trying to tear down — who would not scruple to withhold coffee from the flames if by so doing they could balk the will of the more deleterious majority. Rumors of imperfectly burned bags, tales of supposedly "burned" coffee being hawked in the very environs of Santos, reports

of mysterious cloudbursts that defy the most skillful incendiary — news of this sort lends color to a theory of sabotage, but it seems plain that most of the trouble lies in the inherent backwardness of Brazil's destructive technology.

Brazil has continued over the years to soak the bags in oil and then put them, as the AP so aptly describes it, to the torch. There is no hint that modern combustion engineers have been called in, no word about napalm, acetylene, thermite, or other magnesium compounds. Granting that the molecular structure of coffee itself is such as to make it burn freely, agricultural research in Brazil should not be deterred on this account from the search for a more readily inflammable bean.

The possibilities of automation should be explored, also, and although the United States still lags in applying destructive know-how to our own surplus foodstuffs, our technology should be capable of devising for Brazil a single-stage harvester-incinerator combine which would soon restore destructivity to any desired level.

CHARLES W. MORTON



YOU TOO CAN PAINT

by LEONARD BROOKS

Born in London, LEONARD BROOKS was educated in Canada and now devotes his full time, in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, to painting. His work is in many museums and private collections.

MY ART dealer is bewildered, but he's had my instructions. If anyone is interested, he has a large collection of my original oils, water colors, and drawings and will strike a bargain for the lot. I have an easel and the usual paraphernalia a painter collects over the years. I'll throw this stuff in too if you'll consider taking over the lease on my converted, fortified old hacienda, complete with studio and north light, here in Mexico, where I have been hiding out for the last few years, innocently believing I could get away from it all.

I am not too sure about my books yet, but I will gladly give away several hundred volumes of the "How to Draw and Paint Easily" variety which have been flooding my desk for review, twenty home-study courses under famous artists, and this week's usual batch of announcements from summer art schools where you can bathe, swim, relax, and enjoy yourself while being Creative. I have canceled my subscriptions and thrown out my back copies of art magazines, because "Amateur Notes" and contests have been taking over most of the pages anyway, and I'm weary of looking at the reproductions of the creative efforts of housewives, retired sea captains, brokers, and grandmas.

It's not that I'm bitter. Twenty-five years of working and surviving as a professional painter should prove that I can take it. Or once could. Early in my student days I read

Frank Harris's advice: "The artist, like the lobster, should develop a hard shell to protect himself from lesser sensibilities." Until recently I could bounce the cruel barbs and shafts right back at the crass material world without a second thought. Now there must be a chink in the thick armor.

Perhaps it was the sweet-faced lady *turista* in our quaint colonial plaza who finished me off yesterday. The amiable, gray-haired woman in her large straw sombrero and Zapotec huipil dangled her long silver Aztec earrings over my shoulder as I worked, splashing desperately at what was to be, though I didn't realize it at the time, my last work of art.

"Charming," she said. "Such a charming hobby — so creative, and doesn't do anyone a bit of harm. My husband George is doing one just like it down the street. But he's using Plastolex — you know, that wonderful new medium which can be painted on anything and mixes with vinegar, water, or milk, even spreads on with your fingers if you forget your brushes or can be used in an ordinary fountain pen. George says it's much easier than water color. I'm not artistic myself but he says even I could do it. I think I will too. It's so relaxing, I hear. George started my cousin Dick off last year and he won second prize in the Florida all-state exhibition. What, if I may ask, do you do for a living?"

A few years ago background noises, hecklers, or crowds could be turned to good effect, serving as useful irritants to spur the artist to quicker, more decisive interpretation. Today, when everybody paints or is on the point of doing so, chatty shoptalk by the well-read, creative onlooker can freeze a man to his sketching stool. I cringe still when I remember the day a stern voice behind me caused the cobalt cerulean to curdle on the paper.

"I thought," it said accusingly, "that we were through with that kind of thing. Representation indeed!"

Public pressure of this sort has driven many a strong individual to change his style. It has contributed strongly, I know, to the present vogue for the abstract, the nonobjective, the need to get away from the visual subject. It explains too why many recent paintings — preferably of the Arctic, or cloud formations — have been done from a height of 25,000 feet from speeding planes.

But I don't put all the blame on my lady *turista* or my public audience.

It could have been our Mexican *criada*, Maria, who dealt me the final blow. She came into my studio later that same day timidly asking if I had meant it when I promised to help her with her "art work." I assured her I had, for I knew her flair for design and native color sense would make such help delightful teaching.

"Gracias," she said, "but it won't be necessary now."

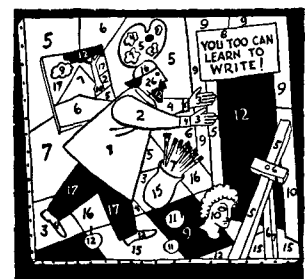
All she wanted was for me to translate the English words on a large cardboard box she thrust at me. An *Americana* friend had presented her with this gift, explaining how easy it was to paint a picture. All the *secretos* were in the box, she said; you just had to read the numbers on the pretty little glass tubes of paint and match them to the numbers on the enclosed canvas.

"Not that, not that," I muttered fervently to myself as I translated the words. "Your Pre-Painted Masterpiece. Pre-mixed color. Pre-drawn. All you need to paint your own Masterpiece." There was a garish color-plate on the cover: "Snow-Covered Forest with Elks."

"What," Maria wanted to know, "is all the white stuff over the ground?"

André Malraux, in *The Voices of Silence*, makes a case for the initial effort of all painters. They are people, he says, who like pictures — not necessarily the objects, the things, in the pictures; so maybe it wouldn't have made much difference to Maria's art if her box had been "Stormy Sea at Capri" or even "Sleeping Mexican with Cactus."

Anyway, why am I worrying about such things now? I'm through with all that. It will be such a relief to not worry about the creative life or self-expression any more. I'm sure I can keep myself busy, and profitably so. That's why I clipped and answered that ad this morning. It sounds like the sort of thing I'm looking for. It can be done in spare time, I understand, and even pays well. It could be a fascinating hobby, easy, simple. Anyone, I feel certain, can write.





THE INDIRECT APPROACH

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

EDWIN O'CONNOR gave up his work in broadcasting in order to devote his full time to writing. His first novel, *The Oracle*, was published in 1951, and he has just completed his second, which deals with an Irish-American political theme.

FOR the past two weeks I have been getting the most out of television. It has been a period of complete satisfaction, and it came at the tail end of a long purgatorial experience, during which I watched television with fidelity and mounting gloom for five full years, not once realizing that I was watching all the wrong things. I was watching the programs.

This was unwise; worse, it was ignorant. The man who willingly watches the programs on television is like a savage who wanders into a banquet hall and willingly eats the napkins. Neither one realizes that infinitely better things are at hand. In the banquet hall, the food; on television, the commercials.

I have been watching nothing but commercials for two weeks now. I have found them refreshing, even exciting. Where the programs on television have degenerated into weary, predictable repetitions of each other, the commercials are fresh and vital, positively crammed with mystery and suspense.

Mystery! Suspense! Without these, the commercial would be nothing. Or, in other words, a program. For the commercial, to be really first-class, must be an exercise in camouflage, a puzzle, a detective story. The successful television commercial is one which so baffles the viewer that down until the final seconds he has absolutely no idea of what the commercial is about. The commercial should be a frank challenge to the viewer to put

together a few wildly misleading clues and come up with the right answer. It is not a whodunit; it is, instead, a whatisit. For example. . . .

On the television screen there appears a picture of a stalled car. It is a winter morning; snow is falling; the motorist, bundled up to the ears, tries stubbornly to get the motor to kick over, but with no luck. This is the beginning of a one-minute commercial, but — a commercial for what? Anti-freeze? Motor oil? A new car? An old car?

No. It is a commercial for maple syrup.

The logic, once grasped, is actually impeccable. In the words of the announcer: "Yes, friends, on these chilly winter mornings your stomach just naturally demands a good hot cereal for breakfast. And what makes that hot cereal taste ever so much better, taste extra good? That's right, friends! It's delicious *maple syrup*, poured over that piping hot cereal. . . ."

Or there is the commercial that begins with the picture of a mountain in Peru. It appears to be deserted; as the camera comes closer, one can see the ruins of a temple of the Incas. From the ruins comes unearthly music, of the kind now associated exclusively with the concert appearances of Miss Yma Sumac. The sounds rise and fall in weird lament; one can only wonder about the nature of the pitch to come. Has some enterprising importer cornered the llama market? Is someone selling the recorded songs of Miss Sumac? Is someone selling temple relics of the Incas?

None of these. Someone is selling fountain pen ink. The connection comes later: the ink is called "Inca Ink."

One is brought home from llama land with a vivid pictorial exercise in statistics. A picture of a huge map of the United States is shown; just above it is suspended, throbbing and vibrating, the figure "2,000,000,000!" Obviously a statistic with some perceptible relation to the United States; just as obviously a statistic of some commercial significance. But again, what? Does the 2,000,000,000 refer to a portion of the estimated wealth? Is it a population figure for field mice or starlings?

A staccato phrase of explanation clears everything up in an instant. The figure concerns "Blessed relief from acid indigestion." There were, it appears, 2,000,000,000 of a par-

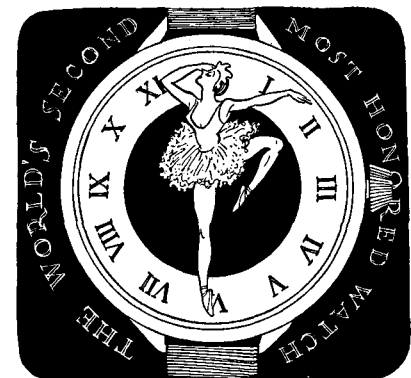
ticular brand of antacid tablets sold last year in the United States of America.

In a somewhat similar vein, there is a commercial which opens with a photograph of the Capitol in Washington, D.C. For one slow moment there is no sound accompanying this picture; one is given time for reverent associations to rise and to bear upon the solemn, silent sight. After this suitable interval, an exuberant voice is heard, paying eloquent if singular tribute to those who make our country's laws.

"Life is really gay here in the capital!" says the voice. "But when the gaiety is over, there's always that morning after when stomachs need settling down. And that's why the favorite of every party in Washington, D.C., is. . . ."

Is, to be sure, another antacid. Which would lead one to believe that while patriotism may be, in the words of Dr. Johnson, the last refuge of a scoundrel, it is a fairly handy first step for the boys who deal in stomach powders.

There are literally hundreds of commercials with the go-in which deceives. There is the old cowhand, with Stetson, chaps, and spurred boots; he is shown carefully inspecting his outmoded revolver. He is the commercial for the all-beef frankfurt. There is the ballerina who whirls out of the mists, pirouettes, and disappears; this is the prelude to the world's most honored watch. Or is it the *second* most honored watch? It is, at any rate, high among the royalty of timepieces, and naturally, how else to



present it but through the medium of a toe dancer?

I think my favorite of all television commercials is the one in which the announcer appears hand in hand with a psychologist. The psychologist is a stranger to the audience; the announcer is not. In another guise, under other circumstances, they have

seen him before: he is television's leading bartender. Now, however, with the psychologist in tow, and minus his customary pre-beer smile, he is clearly up to somber, mysterious business. The questions come thick and fast: —

"You are a practicing psychologist, Doctor?"

"Yes. That is right, sir."

"I see. Now, in your profession, you must have a considerable knowledge of people?"

"Yes, sir. A knowledge of yooman nature is essential."

"I see . . ."

And the audience wonders excitedly: What next? The role of the old-fashioned general practitioner on television is understood: he is there to sell cancer-proof cigarettes or tooth-paste. But a psychologist?

The answer is furnished almost immediately: he is there to *shave*! It turns out that he had shaved once that day already and, smarty that he is, with all his knowledge of people, he thought he had removed every last bit of unsightly stubble. A fast once-over-lightly with a gleaming electric shaver, which the announcer forces upon him, punctures that balloon!



YELL

by R. P. LISTER

WHEN I was first born, I was rather young;

Less than a day old, so they tell me now.

Within a space of seconds, I gave tongue

With all the power of my unpracticed lung;

Not like the shriek of cott, or moo of cow,

But something in between, that was the row
I made, the new-beholden world among.

They smote me heavily, upon what spot

I may not mention, sparing reader's blush.

That first emergent caterwaul was not

The last I made; indeed, I made a lot.

I loosed my million yells and would not hush;

I did not twitter like a baby thrush,

Or bubble like a streamlet in a grot,

I simply roared, and, boy! I roared like hell.

Something about the world I did not care for
Caused me to do it, and I did it well.

What bred my fierce dislike I cannot tell;

I did not ask about the why and wherefore,

I simply did not know what I was there for.

Nor do I now; but now I may not yell.

Whiskers fall like graphite shavings from the head of the razor; they are exhibited, under a magnifying glass, to a gaping television public; and one mortified psychologist slinks back to his couch, the victim of overconfidence.

There are, as I see it, two distinct morals to this commercial: —

1. Buy an electric razor.

2. Never go to your psychologist for a shave.

This about does it, save for my own television commercial, which I've been working over for the last hour or so, and which I think meets most of the requirements. It takes place in a dentist's office. A little girl is sitting in the dentist's chair; the dentist has just finished a thorough examination of her teeth; he turns to her anxious mother, who is standing on the other side of the chair. He frowns slightly, then speaks.

DENTIST: Well, Mrs. Brown, I'm afraid Jane has been neglecting her after-meals brushing habit!

This is the opening of my commercial; it is designed, naturally, to sell gasoline. The small connective tissues I will leave to someone else to furnish. One man can't do everything.



WHO KILLED HOLMES?

by MARVIN GRASSE

MARVIN GRASSE was graduated from San Francisco State College after four years of service in the armed forces in World War II. He is now teaching English in Livingston, California.

ONE day in May, sixty-four years ago, the world almost stopped spinning when the electrifying news flashed from Switzerland that the incomparable Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty, the Napoleon of crime, had perished in a death struggle. Three years later, in 1894, the Great Detective suddenly reappeared and told a rejoicing world that he had really done in Moriarty and then slipped into hiding.

For six decades that was the accepted version. Not a single soul suspected that Sherlock had actually been murdered and that his subsequent return was but a masterful hoax. The truth of these startling statements cannot be doubted, for I have uncovered solid evidence which exposes the murder and masquerade.

This gigantic crime would have gone undetected had not my sense of the unnatural been sharpened by the dreadful crimes I had witnessed on television, heard through the radio, seen at the movies, read about in novels whose chapters were soaked in brutality, and in newspapers whose headlines were streaked with blood. Shaped by such monstrous influences, it was inevitable that I should cast suspicious eyes upon a sentence uttered by Holmes during the *Adventure of the Lion's Mane*.

Holmes, now retired to keeping bees in Sussex, commented that he was enjoying the "soothing life of nature" for which he had "yearned" while prowling about the gloomy streets of London. Such a non-Sherlockian statement stung my curiosity.

As a consequence, I checked numerous cases Holmes had solved before his tragic flight to Switzerland.

I was handsomely rewarded, for my search uncovered an ample supply of statements that were in direct contradiction to the sentiments of the Sussex Sherlock. Through all of his adventures, Holmes harped upon the same theme: he abhorred dull routines, detested stagnant days, and ached for problems, however insignificant. The most revealing remark of all occurred shortly before his supposed death. "My mind," he said in the *Adventure of Wisteria Lodge*, "is like a racing engine, tearing itself to pieces because it is not connected up with the work for which it was built."

Was keeping bees the "work" for which Sherlock's mind was built? My suspicions were fully aroused; and a week later, when I stumbled upon another oddity, I launched my full-scale investigation.

This second irregularity occurred in the *Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans*, a case Sherlock undertook after his spectacular return. In that adventure he professed ignorance of the three famous agents, Oberstein, La Rothière, and Eduardo Lucas, although in the *Adventure of the Second Stain*, a case Sherlock solved before he vanished, he mentioned them by name!

By linking together his sudden love for nature and his unfamiliarity with familiar agents, my crime-alerted



mind sped to the conclusion that the man living in Sussex was not Sherlock Holmes, but a fantastic counterfeit. Why, then, didn't Dr. Watson expose the fraud? Because the good doctor's lips were sealed by the bloody knowledge that he, himself, either had murdered Sherlock or had assisted in that gargantuan deed!

This frightful thought failed to shock me because I had been conditioned through the avenues of mass

communication to homicide, infanticide, patricide, matricide, and assorted butcheries. The only thing that excited me was whether or not, as they say, I could pin the cap on Watson. A careful scrutiny of the cases Watson recorded for Sherlock disclosed the heartening fact that the loyal assistant had smoldered with hatred.

Time and time again the embittered doctor cried out against the contemptuous manner in which Holmes treated him. He complained that he was a long-suffering mortal, that he was unhappy and helpless, and it was during the *Adventure of the Copper Breeches* that he shouted to the smirking Sherlock, "You horrify me!"

The spark that caused this hatred to burst into flames was struck when Watson deserted the realm of bachelorhood for that of marriage. Sherlock, who loathed all emotions, set out to reduce Watson's nuptial bliss to shambles, a feat which he accomplished after four years of atrocious meddling.

Granted now that Watson had a compelling motive for destroying Sherlock, it seemed unlikely that this weak-willed assistant could be capable of putting into effect such a monumental scheme. It was at this point that I searched for a crafty accomplice. I hadn't far to look, for I spotted Mycroft Holmes, the slain man's brilliant brother.

On various occasions Mycroft had aided Sherlock when the great sleuth was on the verge of defeat, and yet it was years before Sherlock informed the astonished Watson of Mycroft's existence. Sherlock let the secret escape while undertaking the case of *The Greek Interpreter*, but he quickly maligned Mycroft by saying he had a strange and warped personality.

To be kept in isolation, as it were, and then to be rewarded by vicious slander would turn the hand of anyone against such an attacker. And so it was that Mycroft joined Watson in nursing a murderous grudge. All they needed was the time, the place, and the opportunity.

It was on the twenty-fifth day of the gentle month of April, 1891, that Sherlock set his foot upon the path to doom. As Watson relates in *The Final Problem*, Sherlock had completed his strategy for the destruction of Moriarty's empire of crime, delivered the plans to Scotland Yard, and then fled England to escape Moriarty's dangerous henchmen. On

May 3, Watson and Sherlock ended their flight in Meirigen, Switzerland, where they assumed roles as tourists and took lodgings in the Englischer Hof. The next day landlord Peter Steiler urged them to see the beautiful Reichenbach Falls, located but a few



hours walk from the village. Thus, on the afternoon of May 4, 1891, Sherlock Holmes, accompanied by Dr. Watson, set out for the Falls and oblivion.

The terrible events of that fatal day began when Watson returned to the hotel with a note he claimed was delivered to him by a Swiss lad. The contents declared that an Englishwoman, dying of consumption, desired an English doctor in her last moments. No such woman existed, and landlord Steiler denied having written the note, although he said that he saw a "tall Englishman," who might have written it, loitering about the place. Watson cursed and ran back toward the Falls.

That evening it was a disheveled, heartbroken Watson who staggered into the Englischer Hof with another letter, and with the stunning news that Sherlock Holmes had been killed. This second letter, written by Sherlock and found by Watson, tells all. In it Sherlock explains that he has met Professor Moriarty, is about to engage in a mortal combat, and that the Professor has graciously given him time to write the message. Since naught but the note remained, it was evident that neither had survived the struggle.

Within hours the investigators arrived, gawked at the Falls, shook their heads at the loss of such an illustrious figure, and the case was closed. How ridiculously simple it all had been! There had been no questioning about the "tall Englishman," no raised eyebrows over the fact that Sherlock would have been granted time to write such a silly letter; and oddest of all, there had

been no searching for the missing Swiss lad who could identify the letter-writer. How preposterous that the most vital element, the boy, was seen only by Watson! It is safe to assume that such a lad never existed; that Watson, after helping Mycroft bash in Sherlock's brains, not only scribbled the cunning alibi-note that recalled him to the hotel, but also composed Sherlock's "death message"; and that the "tall Englishman" was really Mycroft on his way to the Falls by some devious path when overseen by the landlord.

If any doubt remains that the diabolical plotters finished Holmes, one has only to scan the wild story told by the impostor who stepped into Sherlock's shoes. This stirring event occurred in 1894 during the *Adventure of the Empty House*. It was then that the spurious Holmes revealed himself and sketched the thrilling picture of his escape, exile, and return.

On that memorable May 4, explained the sham, he met Moriarty, wrote the letter, and then pushed the Professor into the thundering cataract. Immediately a boulder tumbled down the cliff, barely missing him. He whirled and saw the evil face of Colonel Sebastian Moran, Moriarty's chief of staff, peering over the precipice. Holmes quickly disguised himself as an elusive target and, amid flying rocks, escaped.

How droll! It is unthinkable that the Colonel, one of the best heavy-game shots the Eastern Empire ever produced, would wait patiently until Holmes made short work of his chief, and then merely toss a few rocks. It is also unthinkable that the Professor, a cold-blooded cutthroat, would forgo an ambush for a hand-to-hand fight.

The new Sherlock concluded his farcical tale without answering such essential questions as why he vanished for three years, and why he decided to reappear. That such a hodgepodge story was accepted is an unfathomable mystery in itself, but accepted it was and the Great Return was consummated.

This, then, is the truth concerning the strange death and even stranger return of Sherlock Holmes. While the identity of the impostor will probably remain forever shrouded in mystery, of one thing we can be certain: the man who moved into 221B Baker Street in 1894 was not Sherlock Holmes.



THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

ALL ABOUT AMPLIFIERS

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

(This is the third of four articles being written to help guide people who are assembling, or planning to assemble, custom home-music systems — less formally known as "hi-fi rigs." The last few years have seen the development of a sizable industry dedicated to the production of precision-made components — loudspeakers, record changers, turntables, AM-FM tuners, and amplifiers — for such systems, in profusion that is as confusing as it is alluring. A high-fidelity assembly well chosen to suit the living room in which it is to be used can deliver home-music in detail and color never possible before, but choosing well is not always easy. It is hard to go absolutely wrong in picking high-fidelity components, for most of them are genuinely good, but it is certainly possible to achieve a wasteful imbalance of quality. The first two installments of this series dealt with loudspeakers and record-playing equipment; this one will discuss the device that must come between, to translate the motion of the pickup jewel into pulsations of the speaker — the amplifier.)

IT is standard practice for anyone writing about audio amplifiers to declare at the outset that the amplifier is the heart of the sound-system, which it is. Tradition also dictates that the amplifier be called the most nearly perfect of the components that make up a sound-system. This also is true, but can give rise to miscon-

ceptions. An amplifier, as it comes off the manufacturer's bench, usually will behave far more predictably than, say, a phono-pickup or a loudspeaker. This is because its performance depends 99 per cent on electronic functions, which are mathematically calculable. It does not rely on tricky mechanical qualities, like springiness or friction.

Essentially an amplifier is an assembly of thermionic vacuum tubes, devices whereby a small electric impulse can be made into a large one. Edison, led by his fantastic and intuitive curiosity, almost invented the vacuum tube in 1883, but couldn't quite, because the electron hadn't been discovered and he couldn't interpret his own experiments. He thought electric current was some kind of force-flow from a "positive" to a "negative" terminal. We know now that it is a flow of negative particles (electrons) from a *negative* to a *positive* terminal, the main impetus being a superabundance of electrons at the negative terminal and a hungry lack of them at the positive terminal.

In a vacuum tube, the current is an electron-discharge from an incandescent negative terminal (heated to give the electrons escape-energy) to a positive terminal, across a vacuum gap. Betwixt the two is a screen, or grid. When a signal voltage — originating in a phono-pickup, for instance — is supplied to this grid, the grid acts rather like a valve, alternately helping and hindering the flow of electrons through its interstices. The important thing is that the signal voltage fed the grid can be very small, and still control a fairly large electron-flow, so that there emerges from the tube a big current fluctuating in close resemblance to the small-voltage signal that went in. This is a horribly oversimplified picture of a stage of

amplification, but it will have to do.

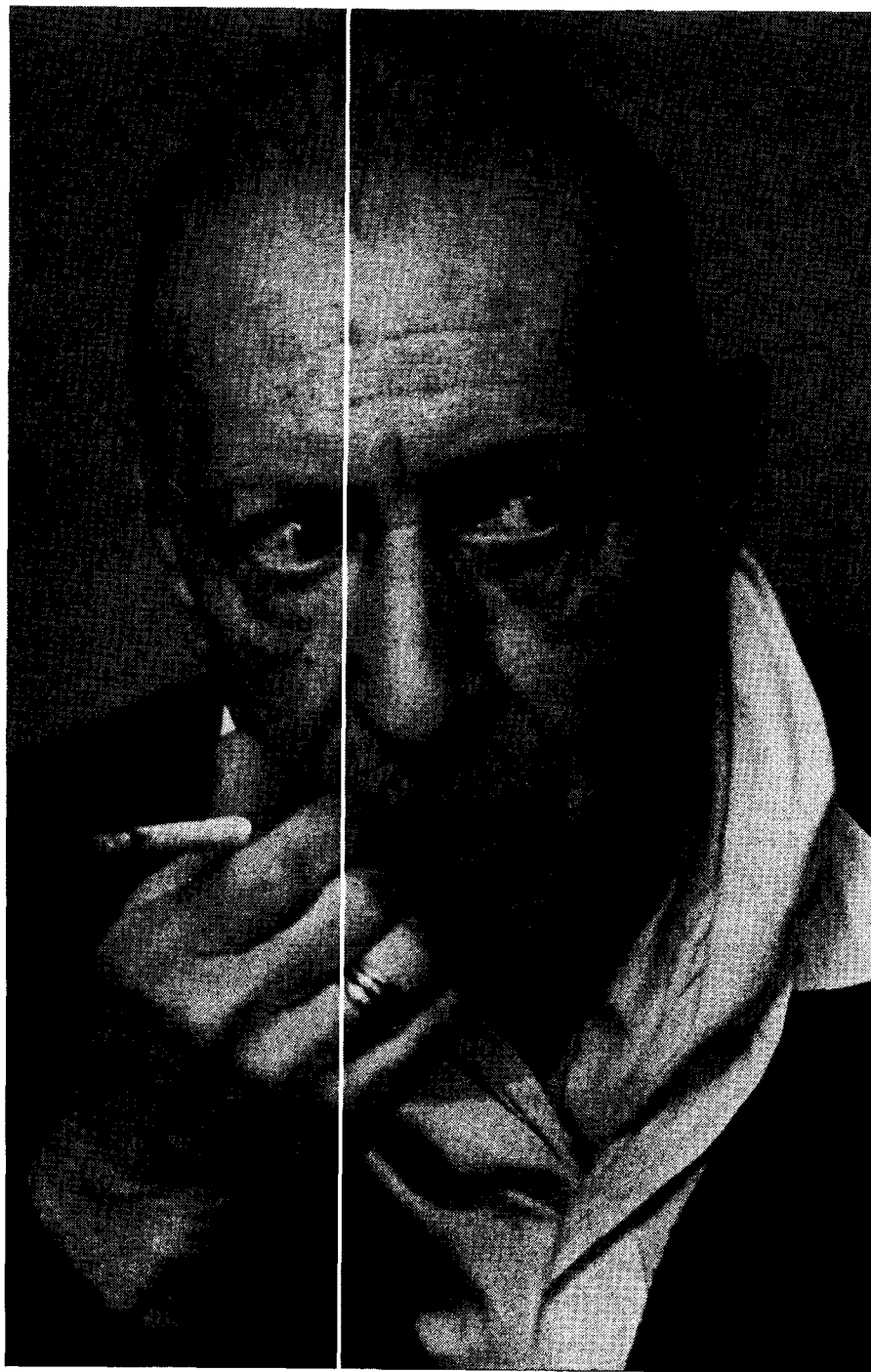
If audio reproduction had been the prime aim of tube designers, we would almost surely now have very simple two- or three-tube audio amplifiers. However, designers are responsive to demand, and nearly all present tubes were designed for one phase or another of radio reception and transmission. As a result, amplifiers now incorporate from five to twelve tubes, which feed one another, and are matched and paired to minimize and neutralize the eccentricities they show when they operate in the audio frequency-spectrum (you probably can hear from about 30 to about 15,000 vibrations per second) and in the audio power-range (of two successive organ tones, one may be 600 times more powerful than the other).

To modify and govern the performance of the tubes in an amplifier, several transformers commonly are needed, and up to 100 resistors and capacitors. To be critically frank, that's too many of everything for utter reliability. Nearly all the components change with age; and since they all interact, the near-perfect initial performance of any amplifier has a time limit attached. I have never had an amplifier that worked anywhere near perfectly for more than a year. (I *have* had one, briefly, that I am almost sure would have done so, but it cost \$1000!) The moral for shoppers is surely obvious: part of what you buy, when you buy an amplifier, is the assurance that you can have it checked regularly, reliably, promptly, and inexpensively. If your dealer is not equipped to do this, the geographical location of the amplifier-maker may be an important factor in your choice.

A second aspect of the radio orientation of tube designers, as it applies to home-music systems, is that the basic power amplifier is patterned to work from an input signal-strength of about one volt, the output available from a radio tuner or an old-style crystal phono-cartridge (or, as it happens, a tape recorder). However, the voltage of the signal supplied by a modern magnetic phono-cartridge is around 50 times smaller, below the detection range of the power amplifier. Hence the relatively recent development of a device to furnish the missing stage of amplification — the *preamplifier*.

In some of the more modestly priced high-fidelity amplifiers, the

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preamplifier is amalgamated with the main power amplifier. In other cases, however, it is offered as a separate unit, and has come to incorporate most of the music system's control features — the frontal knobs for volume, bass, treble, record-equalization, and sound-source selection; the rear input sockets for radio and TV tuner, phono-pickup, tape recorder, or what-have-you.

In this guise, it yields a certain buying flexibility, too. I know several people, the "heart" of whose music systems consists of a very modest power amplifier fed by a control preamplifier which cost twice as much, their obvious intent being to replace the modest power amplifier later with something more powerful and expensive. In the meantime, though their tympani crescendi may fall short of the ultimate crispness, they enjoy the most precise and convenient control imaginable over the proportions of their record-sound.

As has been hinted in the foregoing, the basic essentials of amplifier design are so well and widely understood that manufacturers competing within tacitly accepted price ranges can make products which cannot be

told apart by the unaided ear. Moreover, they do. Then, having done so, they add "special features," largely to lend distinction to their advertising. This, together with the number of models now being produced, makes it unwise for someone like me to try to write a brand-naming article. The only sensible mode of shopping guidance is a tour, so to speak, through the types and grades of amplifiers available, with a discursion on the features they embody.

First, let us consider the criteria individually: —

Price. |High-fidelity amplifiers range in price from about \$50 to \$1000. For the most part, price reflects workmanship and quality of components, meaning reliability and precise maintenance of standards advertised. In general, if the highest-priced 10-watt amplifier costs more than the lowest-priced 20-watt, the former is the safer buy.

Power. There is endless debate about this. One unassailable expert (a loudspeaker maker) points out that to convince an audience in Festival Hall, London, that they were hearing the equivalent of a "live" chorus and orchestra, he never had

to use more than 50 watts, and that this volume would be intolerable in a living room. Another, equally esteemed, expert (a dealer with a scholarly musical background) says he has never seen a musically sophisticated customer respond with satisfaction to anything less than a 60-watt amplifier. I'll commit myself to a halfway position: 30 watts in anything I consider a living room, no more than 30 feet long and 25 feet wide. For any 15-by-12 room, I should judge a clean 10 watts to be entirely adequate. Remember, though, that sometimes the easiest way to get a clean 10 watts is to buy 20.

Distortion. Three kinds of distortion are accounted for in amplifier advertising. One is frequency distortion, by which is meant that some pitches are produced louder than others. An amplifier innocent of this error is called "flat," but none is, quite. A reasonable degree of flatness (if you are spending, say, up to \$100) is described in the claim "plus or minus one db from 20 to 20,000 cycles per second." This means that the amplifier deviates from perfectly flat response by only one decibel throughout the audible tone range. Up in the \$200 area you can look for, and find, lower frequency-distortion ratings — a tenth of a decibel or less. In fact, in expensive amplifiers, frequency distortion is so low as not to be a choice factor.

Harmonic distortion, also usually mentioned in performance claims, is a result of the fact that electron-flow pulses, like any other vibrations, generate harmonics. The harmonics of a piano note we like, and want; they identify the piano as a piano. Harmonics generated within an amplifier we don't want. They are not unpleasant — most of them — but they are phony; they weren't part of the sound that went into the microphone to begin with.

Intermodulation distortion, about which manufacturers are touchier, is intrinsically unpleasant. It results when two tones are being processed by an amplifier, and some of the frequencies of one either cancel or reinforce some of those of another, actually creating thus a third "sum" or "difference" tone. This has no key relationship with either of the other tones; hence it is heard simply as a dissonant edge or quaver. When you hear something indefinably but decidedly harsh and irksome in reproduced sound, you are probably de-



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testing intermodulation distortion. That is the only thing good about it: it *can* be detected by the ear. Shoppers take note.

These varieties of distortion are counteracted in most current amplifiers, with differing degrees of success, by such expedients as the push-pull arrangement of output tubes and applications of negative feedback. In the latter, the distortion impulses in the final output-signal are fed back into an earlier stage of the circuit in mirror image, so to speak, and there effect a cancellation, or partial cancellation. As it happens, though, the wide use of negative feedback has aggravated another lurking problem: a tendency of some amplifiers to break into supersonic oscillations of some violence when they have to feed a fairly remote loudspeaker. In some cases this is caused by interaction between the electric impulses in the two leads to the loudspeaker. (Onetime short-wave enthusiasts may recall having to protect their antenna leads against this kind of interaction.) These supersonic oscillations cannot themselves be heard, of course — my own amplifier has an inclination to “ring” at 240,000 cycles per second, which even a bat can’t hear — but they do absorb power, and a good tweeter may injure itself trying to reproduce them. Also, they may generate subharmonics which *can* be heard, and are not pleasant. One good precaution is to connect a loudspeaker *not* with common, close-coupled lamp cord, but with FM-TV antenna twin-lead, in which the wires are kept well separated.

These distortion hazards have been met, and well met, in most respectable amplifier circuits. Still, quality control in the audio-electronics industry has by no means achieved utter perfection. For which reason it is not a bad idea, when you buy an amplifier, to ask the dealer to “run a few curves on it” with his test equipment, and copy the results for you. Offer to pay him for it, say \$5 or \$10. It’ll be a good investment. Even if you cannot make much of the findings (and they are usually pretty self-explanatory), the technician who runs the curves will be able to, and if he finds anything seriously amiss with the ampli-

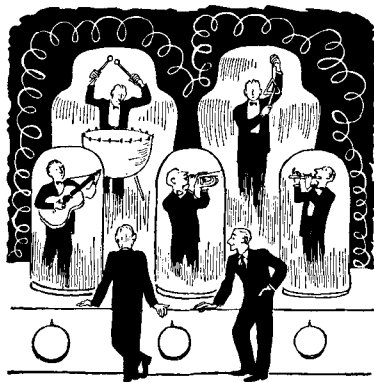
fier you are buying, he will be almost irresistibly tempted either to fix it for you or to get another unit from the stockroom. Also, you’ll have a written record of how your amplifier behaved when new, which may come in handy at a later date when you think it’s beginning to sound sour.

Among the tests you’ll want run are an intermodulation analysis and

a square-wave test, each at 1) the power level you’ll be using most — call it $1\frac{1}{2}$ watts — and 2) somewhere near the peak output power of the amplifier. Getting and having this documentation gives you a sort of prestige — you’ll be one of the boys; no use trying to hornswoggle *you*.

Now let us move around to what is commonly called the “front end.” In radio parlance this used to mean the tuning stages of a receiver. In high-fidelity terms it means the control and preamplification stage, including record-equalization and input selection in its scope. Whether the front end be a separate unit or mounted on the same chassis with the power amplifier, there are some features you may require.

As regards inputs, for instance. How many sound-source devices have you, or do you plan to have, which you will want to feed into your amplifier? One phonograph pickup, certainly. One radio tuner, FM, AM, or FM-AM. A TV tube-and-tuner assembly, minus sound? A second phono-pickup, if you want a precision turntable as well as a record changer? A tape recorder? A microphone, in case you get the tape recorder? (And would you want to be able to “fade in” the microphone?) A short-wave tuner (one is in the works now)? That adds up to a possible seven input sockets, two high-gain (the phono-pickups), the others low-gain, but two of them interconnected (the mike and recorder). Then, if you do include a tape recorder in your planning, what about an *output* socket, so that you can copy records and take down broadcasts? Not all front-end units have all these features. To be candid, I can’t think offhand of any that does, though some come close. The point is, you had better cogitate on your needs, and list them, before laying out any money.



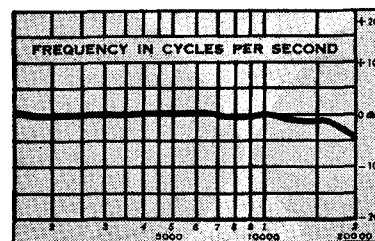
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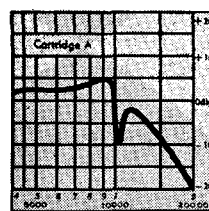
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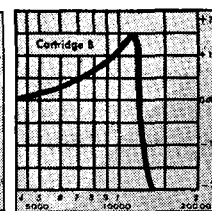
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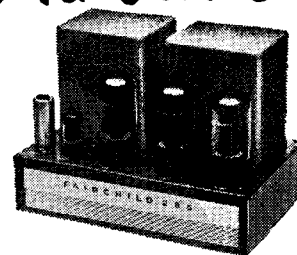


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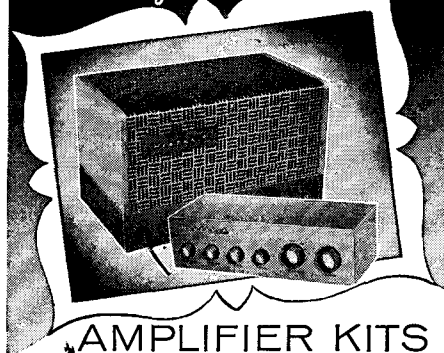
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And now controls. Any high-fidelity front end gives you separate bass and treble tone controls, a volume and/or loudness control (to be explained), perhaps some cutoff filters — to exclude by-products of low-frequency rumble or high-frequency oscillation — and record-equalization of varying versatility. Consider the last first.

In making disk records, all manufacturers cut down on bass volume below a certain point in the tone spectrum, to prevent the cutting stylus from swinging too widely and wasting space. They also increase treble volume, to mask out surface noise. The amplifier is supposed to neutralize these purposeful excesses in playback, restoring normal proportions to the reproduced sound. Hence the need for record-equalization.

Last year all U.S. record companies agreed on a common recording characteristic, called the RIAA (Record Industry Association of America) curve. Its bass diminution sets in at 500 cycles per second; its treble exaggeration attains 13.5 decibels at 10,000 cycles per second. Fine, but about 10,000 LPs late! Who wants to be limited to disks pressed not more than a year ago? And at that time there were at least four different recording characteristics in wide use. In order of importance, these are the equalizations a good high-fidelity control unit should be able to make: RIAA; NAB-Columbia; (old) AES (Audio Engineering Society); (old) London and RCA Victor; European 78-rpm. It vastly increases the versatility of record-equalization, too, if the bass (turnover) and treble equalization settings can be made separately. Do not confuse these controls with straight bass and treble tone controls, which are a useful adjunct to

equalization controls, but no substitute. Once in a while I turn down my treble, to "move" a screechy stand of fiddles a little farther from the recording microphone; otherwise I seldom use tone controls at all. The equalization does the trick.

The "loudness" control derives from the discovery that not all tone frequencies excite the ear equally effectively at all volume levels. The ear tends to "lose" high treble and low

bass at low volume. The loudness control compensates for this by raising the proportional loudness of these frequencies as overall volume is decreased. I never use a loudness control either — but then I do not live in a small urban apartment, where low-volume listening is sometimes the only alternative to no listening at all.

There are other "extras" offered now as features of the more pretentious and expensive amplifiers. One enjoying a strong current vogue is "variable damping." By this is meant that the amplifier compensates for certain structural and electromagnetic deficiencies of the loudspeaker — in particular, whatever tendencies it may have toward slackness in responding to the "start" and "stop" commands of the amplifier. In most cases, it focuses on certain tone areas in the loudspeaker's response — generally in the bass area. There is no doubt that it works, when the speaker needs it. There is also no doubt that the same effect can be procured by spending about the same amount of money and getting a better speaker.

A number of factors determine how well a speaker is self-damped. The most easily determined by the curious buyer is the flux density of the magnetic field between the speaker's voice-coil and the permanent magnet which gives it purchase for its movement. If the flux density is of the order of 15,000 gauss, say, you probably needn't worry much about special damping by the amplifier — you'd hardly be able to tell whether you had it or not.



Getting back out of the audio dream-world to practical shopping, let us endeavor to place the amplifier in its proper spot in the high-fidelity buying-budget. Perhaps arbitrarily, I will exclude from consideration as high-fidelity equipment any amplifiers lacking record-equalization controls — though there are some good and inexpensive separate preamplifier equalizers on the market. The smallest sum you can get by with is in the neighborhood of \$50. In this class there are several 10-watt amplifiers, made by reputable manufacturers, that can qualify as minimal hi-fi. They will serve well for people who, because of dwelling limitations, must content themselves with

small loudspeaker systems — shelf models or other “compact” varieties, costing not more than \$100 at most.

The next price-jump is about \$20, and the amplifiers then available are, as might be expected, slightly bigger, better versions of the minimal models. They may provide a couple more watts power, circuitry a little more refined, distortion measurably less, two

more single-knob record-equalization settings. There are always small manufacturers offering a little more: their products may be some of the few true and reliable bargains in the field. I have specifically in mind a dedicated concern which may by now have gone out of

business or begun constraining its largesse, though I hope not. Also special cases are the companies offering kits to be wired at home, and those who sell only by mail order direct from factory to customer. Both make possible very considerable savings, and I know of no firms now in these fields which are not highly reputable. To the novice eying the kit advertisements I will suggest that a power amplifier is easier to assemble than a preamplifier, though neither is forbiddingly difficult.

The next major price-grouping is in the \$100 area, and is really two groupings. In one, the minimal 10-watt amplifier has become a 20-watter, and has sprouted more control knobs than you can count, but there is still indefinably an atmosphere of a low-priced unit with elaborations and improvements. Among units of this nature, it is astute to shop from unit to unit of the same make and model; the workmanship may vary. You can get a cut-rate treasure or a disappointment.

The other grouping is completely different: it consists of small, mostly 10-watt models put out by firms mainly devoted to big, expensive, carefully crafted virtuoso amplifiers. Among these the precision of control will be good and the distortion levels impressively low, but the power range also will be audibly limited. They are ideal for people who listen very critically but in constricted quarters, and they deserve very good record-playing equipment and loudspeakers of their own genre, the very best of modestly rated units, carefully housed for the cleanest response. Among these am-

plifiers, it is interesting to note, the prevailing theme is sightliness: many need not be cabinet-mounted at all. They look perfectly respectable sitting on a table or a shelf. In general, they got this way through the willingness of their makers to compromise in the matter of output transformers, which are inevitably big (and expensive). The saving is in space and money, the sacrifice in power.

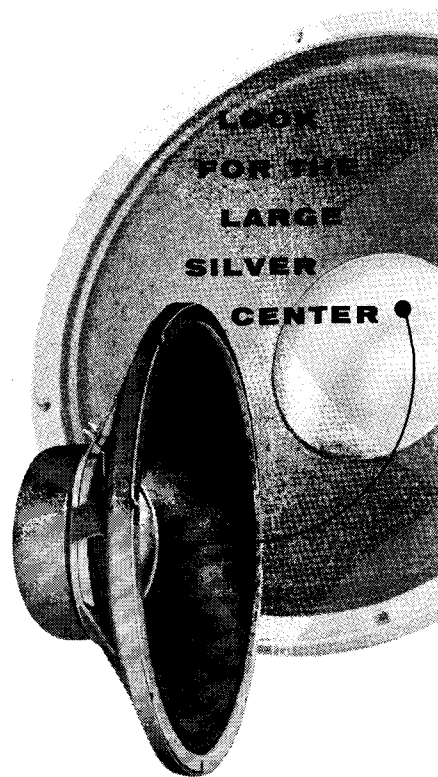
Graduation out of this stage to the next brings the whole discourse to an end. The next substantial grouping is in the \$200 area and, frankly, I know of no amplifier in this price class that cannot (at least with a little familiarity and ingenuity) be made to perform to almost any home-listener's satisfaction, unless he is a real fi-fanatic. At this stage special features (like variable damping, or lagniappe in the shape of spare input sockets) become important influences on choice, since basic performance is pretty hard to criticize.

This will be contested, of course, by the man still devoted to the everlasting task of trying to make his living room sonically indistinguishable from Symphony Hall on Saturday night. For him, the next spurt in the lighthearted Watts Handicap (85 here! Anyone make it 112?) will continue to be the News of the Day. For the rest of us, it need not be. With what we have now, music can be pretty well served.

Record Reviews

Bizet: Symphony in C Major; Overture: “Patrie” (Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London LL-1186: 12" LP). There is also available a new Angel recording of this same combination, played by André Cluytens and the French National Orchestra. I have not heard it, but I do not see how it could be any better than this, which is Schubertian enough to induce wonder that Ansermet has not recorded any Schubert. Still, despite satisfaction herewith, I confess to a yen for an attempt on this symphony by Beecham.

Borodin: Symphony No. 2 in B Minor with Tchaikovsky: Suite No. 1 in D Major (Dimitri Mitropou-



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los conducting New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML-4966: 12" LP). Either I am going through a Borodin period (perhaps brought on by my not having seen *Kismet*) or this is a whopping good reading of the Second Symphony; it really made me sit up and tingle. Mitropoulos not only imparts the proper pomp and fury; he also makes the Philharmonic sound like a truly great orchestra. The Tchaikovsky suite too is given sumptuous treatment; plenty of throbbing, keening, and just plain beautiful melody. Columbia's fi is beyond reproach, too.

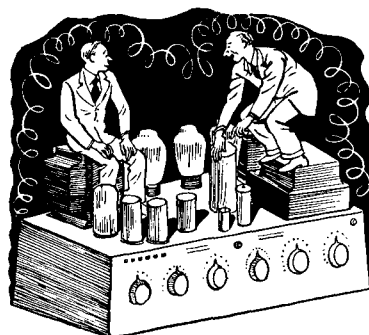
Britten: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* with **Saint-Saëns: *Carnival of the Animals*** (Igor Markevitch conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Peter Pears narrator in the *Guide*; Geza Anda and Bela Siki pianists in the *Carnival*; Angel-35135: 12" LP). The *Carnival* is as good as several other excellent versions on the market. The *Guide* is the first on records to use narration, which I think adds to its appeal. However, unless my memory fails, the original narrative (the work was written as a children's film feature) had rhymes and touches of humor absent here. Other versions are forthcoming — Mercury offering Deems Taylor, Vox presenting young Brandon de Wilde. Peter Pears recites beautifully, and Markevitch leads a fine performance, but I think I'd wait.

Elgar: Violin Concerto in B Minor (Campoli, violin; Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1168: 12"). Certainly there are Brahmsian tinges in this concerto, as if Elgar were a British Brahms, assured that the classical forms could remain expressive if the composer had something to express. For him they could, anyway; here are mature tenderness and fortitude, direct and communicative, inventive and unafraid. It is good to have, and there are no faults to be found with the honest interpreters, nor with the London engineers. Highly recommended.

Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto in E Minor with Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto in D (Zino Francescatti, violin; Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML-4965: 12"). No one can accuse recording companies of having neglected the Mendelssohn concerto, but no other version in my possession

can compare with this rich and sensitive rendition, magnificently recorded. The Tchaikovsky is fine too, though I think I would have to rate it second to Oistrakh's performance on Decca.

Ravel: *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* (Ernest Ansermet conducting Flore Wend, Suzanne Danco, Hugues Cuenod, other soloists; Geneva Motet Choir; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London LL-1180: 12"). Here with we get a complete score and translation, and the very artists almost anyone would have chosen to set forth best Colette's and Ravel's wonderful, whimsical latter-day masterpiece. Moreover, their efforts have



been taken down with admirable sonic fidelity. What happened, who knows? Maybe nothing, except that I have heard, and own, the aging Columbia recording, apparently transcribed from a French radio broadcast, and that beside its effortless enchantment the new version sounds left-footed and pathetic. Perhaps the answer is that 3ML-4153 was an inspired performance; perhaps you'd better hurry and buy it. It may not be around forever. For anyone who doesn't know, *L'Enfant* is a ballet-opera detailing the rehabilitation of a wicked child by the household and garden victims of his misdeeds, magically come alive and articulate. It's terrific.

Respighi: *Church Windows; Roman Festivals* (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50046: 12"). *Church Windows* is new to LP, and the sinuous sonorities of *Feste Romane* have not been so well served up since de Sabata's performance for Deutsche Grammophon on 78s. Very worth while.

Sitwell-Walton: *Façade* (Dr. Edith Sitwell and Peter Pears, readers; Anthony Collins conducting English Opera Group chamber orchestra; London LL-1133). *Said the navy-blue ghost of Mr. Belaker, the allegro negro cocktail shaker . . .* excuse me, com-

pulsive quoting. No one should be without this exhilarating poetico-musical stimulant, endlessly enjoyable. The new recording offers Peter Pears, *very* tastefully alternating with Dr. Sitwell, and superb high fidelity. The older Columbia record (10-inch, a dollar cheaper) offers lower fi, one minor poem less, and Dr. S. almost uninterrupted and in noticeably livelier spirits. I'd take the Columbia, but neither will disappoint.

Verdi: *La Traviata* (Renata Tebaldi, Gianni Poggi, Aldo Protti, other soloists; Francesco Pradelli conducting chorus and orchestra of Saint Cecilia Academy, Rome; London LLA-26: three 12" with libretto). The trouble with this set is Miss Tebaldi's Violetta, the like of which you may never hear again. Any Alfredo who could desert such a Violetta (I decided halfway through Act II) ought to spend Act III in a basket-weaving class at a suitable institution, getting himself straightened out. She is that good. No one else is, in the recording, which gives a fighting chance to the elderly Toscanini version, conducted in cantata style on RCA Victor LM-6003.

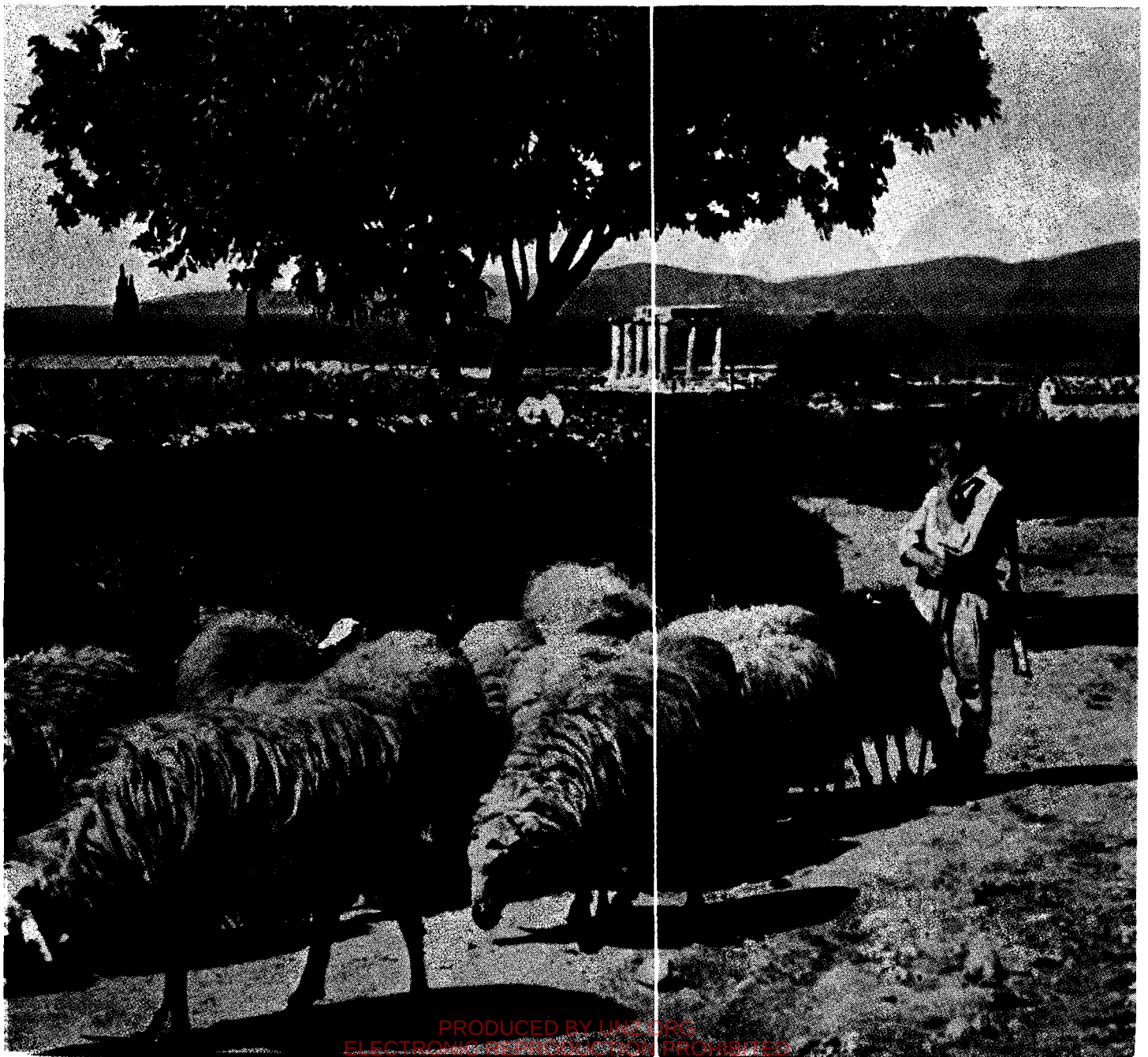
Villa-Lobos: Trio, Quartet, and Quintet for Wood Winds (New Art Wind Quintet; Westminster WL-5360: 12"). Only the quintet has the distinctive free form and Brazilian flavor we anticipate from Villa-Lobos, but the other works, though conventionally styled, are vivid and interesting. The sound is quite extraordinarily lifelike, almost uncanny.

Elizabethan and Jacobean Music (Alfred Deller, countertenor; Desmond Dupré, lute; Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord, with consort of viols; Vanguard BG-539: 12"). Alfred Deller can sound manly singing alto, no mean feat, and he knows his sixteenth-century music perfectly. The artists alternate throughout twelve works by Dowland, Morley, Campian, and others; so the record amounts to a concert, not monotony. The recording is superb.

Everyman, a Moral Play (Burgess Meredith, other players; Caedmon TC-1031: 12"). Beautifully rendered into modern English, the fifteenth-century morality play proves surprisingly gripping, as *Everyman*, summoned by Death, finds himself deserted by worldly comforters — Fellowship, Goods, Knowledge, Strength — and left to confront the Almighty with no supporter but Good Deeds. Excellently performed.

PERSPECTIVE OF GREECE

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT



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GREECE TODAY

This supplement is the fourth in a series which is being published at intervals by *The Atlantic Monthly* to bring to readers in the United States a representative sampling of the literary and artistic achievements of other cultures and other countries. The three collections which preceded this one were *Perspective of India*, *Perspective of Holland and Belgium*, and *Perspective of Japan*. Supplements devoted to the Arab Countries, Indonesia, and Brazil are in preparation and will appear in the *Atlantic* in the months to come.



Natalia Kostandinidis

These supplements have been assembled, in co-operation with the *Atlantic* editorial staff, by Intercultural Publications Inc., a nonprofit corporation established by The Ford Foundation in 1952. They represent one aspect of the Foundation's extensive international program which seeks, through support of a variety of projects, to increase mutual understanding among the free nations and thus to strengthen the bases of world peace.

In this effort Intercultural Publications Inc. concentrates on the exchange of ideas and of literary and artistic materials through publications. Its major vehicle is *Perspectives USA*, a quarterly magazine of work by American writers and artists which is produced in four languages and distributed in over sixty countries. Intercultural Publications has also prepared a series of anthologies in translation for distribution by foreign publishers.

Perspective of India, *Perspective of Holland and Belgium*, *Perspective of Japan*, and *Perspective of Greece* reverse the flow of *Perspectives USA*, bringing a selection of foreign work to the attention of American readers. The editors of the *Atlantic* and the directors of Intercultural Publications hope that these exchanges will encourage greater awareness and deeper understanding of the countries and cultures for which the contributors to our pages are such compelling spokesmen.

The Atlantic Monthly

PERSPECTIVE OF GREECE

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

Introduction	LINCOLN MACVEAGH	100
The Modern Greeks	GEORGE THEOTOKAS	101
In the Greek Islands. <i>Illustrated</i>	ANDREAS KARANDONIS	106
Where Greece Stands Today	STEPHEN G. XYDIS	113
The Sea Gulls. <i>A Story</i>	ELIAS VENEZIS	117
Eternal Athens	C. P. RODOCANACHI	120
Some Aspects of Modern Greek Art	MANOLIS HADJIDAKIS	127
Reproductions of Greek Art	CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS	129
The Funeral Games. <i>A Story</i>	COSMAS POLITIS	139
Literary Renaissance	C. TH. DIMARAS	142
The Language Problem	CONSTANTINE TSATSOS	143
Coming into Poros Harbor	HENRY MILLER	147
Orpheus in Hades. <i>A Story</i>	KAY C. CELLIS	149
Archaeology in Greece. <i>Illustrated</i>	GEORGE MYLONAS	153
To the Country of Statues. <i>A Story</i>	STRATIS MYRIVILIS	160
POETRY		
Before the First Coming	TAKIS PAPATZONIS	105
The Return of Odysseus	NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS	110
The Isles of Greece	DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS	125
Expecting the Barbarians	CONSTANTINE KAVAFIS	126
I Know the Night No Longer	ODYSSEUS ELYTIS	141
Daybreak	ANDRIAS EMBIRIKOS	146
Poetry 1948	NIKOS ENGONOPOULOS	148
Two Octaves	KOSTIS PALAMAS	152
Three Poems	GEORGE SEFERIS	158
Unrecorded. <i>Illustrated</i>	ANGEIOS SIKELIANOS	165
A Chronology of Greek History		166
Some Suggested Readings		167
A Glossary of Greek Words		167
A Map of Greece	DOROTHY DE FONTAINE	168

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INTRODUCTION

by *Lincoln MacVeagh, former Ambassador to Greece*

THE inclusion of Greece in this *Atlantic* series of "Perspectives" on the countries of the free world is highly appropriate. Being perhaps the most intensively as well as the longest studied of all those countries, she might have been left out as needing no new appraisal at this time. But the very fact of our having learned so much about Greece makes it difficult to see her as she is. Facts and opinions about her, emanating from many sources over the whole course of history, come to mind immediately her name is mentioned, and this is confusing. Perhaps of no country could it more truly be said that she requires to be better known because she is already known so well. Certainly none is in greater need of being seen in perspective.

Take the foreground position we tend to give to "Ancient" Greece, consciously or unconsciously, whenever Greece is spoken of. Someone has truly said that reading about this or that foreign country must be, to many Americans, "like going home." If that is so, then reading about Greece must be, to nearly all of us, like going home to mother. She is indeed the mother of our civilization and for many centuries our scholars have been gathering information about her ancient way of life for the light this throws on the development of the whole Western world. But this way of approaching her, which still conditions the average American's view of Greece, can be of only very limited assistance in any attempt to understand her as she is.

Or take our thinking about what is still too often called "Modern" Greece, though the age of Otto is today as dead as that of Pericles. We have not studied the Greece of the nineteenth century to anything like the same extent that we have studied Ancient Greece. But there was a time in the first half of that century when she was of intense interest to the whole Western world. Much of what was written about her then is even now unforgotten, and the almost wholly incredible character dreamed up for her by Byron and other romantic sympathizers in her War of Independence against the Turks still clings to her. Had the West continued its interest in what went on in Greece after her independence was achieved, we might now be more aware than we are of the fact that she was never so much romantic in herself as the source of romance in others, and we might appreciate better the truly heroic toughness and resiliency which enabled her to achieve a new culture for herself in less than a century. We tend to see Modern Greece very much in the light of Europe's nineteenth-century Romantic Movement, and as this is to see even that Greece only partially and contemporary Greece not at all,

the need for an improved focus is again apparent.

With the longest history of any country in Europe, Greece has had as many lives as the proverbial cat, and has died as many deaths. She has been invaded and conquered, in whole or in part, by foreigners of almost every description, among others by Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Gauls, Goths, Slavs, Franks, Normans, Sicilians, Genoese, Florentines, Navarrese, Venetians, Catalans, Turks, and Germans, and from each of these in her long and repeatedly successful struggle to "lead captivity captive," she has derived certain cultural elements which she has made her own.

The following articles, stories, poems, and reproductions of works of art by modern Greeks will not, I think, surprise us if we keep these things in mind. They reveal a culture which is by no means a mere survival of the classical and romantic traditions so well known to us, but which is a fusion of many elements. They also do much more than this, since they make us feel its quality. On the surface, there could hardly be a closer association than now exists between America and Greece. Since our declaration of the Truman Doctrine in 1947, we have shown an understanding not only of the importance to us of the independence and territorial integrity of Greece, but also of the great step forward she has taken on the international stage in composing her age-long differences with Turkey and allying herself with that country on the present frontiers of freedom.

Despite our acceptance of the new importance of their country, we tend to think of the Greek people too much in the patronizing manner of a generation ago, when archaeology and philanthropy accounted for most of our interest in Greece. It is true that in recent years we have supplemented these feelings with a large measure of admiration for the basic qualities of heart and mind among the Greeks which alone could explain their devotion to the very ideals of heaven and home which we cherish. We have thought of this development as "The Greek Miracle," and have not even glimpsed the lesson it so clearly teaches of essential fellowship between us and them. To bring that lesson fully home, the following selective "sampling" of their literary and artistic achievements cannot of course be sufficient. But it does give us an opportunity, through direct acquaintance with their manner of thinking and feeling, to reinforce our present relationship with a greater measure of comprehension. In so doing it may facilitate an adjustment of focus which is so urgently needed for a proper perspective on Greece today.

THE MODERN GREEKS

An Interpretation of National Characteristics

by GEORGE THEOTOKAS

1

WHO are the modern Greeks? What is their origin? How did their national character come to be formed? Greeks today speak a language which, though not the ancient Attic tongue, is nevertheless, in a modernized form, a genuine Greek language. As a nation we have undoubtedly maintained some very ancient traditions. I know of villages, on my native island, where one may find records dating back to the fifteenth century. Common peasant families may there trace their ancestry as far back as the period of the Byzantine Empire. But again, who were the ancient Greeks and who the Byzantines?

At no time in history does there appear to have existed a pure Greek race. The ancient Hellenes were an ethnic mixture of prehistoric Mediterranean peoples and of northern invaders who, in successive waves, overran the country in the millennium before Christ. After the campaigns of Alexander the Great (336-323 B.C.) the Greeks spread across Asia Minor and other East Mediterranean regions, where they assimilated many foreign elements. From these blendings, there developed that Hellenism which was to gain ascendancy over the Byzantine Empire (330-1453) and, even after its fall, to continue to influence the culture of the Western world. A Greek tradition, constantly renewed and transmuted, was kept alive in Greece itself throughout the Middle

Ages. Then the Turks came in the fifteenth century and conquered all but a few islands of Greece. Principally because the Turks were Moslems and the Greeks Christian, there was little cultural interpenetration between them. Thus the Greeks who after bitter struggles regained their independence early in the nineteenth century were essentially the same as their ancestors of Byzantine times.

Many and various have been the factors which have molded the modern Greek character. There is no certain way of proving the influence exercised by natural environment upon the mind and soul of a people. Yet the natural beauty of Greece has always been of such paramount importance in the life of the people that it seems to have left its indelible mark on our mentality.

The intensity of the light in Greece — that unique transparency of atmosphere — the brilliant reflector of the sun on the sea, the clear, delicate, yet firm lines of the mountains against the sky, the endless variety of an ever-changing scenery, have deeply impressed every sensitive traveler. He becomes aware of beauty in a complete, finalized form, of an expression of the universe — simple, tangible, intimate, yet incomparable in its purity. The traveler becomes alive to the intellectual and moral significance of a natural environment seemingly fashioned to man's stature, to its teaching of a sense of proportion. In Greece the sea, the forest, the mountains, the climate, the elements, do not dwarf, do not debase man but give him stature. Nature is in harmony with man and yields to him the privilege of being the center and the measure of the universe.

Because he has been shaped in this environment, the Greek, when expressing his personality, will tend toward clarity, delicacy, and fine balance —

Born in 1906, GEORGE THEOTOKAS studied law at the University of Athens, continuing his general studies in Paris and London. His writings include a series of novels, Argo (published in English), The Demon, Leonis, The Sacred Way, a number of plays, and his recently published volume, An Essay on America. He was General Director of the National Theater of Greece when it visited New York in 1952.

which is Nature herself — limpid, harmonious, and comprehensible. There is no room in the Greek mind for the colossal, the gigantic, nor for frenzy and confusion. We see this spirit in Greek art, irrespective of the various styles affected at one period or another. Yet Greek art has never been exclusive. From the earliest times it has always been ready and willing to adopt methods, teachings, and elements from East and West alike. But Greece has almost always assimilated such acquisitions, adapted them to her character, somehow humanized them and brought them all into harmony with the Greek measure.

Two other physical features deserve mention: Greece is nearly as mountainous as Switzerland and almost as insular as Great Britain. Mountains cover over three quarters of the land area, with small plains between the rocky ranges. Islands make up a considerable part of the country (the Peloponnesos itself is, strictly speaking, an island). But even the greater part of the Greek mainland, with its countless capes and promontories, its bays and harbors, is so much washed by the sea that it, too, takes on an almost insular character, particularly as the mountains isolate so many regions. This geography has produced a strong sense of independence and an inflexible attitude toward external enemies.

On the other hand, the sea — ever present — tends to broaden the imagination, to awaken a strange curiosity and longing for far-away shores. The sea sharpens and cultivates the mind, instilling in the restless spirit a lust for adventure, for the unknown. Throughout history it has prompted the Greek to become either a sailor or an emigrant, to get to know, like Ulysses, "the towns and spirit of many peoples," to set up colonies of Greeks all over the world. Yet the mysterious call of the sea is not the sole reason for the traditional tendency of Greeks to emigrate. There is also the pressure of poverty.

Greece has always been poor. One of the oldest Greek myths is the epic of Jason setting out with his companions in the good ship *Argo* in quest of the Golden Fleece, the substance of wealth which was missing from the radiant but barren rocks of their own country. Even today, though much technical progress has been achieved during the last thirty years, Greece is unable to offer her people an adequate living standard. The great landed properties were expropriated by the state a generation ago and parceled out among the indigent peasantry. But the average plot assigned to each peasant family is insufficient and keeps shrinking further with the increase of population. Modern farming methods have been adopted, numerous factories founded, and large reclamation projects completed. Yet official statistics tell us that two million Greeks, or fully one fourth of the total population, are still destitute.

The poverty of the soil, combined with the other factors mentioned, has made the Greek resourceful — again I think of Ulysses — has given him mental adaptability and adroitness and has taught him how "to get juice out of a stone." At the same time there has remained in Greece, much as in the days of Thucydides, a kind of permanent restlessness, an underlying discontent of Greek with Greek, as well as an inherent fickleness in political affairs. And sometimes the recollection of poverty and of the lack of opportunity produces in successful Greeks who have amassed a fortune a rather embarrassing display of wealth.

2

IN GREECE the memory of her ancient past has lingered on to this day. Byzantine Hellenism kept the flame of classical learning alive until it could be passed on to Western Europe in the Renaissance. During the long years of Turkish domination (1453–1821) the memory of the glories of Ancient Hellas grew into a legend, kindling the national pride and stirring hope for a reawakening in Greece. The learned used classical literature and history to stimulate national consciousness and morale in the people, to inspire them by holding up the example of their ancestors. The names of Marathon, Thermopylae, and Salamis became hallowed symbols of that fighting spirit which was to free Greece from new conquerors who, like the Persians, had come from Asia. Homer, the ancient tragedians, Thucydides, Plato, and Aristotle became heralds of the Greek War of Independence.

Yet this reverence for the great thinkers and writers of the past was not merely the result of a reborn nationalism. However one may apply their words, in the end they will point to a certain attitude toward life, to a certain conception of man's lot upon earth. The classical Greek spirit acknowledges man's ignorance and his limitations. It rejects every kind of fanaticism and despotism, whether political or intellectual. It seeks truth and beauty, aims at perfection in art and thought, but, prompted by the nature of the country, pursues these objectives with a sense of measure. Because man's personality is the only true source of intellectual creativeness and social development it constitutes life's greatest good. Yet only in a climate of freedom is it possible for man to create and to achieve a sense of happiness. Freedom requires courage, which is action and struggle. Some phrases contained in the ancient texts, to this day commonly used by Greeks, are eloquent of this spirit: "The one thing I know is that I know nothing"; "Measure in all things is best"; "Happiness demands freedom and freedom demands courage." An immortal way of life and thought is reflected in these simple words, and in many others like them, a way which for centuries has molded the spirit of the Greek people.

Christianity in Greece did not clash with the ancient culture nor did it aim at suppressing or abolishing it. On the contrary, the early Christians made use of the ancient lore to help them in their own spiritual development and in the propagation of their faith and thus greatly enriched Christianity. Out of these influences the Greek Orthodox Church was born, at once as a religion, a form of worship, and a theology. Greek classical culture introduced a sense of measure into dogmatic conceptions, clear and harmonious forms into art, logical reasoning into the search for truth and the formulation of thought. Christianity was wedded to Hellenism and absorbed precise and balanced forms in accordance with the traditional Greek genius.

Adapting itself ever more closely to the atmosphere of the land, the Orthodox faith has influenced Greek life to its very roots and has become an inseparable part of it. We have here an enlightened, warm, and liberal religion, made to man's stature. The church is democratic. Its teachings are clear and intelligible, suited to the Greek mentality. The moral attitude of the church is humanitarian and lenient. Its symbols are familiar to everyone. Its worship rests on a succession of cheerful symbolic feast days rhythmically following the seasons of the year. The greatest and most splendid religious festival in Greece is Easter, the Feast of Spring, which in the consciousness of the people expresses not only the dogma of Resurrection but also Nature's eternal rebirth. "Easter so pleasant, in joy one another we embrace . . ." goes the church choral in dance rhythm. The blessing of St. John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed, adds, "Hades, it is said, was subdued when finding You below. It was subdued and verily abolished. It was subdued and verily derided. It was subdued and verily put to death. It was subdued and verily exterminated . . ." A death-defying triumph of life, joy, and love of all people in the sun and the green of April — that is the message contained in this culminating feast in the religious life of the Greeks.

Another great spiritual force which has left deep imprints on the psychology of the Greek people is the memory of the Byzantine Empire. For centuries after its fall Byzantium lived on in their imagination as some kind of Paradise Lost, a great, glorious, mythical country of their own which had been submerged in the darkness of time. The more painful and humiliating the stark reality of enslavement became, the more the national memory would embellish that period of splendor when Hellenism had constituted the greatest power in Europe and the Byzantine capital, Constantinople, had held a position similar to that later occupied by Paris. This nostalgia gradually bred an ideal which became known as "The Great Idea." This was the dream of re-establishing the old Empire which would include most of the Balkans and Asia Minor. It was to be a motive power in Greek society during

the whole of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries.

After the military disaster of 1922 in Asia Minor and the exchange of populations between Greece and Turkey, there occurred a radical change in the political orientation and objectives of the Greek people. Forgotten were the dreamy ambitions of an empire. Greece made friends with her neighbors and has pursued a policy of peaceful progress. But in the soul of the Greeks there remains a note of complaint that history has treated them unfairly, that they had no share in the flowering of European civilization in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. When, at the beginning of the nineteenth century they re-entered the family of European nations they felt that they no longer held pride of place but were relegated to the position of "poor relations." Modern Greek literature clearly reflects the inner conflicts of the Greek soul torn, as it is, between the absorbing spell of the past and the impelling necessity for a new, original life of its own.

3

THANKS to her geographical position and historical circumstances Greece has always been at the crossroads of the most varied influences. Her whole culture has never ceased to adopt and to adapt alien elements. Down through history, West and East have always met on Greek soil, sometimes clashing with, and at other times complementing each other.

Basically Greece has always belonged to the Western world. Greece gave the West some of its most fundamental principles, such as free philosophical and scientific thought and its bearer, man's emancipated personality. European civilization was born from the combined influences of the classical Greek spirit, of the Roman conceptions of state and law, and of the Christian doctrines. In Greece, Rome was something more than a mere foreign conqueror. Rome borrowed much Greek culture but in return she gave Greece her state organization and legal science. Roman law was completely integrated into the lives of the Greek people and became the cornerstone of society, which it remained even during the years of Turkish occupation. Under the Turks the Greeks managed to maintain their religious life and their communal self-government, as well as their own ecclesiastical courts which interpreted Roman law as it had been modified and completed by the Byzantine emperors.

Nevertheless, Turkish oppression proved a terrible ordeal. For four centuries Greece was cut off from the rest of Europe. The people were forcibly subjected to Asiatic influences. Such tyranny left ugly wounds in the nation's soul. Many daring young men refused to go on living under the Turkish

rule. They took up arms, banded together in partisan groups, and lived a free life in the mountains. Soon this resistance gave rise to heroic and romantic legends among the population. Popular ballads celebrated the struggle in a tone reminiscent of Homeric epics. From these independent fighters, the *Klephs*, was born the military tradition of the modern Greeks, their collective pride, and the spirit of their national struggles which have always been conducted under the banner of freedom. In the towns and plains the subject people eked out their existence, filled with uneasiness and melancholy at the presence of the foreign conquerors. Something of this psychological attitude has remained typical of the modern Greek, as has his mistrust of government and of any organized authority. There also were those among the population who curried favor with the Turks, sought to serve and flatter them, and then to deceive them. These people developed a roguish cunning and lost some of their self-respect.

Greek psychology today still reflects our history. We meet men worthy of the highest praise for their independence of character, their generosity, and their superior morality. Then we meet those who, psychologically, appear to be still in fetters, still retain some of the sadness of the once enslaved Greeks, some of their fear of life, of their indolence, or their cunning. We shall also find the type of person who, unconsciously suffering under the memory of foreign tyranny, seeks release through a desire to enslave others, to tyrannize a family, an office staff, or, if he holds some position of authority, the common citizen, or even, at times, a whole nation.

In modern times the efforts the Greeks have made to rejoin Europe and catch up with lost progress have been hard and often painful. But there was no time to lose. The industrial revolution had begun in the West and conditions of life were changing. Moreover, in Eastern Europe new national groups were taking up arms prepared to stake out fresh territorial claims. Struggling against heavy material obstacles, often further hampered by bitter internal controversy, the Greeks did whatever they could to bring their nation up to a modern standard. From England and France they copied political ideas such as the parliamentary system. From France, too, they borrowed the organization of law courts as well as administrative procedure. The university system and most scientific methods were copied from Germany. In the field of art and letters Greece was very much influenced by Italy and then later by France. Intellectual and social ideas were absorbed from all over Europe.

There is no doubt that many mistakes were made in this wholesale assimilation, but how could they have been avoided? Often the Greeks were carried away by a tendency towards indiscriminate imitation, rashly adopting habits and ways of thinking

which were ill suited to the character of the people and so bound to fail. But in many spheres this fusion of the Greek and the modern European spirit was effected naturally and harmoniously.

4

DESPITE its long and troubled history, Greece today is a young nation: its emotional pattern has the freshness of youth, its imagination is that of an adolescent, its spontaneity is sometimes almost primitive. This is the same nation which cherishes so many old memories and preserves traits formed in different eras, long ago. Its personality is complex, worked and fashioned by many a century. Yet Greece is far from tired. It is actually renewing itself constantly, ready to start out afresh every so often in quest of a better and brighter existence.

The Greek is a good soldier and sailor. Within the limited period of his newly found independence he has produced noteworthy military leaders. He is easily capable of heroism and self-sacrifice when he fights for freedom. But he wants to know for what he is fighting and to convince himself that the cause is just.

As a people the Greeks are fond of dispute, at all times ready to argue over anything, to question and to criticize endlessly, stating their views. They have a passion for truth but are no fanatics. They do not seem to be deeply attached to any particular ideology.

The Greek loves life. He believes that the world is beautiful and that it is worth enjoying with one's body and one's soul. He holds that man is the center of the universe and that he is good. He has confidence in man and respects him. The Greek is generous. He has a very well-developed sense of hospitality and is always ready to help others. He is a confirmed individualist by nature, inclined to make his own world, free from outside interference, where he may achieve his own happiness and, if possible, through his life's work leave something of himself to posterity. He abhors tyranny and often misinterprets the meaning of the state, seeing it as an encroachment upon his liberties, which leads him to oppose law and order.

In politics modern Greece has produced two prominent personalities of international significance: Count John Capodistria, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and Eleftherios Venizelos, a century later. The country has had many able politicians but it can hardly be claimed that Greek public life has attained anything near an ideal level. Generally, I should say, the modern Greeks have not yet developed that sense of organization and team spirit which is so essential in the world of today. Conversely, their talents and capabilities often bring exceptional results wherever individual initiative is in itself sufficient.

Greeks have a distinct aptitude for intellectual

work. During the last one hundred and fifty years they have made valuable contributions in theoretical science, archaeology, history, and law. There have likewise been a number of eminent physicians. In the field of the arts, literature is doubtless in the forefront. The really important milestones in the intellectual life of the nation have been left by the poets — Dionysios Solomos, Andreas Kalvos, Kostis Palamas, Constantine Kavafis, Angelos Sikelianos, and two famous men of letters, true guiding spirits of the nation, Adamantios Koraïs and John Psycharis. We also find interesting developments in plastic art, in music, and the theater.

Heretofore her statesmen, writers, and heroes have given substance to the life of the nation. But in the immediate future modern society and technocracy will demand of Greece a fresh and enormous effort of psychological and intellectual reorientation. If the Greeks wish to hold their own and advance within the civilized world to which they belong they will need a more up-to-date social consciousness, better organization, more scientific methods, deeper thinking, and correspondingly capable leaders. Let us hope that those virtues with which the Greeks have shown themselves endowed — humanity, courage, intelligence, and a sense of measure — will see them through.

Translated by Conn Hadjilia

BEFORE THE FIRST COMING

by Takis Papatzoni s

I feel myself to be a man disgraced
walking nightlong and daylong beyond the paling
of a garden lush with fountains and flowers,
waiting in vain for the great gate to open again
and to admit me.

And I am tired with the remembrance only
of the evil life I have lived to this day.
And I am downhearted because I am thwarted now
when I wish to lie down under the foliage of the
shadow of grace.

And the dumb beasts, the hens and the hares,
the pigeons and bats, wander freely in the bushes;
the honey bees sing, and the snails,
after the rain, proceed in their Easter barouches.
Only I, by the paling, like a poacher or beggar
expelled by the gardeners and the wicked servants
come near to dying in the oppressive dampness
of whole winter nights in the freezing north
winds.

Nor can I flee again into the city of noise
where I behold the embrace of evil opening for me
with a warm welcome. For I am gripped
with nausea at the sight of her only.

I cry out, I cry out by the threshold of the
outer door,

I cry out like a false prophet, derided by all:
Open the church for me at least that I may go
there where you suffer the stray tramps of the
moun ains.

But no mercy is heard for the entreating voice.
Punishment buffets me about like snowbeaten
winter

like unbearable cold, with no fire, no bed,
no roof, no food, nor pity, nor forgiveness,
and snowbound Christmas approaches.

The shepherds take down their flutes, dust off the
church organs,
and the Magi watch the heavens daylong and
nightlong

to find the star of the newly born Infant God.
A small ray of life and warmth like a glowworm
behind a hedge in a dead midnight of vigilance
reaches even to me. Can it be they will come for
me also,

the angels, the village visitors, with their joyful
carolin g?

Translated by Kimon Friar

IN THE GREEK ISLANDS

A Marine – Agrarian Culture

by ANDREAS KARANDONIS

1

SEVERAL famous seas, rich in historical significance and adorned by the most beautiful legends of antiquity, wash and embrace Greece on all sides. Over these seas Odysseus wandered on his long return to Ithaca. Homer, in *The Odyssey*, depicted his adventures in island after island — his shipwrecks, his struggles with sea monsters, his liaisons with goddesses, nymphs, and princesses. Thus, from the time Greece began to have a poetry, the seas and islands played a major role in it.

Traveling these seas, the fleets and merchant ships of the ancient Greeks disseminated civilization and increased human understanding; they fought the barbarians, hindered the incursion of Asia into the West, and spread Hellenism as far as the shores of Asia Minor and Egypt, of Italy and France, and through all the Mediterranean. It might be said that from the start the sea was the spirit of Greece and the islands the embodiment of that spirit.

The islands have known foreign invasions and raids of corsairs; they have been held subject by Romans, Venetians, Franks, and Turks; they have been completely deserted by all their inhabitants many times. But they have overcome every crisis, preserving untouched their traditional Greek life and the values of an ancient marine civilization.

The Greeks are at once aristocratic, primitive, and modern. They have an awareness of their descent from the ancients, but they are also a young, primitive race, bound to an infertile soil and

an undeveloped agriculture. Yet at the same time the navy and merchant marine keep Greece in constant touch with the rest of the world, and in the cities there is a growing industrialization.

Life in Greece is difficult; the country is poor in raw materials and agricultural production. There are many bare hills, few plains, and many islands, most of which are barren, waterless, and rugged, though they shine in the sea like precious stones. The Greek farmer and seaman earn their bread with difficulty. They are by necessity frugal, and live on bread, olives, pulse, very little meat, and oil. They are sober, hospitable, impulsively polite, and sympathetic — for they know the difficulty and bitterness of life.

All these traits of character are to be found, more or less, in every corner of Greece — in the plains, the cities, and the villages — but they are seen in their finest form in the Greek islands. Here all the contrasts of Greece are resolved: life is sweeter, more picturesque, more idyllic, more sensitive; here the people are more civil, gentler, more imaginative, and more hospitable.

And the islands, which so harmoniously unite earth and sea, farmer and fisherman, soldier and sailor, landowner and boatman, and which contain examples of every kind of Greek landscape, are, each individually, a microcosm of Greece, reflecting the whole course of its history. In the islands the visitor will see imprinted on the daily life of the people that classic “style” which is all grace, elegance, simplicity, and frugality. If the secret of the ancient style lies in the submission of matter to a spiritual vision of beauty — without the matter ever ceasing to be matter — this is the secret we find permeating life in the islands.

Let us cast a glance at the chief Greek islands,

ANDREAS KARANDONIS, *Literary Program Director of the National Hellenic Broadcasting System*, was born on the island of Andros in 1910. A literary critic, he has published several books on modern Greek poets and was, from 1935 to 1940, director of the magazine *Nea Gramata*. The illustrations are by the Greek artist MINOS ARGYRAKIS.

beginning with those of the "Archipelago," as the whole sea which stretches from the eastern shores of the mainland of Greece to the shores of Asia Minor, and from its northern shores in Thrace and Macedonia to the Libyan Sea, is called. On these waters hundreds of islands are scattered, each group having similar physical features and a common history and fate. Yet there is every kind of variety, with islands only a few miles apart presenting great contrasts.

First there are the islands of the Saronic Gulf. Spetsai, the most distant, is five hours by boat from Peiraeus, the harbor for Athens. Salamis, the birthplace of Ajax, and Aegina are famous from classical times; Hydra and Spetsai took part in the struggle for Greek independence. Salamis is a long island with pine-covered hills, vineyards, and small harbors. Aegina has a developed agriculture and fisheries, many Byzantine churches, and the famous temple of Aphaia.

One has hardly left Aegina when Poros, "an island of love" as the Greek poet Palamas called it, comes into view. A conical hill with white houses suddenly appears, and on the right are the shores of the Peloponnesos. Another hour's journey southward and Hydra appears. Abrupt, rocky, bare, austere, there are few spots where a boat can near it. Hydra seems to repel the stranger, but once he sets foot on the wharf of its one harbor he is captivated by its irresistible charm. The houses on Hydra, built by rich shipowners in the 1820's, are square and thick-walled, with fine courtyards and staircases, terraces, and vast rooms; each is like a palace or a fort. Rock-hewn steps, narrow streets, bright colors make the town of Hydra an impressive mosaic above an emerald sea.

Spetsai is a green, idyllic island with pine groves, an island where one can rest from the austere grandeur of Hydra. Between Hydra and Spetsai there are small desert islands, rocks full of caverns round which flocks of white sea gulls and wild doves fly.

Then, in the center of the Aegean lie the Cyclades. The names of these islands are legendary — musical names stamped with an ineffable poetry: Delos, Myconos, Santorini, Paros, Milos, Andros, Amorgos . . . all these and many more, and the desert islets among them, form an intricate geometrical pattern. These islands were called Cyclades in antiquity because they seemed to dance in a circle around Delos, the holy island, which was one of the most important religious, artistic, and commercial centers of ancient times. It is the island where, according to mythology, Apollo and Artemis were born. When, in 477 B.C., the Athenians chose Delos as a treasury of their confederacy it underwent great development in a few decades, being filled with temples, markets, theaters, palaces, hippodromes. A whole city was built on the narrow little island, first Greek, then Roman, and its remains are so well preserved today that they are considered the most important of the Greco-Roman period after those of Pompeii.

From Delos it is a short trip — an hour by caïque — to Myconos, a small, rock-strewn island; its only obvious foliage consists of a few fig trees and low vineyards, and the sharp, tough-leaved prickly pears that spring up in cracks in the rocks and in the whitewashed yards. Myconos, the island capital, is built round a semicircular harbor filled with fishing smacks, motorboats, and caïques. Its houses are small and white, built by craftsmen, two-storied, with flat terrace roofs, one after another along winding lanes. They have red-painted wooden doors, courtyards, and little balconies, the edges of the walls beveled to avoid monotony. After every three or four houses is a little chapel in the same style.



One of the churches in Myconos, the Paraportian, resembling a mixture of Byzantine and cubistic styles, is the fruit of an anonymous folk architecture which can do wonders with stones, whitewash, and a few bits of wood, both in the practical and artistic exploitation of interior space and in the decoration of the exterior.

Above Myconos, on the nearest hills, windmills are scattered, their sails turning in the blue sky. The blinding whiteness of the Myconos houses, of the three hundred or so chapels, and of the windmills against the dark colors of the landscape; the

boats in the harbor and the deep, blue Aegean, nearly always rough and foam-crowned; a sky that is quite cloudless for months on end and a sun that shines as if Apollo himself were shooting his arrows — create an astonishing, almost religious impression.

Among the Cyclades the volcanic Santorini, “the devil’s island,” is unique. Santorini is a semicircular fragment that kept its head above water when the rest of ancient Thera (as Santorini was called in antiquity) sank after a volcanic eruption, thousands of years ago. Santorini still shows all the marks of its terrible geological history. It is like an island cut out with a knife, and the petrified lava on its sheer side turns diabolically black at sunset. A small volcano lying in the gulf of Santorini looks like a dead sea monster.

The capital of the island, all glistening white against the black, has an architecture peculiarly its own, adapted to its earthquake-threatened site. Every building in Santorini is covered not by a terrace or by an ordinary roof, but by a vault — that is, the walls rise upright and bend in, providing greater resistance to earthquakes. This vaulted architecture gives the island a unique appearance from below — you think you are looking at a huge Byzantine monastery suspended from the sky. The feeling of an ancient aristocracy is diffused throughout the place, for the larger houses have carved wooden ceilings and are richly furnished with Venetian chests and shining glass.

Near the shore of Asia Minor lies another world of Greek islands, the Dodecanese. First in size and beauty is Rhodes; then peaceful Cos with its Hellenistic and Roman antiquities and last, the two chief sponge-fishing islands of Greece: Symi, with its big houses hanging like nests over the sea, and harsh, bare, heroic Calymnos — the Hydra of the Dodecanese — whose houses, wash-blue and white, seem to have leaped from the sea. The Calymniots are buoyant and their folk dances and feasts, when they return from the long, arduous sponge fishing off the distant coasts of Africa, are celebrated.

2

How do the islanders live? How do they work? How do they amuse themselves? They are simple and frugal, yet graceful too, despite their endless battle with the sea and with a wind-whipped soil which does not bear easily. Every farmer is a smallholder, though his property may only consist of a little house and a patch of earth around it.

The Greek seas provide a rich fishery, which although it has lately become more scientific and systematic, has lost none of its romance. In some islands the fishermen go out in motor vessels to the open sea, while others use little motorboats or rowboats near shore. The fishing torch with an acetylene lamp searches the clear water at night. On some islands one still finds the ancient method of

Greek fishing with the *trata*, a long, narrow, shallow-bottomed boat, with many pairs of oars. Though there is a small triangular sail the fishermen also row, singing in time to their strokes. The return of the *tratas* at dawn is a lovely sight.

Then the fishermen line up on shore, barefoot, with rolled-up trousers, and with rhythmic movements haul in the nets, laden with fish. The whole village goes down to the shore to watch “what the nets will give forth.” Fish are the staple food in all Greek fishing villages. “The sacred moment of the fishers’ supper,” as Elytis calls it, is the hour of the *caccavia*, the tasty fish soup which is the fisherman’s main repast. Great caldrons are filled with all sorts of fish, with water, onions, tomatoes, and plenty of olive oil; this is all boiled and the broth is eaten with large chunks of black bread dipped into it. Wild herbs are also a staple of diet, and then there is the famous *retsina* wine. It is indeed a “sacred” moment; the fishermen, silent and dignified, enjoy the fruits of their toil with careful, civil gestures.

In the evening, little dark taverns fill with fishermen. Squid and fish are frying, and the small thick glasses are filled with wine. The customers eat and drink and grow merry. Then songs begin, accompanied by local instruments: violin, zither, mandolin, and lute. The popular island songs are, in contrast to mainland songs, swift, cheerful, and full of movement, like the waves breaking on sand and rock. One of the most characteristic folk songs is:

May you be doubly cursed, O sea, you and all your treasures,

For you have taken my bird away and made him yours completely.

O blue, blue, sky-blue sea, and azure rolling billow,
Bring back my love to me so that I won’t be sighing.

Beat the billow now, O sea,

I love you, it’s not a crime.

Beat the beaches now, O sea,

I love you, but what shall I do?

And another:

My dearest bird, I’ve wearied now
of looking at the sea,

Of asking the postman every day,
and never a letter from you.

Along the sandy shore

I hunt the slippery fishes,

and with the North Wind’s waves

I send you my fond greetings.

To these lovely songs, the islanders, with great verve, dance at every opportunity — whether indoors, in the fields, or by the sea. Even the most casual onlooker finds it impossible not to take part in the group dances, many of which recall the dances reproduced on ancient pots and vases.

For the ancient Greeks, the dance was one of the highest forms of artistic expression: a rhythmical use of the body with various forms of symbolism — warlike, religious, nature-worshipping, social. We

IN THE GREEK ISLANDS

find much the same attitude preserved in contemporary folk dancing. The islanders still dance the *hasapikos* and *zeibekikos*, which connoisseurs maintain is the survival of the ancient *pyrricheios*, deriving its name from Zeus and *bek* (bread), symbolizing bread and spirit. As the workmen sit in the taverns, a young man will get up from a dark corner. Perhaps he is barefooted, with an old cap on his head. He stands in the middle of the floor and begins making a few simple movements, bowing his head towards the ground as if seeking for inspiration. Gradually, his movements grow livelier, more complicated. Then another man gets up. He draws near the first; they take each other by the shoulders, and then begin to do the same steps together.

The deep religious significance of the folk dance in Greece is seen in the death dance of the women of Souli. It commemorates a tragic, historical event. In 1803, the women of Souli leaped into the fearful chasm of the Zalongos to escape enslavement by Ali Pasha. Around the chasm, in their long breeches, holding their babies, they danced, singing the folk song: "Farewell poor world, farewell sweet life." They and their dance became immortal. [An impressive monument by the sculptor Zogolopoulos which symbolizes this dance is under construction on the site of the heroic event. It is reproduced in the art section.]

Music and dancing are best seen on the islands during the *panegyri*. Every village or hamlet, often every quarter, has its patron saint, and every saint, his church. On the evening of the saint's day, everybody dresses in his best and comes to the decorated church. After the religious service the fun begins. Wine and appetizers (*mezes*) are freely distributed. Group dancing and songs continue all night — only to begin again on the following evening in honor of another saint's day, in some other village on the island. During the *panegyri* many love affairs start and marriages are arranged.

It is said that the goddess Athena planted the first olive tree on the Acropolis. From that time this sacred tree has given the Greeks food and light.

In Greece the olive is the chief thing people eat with their bread and its oil is the chief sauce for every dish. Once a Greek has bread and olives he does not fear hunger. Anyone who has five to ten olive trees is considered a proprietor.

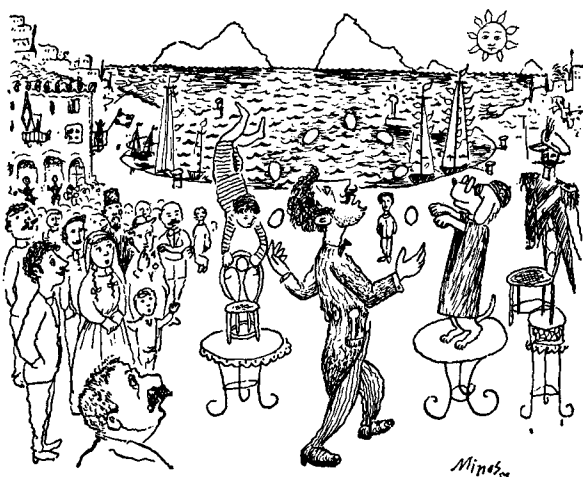
From October to December the groves are full of women, men, and children carrying sticks and baskets. When the olives are ripe they beat the trees with long sticks to make the fruit drop. This beating goes on from dawn to dusk. The beaters compete with one another, tease each other, sing, flirt, and play games, while the earth turns green-black with the fallen fruit. All day the groves echo with shouts and laughter while the leaves flutter and fall, rustling with the rhythmic beating.

At midday the beaters stretch out beneath the trees to eat their frugal meal; in the evening when their work is done they dance a little and then, filling their baskets with the precious fruit, they go, singing, back to the villages. The Greeks toil over the cultivation of their difficult soil, but never succumb to their hard labor. They endure it by making a game of it. "The path of the Greeks is ever a dance," wrote the poet Palamas.

Akin to the dance is the *Karagiozis*, or "shadow play," a popular artistic performance throughout Greece. It is done with a screen like that of a cinema set up in village cafés in the winter, or in summer in the squares. Behind the screen stand the players, holding up the actors of the performance — figures made of thick cardboard with movable limbs. Lamps or candles behind them throw their shadows on the screen. The players move their cardboard figures with sticks and speak their speeches, each with an appropriate accent. The chief hero in every performance is Karagiozis himself, a bald, hunch-backed, barefoot, long-nosed dwarf, tremendously cunning, a jester, a troublemaker, always hungry and always inventing stories in order to get bread to feed his family. These plays which always turn into fights between Karagiozis and the other characters, in which Karagiozis first gets the worst of it only to come off best in the end, date from the period of the Turkish domination. So there is usually the same background on the screen: on the right, the grand palace of the Pasha with its towers, and on the left, the tumble-down cottage of Karagiozis. You may say that Karagiozis is the symbol of the subjected Greeks, with his thousands of tricks devised to face the cruel conqueror. He is something between Odysseus and Charlie Chaplin.

Yet for the Greek islanders the one great, inexhaustible, dramatic spectacle is that which nature offers — the incomparable play of sea, wind, sky, and sun. A wonderful climate, a pure atmosphere, harmonious landscapes permit the islanders — and nearly all the people of Greece from Thessaly south — to enjoy nature's theater so prodigally that they feel little need for the human theater as well.

Translated by Robert Liddell



THE RETURN OF ODYSSEUS

Excerpts from a Modern Sequel to Homer's Odyssey

by NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS

And when in his spacious courtyards Odysseus had cut down
the insolent youths, he hung on high his satiated bow
and strode to the warm bath to cleanse his brawny body.
Two slaves poured forth the waters, but when they saw their lord
they shrieked in terror, for his curly loins and belly steamed
and thick black blood dripped down from both his murderous palms;
their copper jugs rolled clanging on the marble tiles.
The much-wandering one smiled sweetly in his twisted beard
and with his eyebrows signaled the frightened girls to go.
For hours he laved himself in lukewarm water, his veins
spread out like rivers in his body, his kidneys cooled,
and that great mind was in the waters cleansed and full reposed.
Then softly sweet with aromatic oils he smooths
his long coarse hair, his body hardened by black brine,
till youthfulness within his wintry flesh awakes in flowers.
On golden-studded nails robes hung in a long row,
woven by his faithful wife flash in the fragrant shadows,
embroidered with gods and hurrying winds and swift triremes:
and stretching forth a sunburnt hand he quickly chooses
the one most flaming, throws it flat across his shoulder,
and steaming still, unbars the door and strides across the threshold.
His slaves in the shade were dazzled, the huge smoked beams
of his ancestral home flashed with reflected light,
and waiting by the throne, Penelope, pale and speechless,
arched her numb head to look, her knees turning to stone:
"This is not he whom I've awaited year after year, O gods,
this dragon of forty ells stampeding throughout my house!"
But the mind archer quickly divines the obscure dread
of the wretched woman, and to his swelling breast replies:
"O heart, she who so many years awaited you at home,
she is that one you have longed for, battling the seven seas,
the cruel gods and the deep voices of your undying mind."
He spoke, but his heart leapt not in his exalted breast;
still in his nostrils steams the blood of the newly slain,
still sees his woman entangled amid their naked forms,
and glancing at her obliquely, his grim eyes glaze; almost
in the bubbling wrath of slaughter he might have pierced her through.
Swiftly he passed and silently stood on his wide threshold;
the burning sun in splendor sank and filled all corners
and every vaulted cellar with shadows of rose and azure.
In the center Athena's altar smoked, black, satiated,
while in the long arcades in the cool night air there swung
slowly the hanging slaves, their eyes and swollen tongues protruding.
Serenely his own eyes gaze on the starry eyes of night
that from the mountains with her curly flocks descends
and like a mist within his heart distills, till all

his murderous work and whirr of arrows is slaked in peace,
and his tiger heart in the soft darkness licks its lips.
His brains after the cleansing bath grow calm, nor look
behind to the splattered blood, nor in their cunning toils
scheme how to save from zoning storms the dreadful head.
Thus the much-suffering one in peace basked in his holy hour
on his ancestral threshold standing, new-bathed and shorn of care.

* * *

Meanwhile in every courtyard the sprouted new has spread
how stealthily the master stole to his ancestral land
and round the feasting boards slaughtered the grooms like bulls.
Leaning upon their staffs, the slain men's father shriek
and rouse the irate townspeople, banging from door to door;
the common workmen throw their rough tools on the ground,
the craftsmen close their shops, and from the seaside taverns
the drunken oarsmen stumble, climbing the winding paths.
Cluster by cluster in the market place the people swarm
like angry bees when hornets rob their hives of honey.
A woman who had lost her man on savage shores for Helen's sake
raised high her uncaressed, love-aching arms, and cried:
"Well have we welcomed him, my lads, that barbarous butcher!
Behold his gifts: a sword, a shield, and three flasks of poison:
one to be drunk in the morning, the other at noon, and the third,
O dear gods, the most bitter one, to be drunk in bed, alone!"
Shrilly from doors, roofs, terraces, the widows swarm
flinging black kerchiefs about their heads, beating their breasts:
"May the gods curse him who scorched us in our first flowering!
Our masterbeds are covered with cobwebs, our honest homes are in ruin,
and all for the sake of a shameless slut, that vile man-eater!"

* * *

Now the old hidden wounds in the heart open again,
the eyes grow dim, the little light of the sun is extinguished,
and on black floating clouds astride, the dark shadows of men
stranded on hopeless shores, slowly come drifting in.
They pass through the desolate dusk in silence, unwrapped in cobwebs,
and swiftly gliding along high walls, vanish in doorways.
One lightly touches his father's back, and the old man shivers,
another lets fall his shadow on the scattered stones of his house.
The stroked backs shiver, the hollow knees buckle under with fright,
the air is choked with dead men, and the widows, suffocating,
tightly embrace about them the empty air, and moan.
An armless man, whose hands had been eaten by Trojan shores,
leaps on a rock, and soon there huddle about him thickly
the maimed, the blind, the halt whom man-eating war had mangled.
"Comrades," he roars, flailing the air with the stumps of his arms,
"our master's returned, he's brought back *his* body unharmed and whole,
both of *his* hands, his feet, his eyes and his wily brain;
but we, what are we but crawling beasts groveling on the ground,
stumping on arms without arms, leaping on feet without feet,
and with our empty eyesockets rattling the nobles' mansions?"
His voice stops short, his head thrusts back into hollow shoulders,
his comrades cheer him wildly and cast their arms about him,
and the widows shamelessly rush into the streets, bareheaded,
grab torches, scatter throughout the town, deriding the men:
"Ho! look at these gallant lads dripping with tears and saliva!
Go cover your heads with our kerchiefs, take up our distaffs and spindles!
And women, raise high your torches, set fire to that murderous man.
Tonight shall his palace be tumbled to ashes and flung to the winds!"

* * *

And you, in the quiet of night, you feel, O harsh sea-battler,
the tumult of the insolent crowd, the flaming torches,
and straining your neck to hear, your heart takes fire:
"Even my island moves under my feet like an angry sea,
and I thought to find firm earth, to thrust deep roots in the soil!
The armature of earth is rent, the hull gapes open,
to my left roars the impudent mob, to my right the nobles;
how heavy the cargo grows; I must heave to and unballast!"
He spoke, and rushed with great strides to the central courtyard,
his ears, lips, temples quivering like those of a greyhound,
and groping about his body stealthily, he seizes
his wide, two-bladed sword, embossed with many slaughters,
and all at once his heart grows whole again, and tranquil.
From the high roof tops his slaves discern the wild mob seething,
unloose their locks and fill the rooms with lamentation;
the queen takes courage, flies to where her husband stands
and mutely flings her arms about his unmoved knees;
but he commands the women to lock themselves in the highest tower,
then turning, bellows for his son, till all the palace rings.

* * *

Father and son unbolt then the outer gate and dash
stealthily into the road, treading the earth like leopards.
It was a sweet spring night, in the blueblack heavens hung
the dewy stars enwrapped in a soft down, and trembled
like early almond flowers swung by the evening breezes.

* * *

Somewhere high in the gorges of heaven, in the blast of the wind
the stars like molting pure white flowers in darkness fall,
and low on the ground, like constellations, the houses sprout
suddenly with lamps, behind which eyes watch secretly
the two nightprowlers plunging headlong from the palace.
But doors are quickly bolted, clanging in the strange quiet;
old women spit across their breasts to ward off evil,
and black dogs thrust their tails between their thighs, and tremble.
The stooped death-dealer in his brine-black heart drinks in
the uncivil poisoned welcome of his malevolent people,
and in his wrathful heart a lightning longing strikes him
to fall with remorseless rage on his isle, to pierce with his sword
women and men and gods, and on the flaming shores of dawn
scatter to the wide winds the ashes of his own country.
Such thoughts revolve in the wrathful man's blood-lapping brain;
his son looks at him sideways, guessing with dread what thoughts
swirl in this pitiless stranger who suddenly swooped on his island,
flung into seething uproar his palace, mother and slaves,
and from his own long locks then snatched the royal crown.
Who was he? His own blood had leapt not when on his holy threshold,
huddled in rags, hunched up, he first saw this filthy stranger;
nor had his mother flung herself on his breast to anchor,
but terrified, crouched in speechless dread in the women's quarter.
"Sir, speak now with kindness to your loved subjects, repress
your rage like a noble, consider that your people also
possesses a soul, is even a god, but does not know it."
Thus spoke the son, looking his father straight in the eyes.
But he was breathing in the sea, nearing the sounding shore,
his mind grew cool, and soon in his palpitating breast
a white gull soared from far-off seas and fluttered its wings.

Translated by Kimon Friar

WHERE GREECE STANDS TODAY

Her Position in International Affairs

by STEPHEN G. XYDIS

1

POINT of order, point of order." In the UN General Assembly last year the Greek delegate raised a hand toward the Chairman of Committee I who, caught in a procedural wrangle, had first made a ruling and then had changed his mind. The debate was on Cyprus. The delegate of a country antipodal to Greece, New Zealand, had proposed that the discussion of the question of self-determination for the Cypriots clamoring for *Enosis* — union with Greece — should be indefinitely postponed. Delegates from other countries pointed out how difficult it was to put off a discussion not yet begun. Messrs. Lodge and Nutting declared that they favored New Zealand's resolution. At the same time they stated that they did not wish to prevent Greece from having her say — as well as any other country who thought itself concerned. Alexis Kyrrou, the Greek representative, thanked them bitterly for their magnanimity, asserting that his right to speak stemmed not from their grace but from the fact that the matter had been placed on the Assembly's agenda.

The vote on procedure having finally been taken, speeches on the substance started that same afternoon. The Greek diplomat worked hard to open one of the last chapters in the long story of Greece's struggle to recover her lost children. It is a chapter

in which Mr. Kyrrou is very personally involved. Twenty or so years ago, the British, suspecting him of having instigated the disorders which broke out in Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, expelled him — a mere consul then — from the island. Now, in a skyscraper of steel and glass, in air-conditioned, neon-lit, windowless comfort, he was, as a full ambassador, fighting back. But in vain. After much discussion on the question of Cyprus was shelved — "for the time being," as an amendment proposed by the representative of Colombia put it — thus saving face for all directly concerned.

When the Greek delegate returned to Athens after this incident he went through that moment which Hawthorne once described as "seldom or never . . . precisely the most agreeable" in a man's life, "the moment when a man's head drops off." In brief, Mr. Kyrrou offered to withdraw from active service.

In 1954 Greece was celebrating a slightly more gruesome head-chopping, the fiftieth anniversary of the death of a national hero. It was in August, 1904 that a handsome lieutenant named Pavlos Melas, a graduate of the Greek West Point, the School of Evelpico — Young Hopefuls — got ready for his third trip to Macedonia that year, leaving behind him in Athens an anxious wife and two children. This son of an old Epirote family donned his dark blue *klephtic* kilt and, under the alias of Mikis Zezas, together with thirty-five men slipped across the Greco-Turkish border near Larissa.

Traveling by night over the cruel stony mountains, hiding by day to avoid the Turkish settlements, keeping alive with the crusts and cheese that frightened shepherds gave them, they marched northward along peaks and ridges. Coming silently into subjugated Greek villages, they brought

STEPHEN G. XYDIS, an authority on Greek, Balkan, and Near Eastern affairs, was born in Athens in 1913 and now lives in the United States. Formerly a member of the UN Secretariat and Executive Secretary of the Greek Government Information Service in the U.S., he has contributed articles on Greek affairs and Byzantine culture to American, British, and Greek publications, and has lectured on modern Greek civilization at Columbia University. He is a specialist in the history of Byzantine art and archaeology.

hope to their compatriots. They organized them so that they might more effectively resist the Bulgarian Komitadjis who terrorized them. They supplied them with money and arranged for them to get arms. As his messages to his wife at home showed, Melas's mind was gnawed by Christian doubts whether it was right to kill, even for the Great Cause. His brother-in-law Ion Dragoumis, consul in Monastir, aided him with his network of agents and encouraged him with his restless enthusiasm.

One rainy night the band reached the Greek mountain village of Statitsa in Central Macedonia. Next day Melas was talking over plans with the headmen of the village, when an old woman suddenly came in. A Turkish detachment, she told them, was near the village.

"They'll pass by," said Melas confidently.

But they didn't. Someone must have told them about the strange men from Athens who had arrived the day before. The Turkish soldiers marched into the village. Melas saw them trying to break into the house opposite the one in which he lay in wait. But shots met them. The soldiers dispersed. Both sides dug in. A siege began.

Melas and four of his men moved into a stable. When night had fallen he stealthily slipped out to reconnoiter. A flash shattered the stillness.

"I've been hit," his comrades heard him cry, as he lurched back into the stable. Lying on the hay, he took off the cross he wore around his neck.

"Give it to my wife," he said, "and to my son, my rifle."

They helped him out of his bandolier and cartridge belt. From his pouch fell gold coins. The bullet had passed clean through it and entered his stomach. As the blood flowed from his body, Melas was in ever greater pain.

"Kill me, kill me," he entreated his comrades. And, delirious, he called out the names of his wife and children. Pyrsas, his faithful friend, whispered to him they would not leave him. He bent down to touch Melas's lips with his own. They were cold. October 13, 1904.

2

TO STATITSA from Monastir a few days later came an agent of Ion Dragoumis, Melas's consul brother-in-law. His mission was to find the dead man's body which the peasants had secretly buried. The exhumation had barely started when news came that another Turkish patrol was approaching. In fear lest the corpse, if found, be submitted to some horrible desecration, one of Melas's comrades severed his dead leader's head from the body, wrapped it up carefully in a white linen cloth, and put it in his pack. The body was buried again. Next night, in a small Byzantine chapel of a village nearby, the head of Pavlos Melas, covered with wild cyclamen and autumn crocus, was interred in a small wooden

casket and placed under a slab in the church pavement, just in front of the iconostasis, like a martyr's relic.

Today in Athens, opposite the monument dedicated to Byron, the English philhellene, stands a monument to Pavlos Melas, the champion of Greeks in Macedonia. Under his alias of Mikis Zezas his name still lives in Greek folklore.

There is also a memorial in Athens to Melas's brother-in-law, Ion Dragoumis. If Pavlos Melas died for the cause of Greek nationalism in Macedonia during that gloriously romantic era before World War I, Dragoumis evolved towards a larger scheme of things. A man of action no less than of sentiment, he was also a thinker. Diplomat, politician, and writer, Dragoumis lived to raise the Greek flag again in Thessaloniki, Macedonia's capital, in 1912. But he was not simply a liberator; Dragoumis envisaged a Greece which would be part of a larger whole than Hellenism.

Sensing the evil side of nationalism and realizing that it might, as later it indeed did, transform the Balkans and the Middle East into a jigsaw puzzle whose pieces would never fit, Dragoumis had the vision of a confederation of all the Balkan and Middle Eastern countries. This would embrace the whole area which once had been unified by the Ottoman Turks. (This concept was comparable in its utopian grandeur to "The Great Idea" which Mr. Theotokas discusses in his essay — the Greek dream of re-creating the Byzantine Empire — but was, actually, a distinct movement.) In this multinational bloc of power, which might be able to hold its own against Russia as well as against the Great Powers of Western Europe, he hoped that the Greeks, outnumbered though they might be, would act as a kind of vitalizing leaven.

In pursuing this idea Dragoumis set up in Constantinople an organization, a secret society of national groups and religious leaders, whose aim was to further the co-operation of the various nationalities in the Ottoman Empire. After the Young Turk constitution of 1908 which proclaimed, at first glance, very similar aims, this "Organization of Constantinople," as it was called, intensified its efforts. Dragoumis, however, was destined to clash with the spirit of the times. From Greece he received little support. And in the Ottoman Empire the Young Turks pursued a policy of assimilation of the various ethnic groups rather than their harmonious integration in equality.

During World War I Dragoumis strenuously opposed Eleftherios Venizelos who hoped that victory for the Allies would lead to the realization of the Great Idea. Although Dragoumis urged Greek participation in the ill-fated Dardanelles campaign, and favored the alignment of Greece with France and Britain, he clashed with them too, particularly when they violated Greek territorial sovereignty. Did he or Venizelos ever suspect that

England and France had secretly agreed to let Russia have, after the war, the Great Idea's golden heart, Constantinople?

Dragoumis did not live to see the tricks which history later played on the opponents who exiled him during the war. He did not live to see the uprooting of all Hellenism from Asia Minor. He did not see the end of the Ottoman Empire and the rebirth of Turkey in Asia. A gang of followers of Venizelos, against whose life an attempt had been made the day before in Paris, took Dragoumis from his car, marched him off, stood him against a wall, and shot him in cold blood. August 12, 1919. His memorial still stands on the dusty sidewalk in Athens.

3

WRITING recently to an Athens paper, a former Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs, Philip Dragoumis, Ion's younger brother, had the courage to question the Greek Government's wisdom in raising the Cyprus matter before the United Nations. He expressed the statesmanlike view that creating problems for friendly and allied powers might undermine their confidence in Greece.

It may indeed have been ill-advised to raise the matter of Cypriot self-determination before the UN, that Cerberus of the *status quo*, without first obtaining the support of the American government and of the UN members usually lumped together as the "anticolonial bloc." But to secure such support without something positive to offer in exchange was to attempt the art of the impossible. With the Mediterranean more important than ever as a strategic sea for containing the Soviet power, it was hardly to be expected that the British would repeat their grand gesture of 1863 of ceding the Ionian Islands to Greece, particularly as they were just giving up their base at Suez.

Yet it was precisely through the art of the impossible that Greece became independent in 1830. Without that counterpart to Socratic wisdom, Socratic madness, Greece would neither have grown as it did, since achieving independence, nor would it have survived two great world wars that left the country in shambles.

In 1954 it was as if the Greeks suddenly resolved to stop being "good children." They not only raised the Cyprus question in the United Nations, but advised the British that it might be better if British warships did not carry out that summer their usual courtesy calls to Greek ports. Furthermore, in the UN General Assembly last fall, perhaps to show consistency in their new anticolonial stand, Greek delegates often failed to vote as they had done before on matters not connected with the Cyprus issue, or took positions on some questions closer to those of countries in the Soviet bloc.

The political consequences of Greek success in having the Cyprus question placed on the General

Assembly's agenda may not have been without some advantage for the United States. The case may have been used as leverage against Britain in its stand on Red China; such is the interconnection of world affairs today. But it also gave the Turks the opportunity to say that they preferred to have the British remain in Cyprus. Thus American interest in maintaining not only British but also Turkish goodwill may have served as a brake on any American desire to implement the high principles of self-determination which America has so often proclaimed.

Yes, the Greeks in 1954 became "bad boys." Yet for their daring they got plenty of publicity, most of it, strange to say, not unfavorable. The British Labor Party deplored Churchill's policy on Cyprus, and the leader of the Liberal Party spoke in favor of upholding the principle of self-determination for the Cypriots. In the United States there were not only favorable editorials in the press, but speeches in Congress. Recently, indeed, Congressman Albert R. Morano introduced before the House of Representatives a concurrent resolution urging the United States Delegation to the UN to take "all possible steps" to bring about consideration "of the applicability of the principle of self-determination" in the case of the Cypriot people.

There were press reports not long ago that the Turkish Government had protested about an intercepted shipment of dynamite and arms apparently destined for Cyprus. Then last February, the Turkish Premier went off to Italy to promote Turco-Italian relations without making a stop at Athens. These news items, as well as recent reports of outbreaks of terrorism in Cyprus, are straws in the wind, in a region of the world which is of vital importance.

Next year, the question of the Turkish Straits, and possible revision of the Montreux Convention, will be coming up. The American Government is not a party to this Convention but has signified its wish to participate in any future international regime regulating navigation through the Turkish Straits. Something ought to be done to improve relations in an area where the United States first took a stand on the Soviet menace with the build-up of its Mediterranean naval forces in 1946 and with the Truman Doctrine of the following year. Otherwise, the whole NATO system in the Mediterranean, with its array of Western-minded states, its bases from North Africa to Anatolia, with the aircraft carriers of the U. S. Sixth Fleet cruising the blue waters from Gibraltar to Beirut and Istanbul, may suffer a rude jolt. The Cyprus question is having serious repercussions in domestic Greek politics. The Papagos Government has lost considerable ground. Many Greeks feel they have been let down. Greece, like Turkey, is at a strategic crossroad between East and West. Were it ever to break away from the Western bloc, in a Tito coup reversed, be-

cause of internal developments, that would be a serious blow to the West. And to Greece it might bring tragic consequences.

In the grave years ahead, Greek politicians should take a larger view of things. They should keep in mind, as Ion Dragoumis did, that Greece is but part of the Balkans, part of the Near and Middle East. They should keep in mind too, that it is part of the entire Mediterranean, that it is part of the whole Western world to which the ancient Hellenes contributed so much. As the United States, despite 1776 and 1812, has common interests with Britain, so has Greece common interests with Turkey, despite 1821, 1912, and 1922. Friendly relations with Turkey across the Aegean, as Venizelos himself realized after the Turks defeated the Greeks in 1922 in Anatolia, must be a cornerstone of Greek foreign policy. On the Greco-Turkish relationship the Truman Doctrine was set up, and during the Korean crisis, Greece together with Turkey was brought into the Atlantic Pact.

Friendly relations with the prevailing naval power in the Mediterranean is another cardinal principle that Greek foreign policy makers must keep in mind. Mussolini's Italy forgot this, to her disaster. Although the Soviet border is but three hundred miles away from Greece, the United States, five thousand miles away, is closer, because of its sea power. So is Britain.

4

A SUCCESSFUL foreign policy must rest on a sound basis of domestic stability. A primary test for Greek politicians is to find means to improve the lot of the rapidly growing population of Greece, now close to the eight-million mark. Since 1944, UNRRA assistance, British financial aid, then American aid through the Truman Doctrine, Marshall Plan, and MSA has amounted to over two and a half billion dollars. But of this sum about one third was used for military purposes to defend the 52,220 square miles of Greek territory from postwar communist aggression. The rest helped to restore the economy of a country which during World War II suffered damages estimated at over seven billion dollars.

Today, thanks to this financial aid, Greek agricultural and industrial production has surpassed prewar levels. For the first time in its history, this paradoxical country, where only twenty-five per cent of the land is arable, while nearly fifty-five per cent of the population must derive its living from agriculture and forestry (the U.S. figures are respectively 26.5 and 17.7), is self-sufficient in wheat, because of improved methods of cultivation and the introduction of seed with a higher yield. Similar, though less spectacular, gains have also occurred in the production of other grains and many food crops. However, because of the loss of its prewar outlets in Eastern Europe, which is now Soviet-dominated,

and because of American and Turkish competition in the world market, Greek tobacco exports have fallen — a hard blow to the balance of trade. Still to reach prewar levels is the breeding of livestock, and, as a result, the output of meat and dairy products.

Turning to industrial and mineral production, we should note first that thanks to the postwar construction of hydroelectric and thermoelectric plants, Greece, which has no high-grade coal or oil resources, has lessened its dependence on imports of these two indispensable fuels for powering industry. Annual electricity production has almost doubled since 1939. The production of metallurgical goods, building materials, and textiles has made great strides forward. Finally, the monetary reforms of 1953 have been fairly successful.

However, Greek politicians must still face such grave problems as the constantly increasing population and rising underemployment. Without further industrialization and/or greater opportunities for emigration the recent improvement in living standards can hardly continue. A favorable legal climate for international investment must be created. Greek-owned merchant vessels now registered abroad must be encouraged to sail again under the Greek flag. Finally, the peaceful use of atomic energy, or the improvement of methods to harness the tremendous energy of the sun, or of using sea water for irrigation open vast new horizons for a country which is poor in natural resources but rich in hands and minds.

But, let us return to foreign policy. In that sphere Greek politicians should work to repair, strengthen, and preserve the subtle nets of common interest Greece has with its neighbors. Pacts, without this continuous effort, are mere words. In the Balkans lies the problem of Soviet-dominated Albania. Make an island of Albania and you have an exact Mediterranean counterpart of Formosa — but turned against the West. To seek to bring Albania into the Western fold would be a test of the earnestness with which members of the Balkan Pact of 1953 are ready to pursue their aim. In attaining this objective Greece might take a lead.

Greek statesmen should remember that for the first time in modern Greek history Greece is a peacetime member of a far-flung peaceful alliance. In this alliance the greatest power on earth participates, reversing a long tradition of isolationism. Each member state of this great pact has certain responsibilities that go beyond the narrow confines of parochial national interest.

History's ways are strange. Events move fast in a fast-changing world. Macedonia, for which Pavlos Melas gave his life, was Greek a few years later. And was it not under Churchill that Suez was given up? Who knows? The Greeks should not take counsels of despair. They should wait . . . "for the time being."

THE SEA GULLS

A Story

by ELIAS VENEZIS

1

THE little island off the north of Lesbos, between Petra and Molyvos, is barren and uninhabited. It has no name, and fishermen who work in those seas simply call it "the island." No trees grow on it, only a few shrubs. Three miles away the mountains of Lesbos compose a gentle harmony of line, movement, and color. In face of this prodigality, the bare islet with its severe outline seems still more of a desert. It is as if God had forgotten it when he made the sea and the dry land in the first seven days of the world.

But in summer, from this bare strip of earth, you can see the sun set in the open sea. Then the waters take color, and continually change every minute, as if the light were melting in little waves. When it is a very clear evening, you can distinguish the mountains of Athos coming out of the sea, and then slowly disappearing in the falling dusk. At this hour old Dimitri, the sole inhabitant of the desert island, will perform the one action that unites him with life and with his fellow men: he will light the lamp in the lighthouse. The light will begin to flare up and to flicker, again and again, in the same rhythm, gravely, inevitably — like the dark powers of life, like destiny, like death.

The old lighthouse keeper drew his boat up onto the sand. He fastened it well, in case the weather might change in the night and the sea get rough. He looked at it once more, before taking the path to the lighthouse.

"Well, that journey is over . . ." he said quietly.

ELIAS VENEZIS, now a resident of Athens, and an official in the Bank of Greece, was born of Greek parentage in Aivalik, Turkey, in 1904. His published works have been widely translated and his play *Block C* was produced by the Greek National Theater in 1946.

He spoke to himself, and then was silent. This crossing to the opposite shore took place once a month. He went for his provisions — flour, oil, and the few other things he needed. In earlier years when he made the crossing he used to stay the whole day in the village. He would talk to old friends, hear the local news and the news of the world, whether people were at peace or war.

The customs officer would pay him his wages. "Well, come back all right next month, Dimitri."

The old man would nod his head and thank him. "God willing, if we're alive, my son."

The rest of the time till he returned to "his island" he spent in going up to the little chapel of Our Lady, on the rock with the hundred steps, to say his prayers. He would cross his arms in front of the old icon, bow his head, and pray for his two sons, lost in the Asia Minor disaster, for other people, and lastly for himself.

"If they're alive, protect them," he prayed for his sons. "Keep them from anger and from bad luck. Keep them from the knife . . ." He would murmur a Hail Mary, and anything else in the way of a prayer that he knew, his old legs trembling. "And for me, it's time to rest . . ." he would say, as his eyes filled with tears.

Each time he went down the hundred steps with a lighter heart. He would stop on the road to watch children playing. They all knew him and when they saw him they shouted: "Uncle Dimitri! Uncle Dimitri!" He bought them nuts and distributed them among them, and they shouted gaily: "Don't be long in coming back, Grandpa! Don't be long!"

So it used to be every time, on every visit. But as the years passed, he drew away from human contact. Solitude gradually mastered him, absorbed him, day by day, as if with its terrible power it was

filtering into his very being. Now he would try to shorten the time he had to stay in the village for his business. He even gave up the climb to the chapel on the rock. "Forgive me, I can't climb any more," he would say to God, as if it were a sin. "I can pray to you anywhere, and you see how feeble I am."

And when he got back to his island, after every journey, he would stay up for a long time in prayer, under the stars. He no longer asked for news of what was going on in the world. He didn't want to know. Day by day the whole world tightened round the little island, closing it in with the deep sea and its colors, as the sun declined.

At last the only people he spoke to were fishermen, who put in to his island when bad weather overtook them. They stayed on the shore, waiting for the sea to calm, and talked about their troubles and their luck. They would spend the whole night there with the old man. Sometimes just before dawn, when other subjects were exhausted, he would speak of his two lost sons.

"Who knows?" said the fishermen. "Perhaps they're alive and will come back, Dimitri. Just like your sea gulls that came back."

He did not speak or move; his eyes stared into the night.

"Yes, Dimitri, like your sea gulls. Your boys may come back as they did. Don't give up hope." Then they would talk about the old man's sea gulls.

"Is it true, Dimitri, that you managed to tame them? Nobody ever heard of sea gulls being tame . . ."

"Yes, they were tame, my sons. Everything here below can be tamed — except man."

They asked him to tell them the story of the sea gulls again, though they knew it, as everyone did who lived on the opposite shore. He had found them among the rocks, two tiny sea gulls, still unfledged. It was winter, and he took them to his cottage beside the lighthouse. He kept them and brought them up, feeding them on the minnows from his net. One day he thought of giving them names.

"Well, you, we'll call you . . ." That day his heart and his memory were full of his two children — at the time when they were very young, and he used to shout after them. "Well . . . we'll call you Vasilaki," he said to one bird. "And let's call you Argyri." So from then on he began to call them by his sons' names, and in time the sea gulls almost seemed to recognize them.

When the birds were grown — it was almost spring — he thought one morning that it was a shame to keep them in captivity. He decided to set them free. He opened the big wicker cage and took out one bird. He held it in his hands and stroked it. He felt his heart lighten.

"Well, good-by, Vasilaki!" he said to the bird, and opened his hands to let it fly. The gull flew away. He took out the other, stroking it as he had the first, and let it go too. Everything was peaceful

that day, and the night that followed was quiet. Only he felt still more alone.

That evening — he had gone to bed early — he heard light tappings on the cottage window. He went to look . . . and could hardly believe it. He was overcome with joy, as if it were his sons returning. He opened the door for the gulls to fly in.

And from then on this is what happened: the birds would fly off in the morning, voyage as far as the Asiatic mainland, or to Sigri, but they always came back in the evening. They would join in flocks of other gulls, and often flew over the island. If they flew low, the old man would recognize them by the ash-colored markings under their wings. When he went out in his boat, and they were circling near, the gulls would fly low and screech round him. The other fishermen got to know them, and when they saw them they laughed, and shouted: "Vasilaki! Argyri!"

2

SO THE days went by on the desert island — one like another — an uninterrupted series of days and nights leading to nothing, except to death. But one summer evening something unusual happened. The gulls did not return. Nor did they come back next day, nor the following night. "Perhaps they made a very long journey," the old man told himself, trying to cheat his anxiety.

Next morning he was sitting on the stone parapet of the lighthouse, looking out to sea. About a mile offshore the sea was being furrowed as if dolphins were playing there. He liked to watch for dolphins passing, following their slow movements as they rose like silver out of the water and slipped back into it again.

"It must be dolphins again." But soon he saw clearly that it was not. "They're people!" he cried in astonishment.

He went down to the shore to wait. Soon he made out that it was a boy and a girl. They were swimming side by side, with slow strokes, full of confidence. And the little waves closed over the furrow they drew behind them. What could they be doing? He did not remember people swimming there ever before. Nor did there seem to be any boat around from which they could have fallen.

Soon they had reached shore. The two-wet bodies stood on the beach, shaking the sea off themselves. The boy looked the girl in the eye, stretched his arms above his head, drew a deep breath, and said: "Ah! That was fine!" The girl made the same motion with her arms, more slowly: "It was fine!" Then they ran towards the lighthouse keeper.

"You're Uncle Dimitri?" asked the boy.

The old man stood up, turning his head away from the girl's naked body that glittered in the bright sunlight. "Yes, I am," he said, in confusion. "Have you had an accident?"

"Oh, no!" said the boy quickly. "Yesterday my

friend and I were saying we should try to swim out here . . . and here we are!"

"Where have you come from?" asked the old man, in astonishment.

"Why, from Petra, over there."

Dimitri did not know what to say, and could only murmur that he never remembered anyone's getting to the island without a boat before. He invited them to come up to the lighthouse and he led the way, with the young people following. They could neither of them be more than eighteen or nineteen. The old man went in front, and his years as he climbed seemed to weigh on him more heavily than usual as if they were reproachful because he would not let them rest.

They sat on the parapet of the lighthouse — below them the waveless Aegean and the sun trembling above it.

"Where do you come from?" asked the old man.

"We're students in Athens," said the girl. "I study chemistry, and he's at the Polytechnic."

"Oh, really! . . ." murmured the old man, without understanding.

"Have you ever been to Athens?" asked the girl.

"No, never."

"Would you like to go?"

His voice was soft, could scarcely be heard: "No child, it's too late now."

"You must be very much alone here."

"Yes, I'm very much alone, my child."

They were silent. A short time passed. A flight of gulls went by, high up in the sky. The old man got up and went into the cottage to find something to offer them. From the little window he could see the two young people, where they had stretched out on the parapet. Drops of water from the sea still trembled on their bodies and their faces. The sun had tanned them deeply, and they lay there like two bronze statues cast up by the sea — a god of youth and a goddess of health. The girl's black hair fell over her shoulders, and a deep light moved in her large dark eyes. The boy lifted himself and bent towards her, drawn to her as if in a dream. Very gently his fingertips touched her cheek.

"Hrysoula . . ." he only murmured her name, his lips trembling with emotion. The dark eyes were lifted and remained motionless for a moment, fixed on the boy's face. Then she clasped her hands about his head and kissed him passionately.

Everything was simple and quiet on the desert island in that blessed moment, and all was quiet in the old man's heart. He was filled with happiness that summer morning, his eyes brimming with tears. This unforeseen tenderness that had entered his solitude, and the motionless sea . . .

"Grandpa, shall we come in too?" the girl called.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," he said in confusion.

He brought them fruit, almonds, and cold water. "I've nothing else . . ." he murmured, as if asking their pardon.

"Sit down, sit down, Grandpa." The girl took him by the hand and made him sit down by her.

"Come back tomorrow," he said timidly. "I'll catch some fish for you tonight."

"We have to go home tomorrow," said the girl sadly. "What a pity we were here all these days without coming over! Are you always alone like this, Grandpa?"

"Always, my child."

"Ah, now I understand about the gulls," said the boy.

"Yes, my son, that's what it is. Solitude."

"You must forgive them, Grandpa," the boy said again, a moment later. "If they'd known, they would never have done it."

The old man did not understand. He paused, bewildered. "Who are you talking about, my son?"

"The people who killed your sea gulls, I mean. They were friends of ours."

The old man felt his knees trembling. "Did you say . . . they killed them?"

"Didn't you know . . . ?" The boy bit his lip, but it was too late. He told him the story. They had gone out shooting, all the young people, down by the shore; the two gulls flew lower, than the others, and their friend brought them down. Later some fishermen had recognized the ash-colored markings on their wings.

The old man listened silently. It was nothing, only two sea gulls.

"They didn't know, Grandpa . . ." said the girl, gently, moved by the dumb grief which she saw on the old face. "They didn't know . . ."

He nodded his head slowly in assent. "Yes, my child. They couldn't have known . . ."

Some time went by. "We must go," said the boy. The girl got up. "Yes, we must start back." They went ahead, the old man following a little behind them. They reached the shore.

"Good-by, Grandpa," said the girl. She took his hand, and bent to kiss it. He stroked her long hair. "God bless you," he murmured with emotion.

They waded into the sea and swam off. For a long time he watched the little furrow their bodies drew in the sea. Then they faded from his sight, and the sea was empty and infinite.

Night fell. He sat on the parapet of the lighthouse, and the hours went by. Everything passed before his dim eyes: his youth, the sons he had brought up and lost, and the people who had hurt him. All passed, all faded — even the two young people who had kissed each other on that very spot a few hours before. And a flight of gulls flying high, two with ash-colored wings. They were gone too. Nothing remained that would come back. His head sank forward and his tears fell on the dry earth. Above him the lighthouse lamp flickered, again and again, in the same rhythm, slowly, inevitably, like the dark powers of life, like destiny, like death.

Translated by Robert Liddell and Constantine Trypanis

ETERNAL ATHENS

A Modern City Which Still Lives Its Past

by C. P. RODOCANACHI

1

THE STREETS OF ATHENS

ATHENS, with a population of one million souls, Athens, a capital in full process of modernization, a great center of trade, industry, and finance, still is and always will be shot through with rural charm. The Greek cannot live in a town in the Western sense of the word; nor can he live in the country. There are practically no isolated farm-houses in Greece. His habitat is the village, populous enough to provide company or, more specifically, verbal intercourse, and yet open to the sun, the wind, and the landscape. Though Athens has immensely outgrown the dimensions of a village, the surrounding countryside is everywhere present. Its busier thoroughfares have open views of fields. Owing to the varying ground levels the eye is nowhere absolutely bounded by walls. From all windows a patch of Attic plain may be enjoyed, a ridge of mountains, or an expanse of sea.

Athens is wrongly called a city. It is the largest of Greek villages. Side by side with many-storied buildings with elevators, central heating, electric kitchens, baths, and all the equipment of a self-respecting capital, even in its most central quarters Athens has cattle sheds and poultry yards with their many smells. Processions of turkeys driven

by peasants with long rods gabble down the main streets straight from the farm. In the thick of traffic, shepherds pass along with bucolic slowness and serenity, clad in clothes like those worn by their ancestors. The cry that from time immemorial has gathered the flocks together on the high grazing grounds of the Pindus or the winter pastures of the Boeotian plain, answers the futuristic cacophony of automobile horns. Among men and women dressed in the latest creations of Savile Row or the Rue de la Paix, you can often meet kilted mountaineers from Mount Parnassus, or baggy-breeched sailors from the Aegean Islands. A Cretan couple, in white boots and a black kerchief for headgear, are seen sitting at the same table with their son in plus fours, a student of Athens University.

In Athens the unprepossessing truths, the seamy side of a large city's public services, are exposed to view. In other towns people do not see how slaughtered animals reach the butcher's stall where they are exhibited so neatly retailed that the bloody reality of their last journey is forgotten. Here cartloads of whole lambs and calves, their heads or legs dragging along the streets leaving a trail of blood, are a daily sight. Drying linen is everywhere visible with all its intimacies. Athens is candid.

Just as the philosophy of Aristotle and present-day politics are peripatetic, so is the retail trade of Athens. Little handcarts, impelled by strong arms and a quick brain, offer the passers-by the most miscellaneous wares from pins to perfumes, pants to neckties, toothpastes to gramophone records. The bargaining between customer and vendor proceeds on the lines of the Socratic syllogism. Nothing is left to chance. Argument follows argument, retort, retort. It is not so much a case of rapacity versus thrift as a verbal duel between

C. P. RODOCANACHI, *author of Athens and the Greek Miracle, The True Image of Jesus, and the 1938 Book of the Month Club selection, Forever Ulysses, was born in Egypt in 1880. He enlisted in the Greek army at the age of seventeen and fought in the Balkan Wars and World War I. Thereafter, with the rank of major, he served for three years as military attaché in London. Leaving the army in 1921, he entered business, but was also for three years political advisor to the Greek Ministry of Press and Information.*

vendor and purchaser, each bent on beating the other in wit and astuteness. The argument is often carried on between a hawker looking up from the street and a housewife who pelts him, his wares, and his prices with her shrill vituperations from a third- or fourth-story window. As the argument grows hotter other windows open up and many onlookers take part. It is often lifted from the humble plane of the particular to the high sphere of the general. It is not the tradesman's fault that everything is so expensive; it is not even his fault that profiteering is rampant. The fault lies with the Government. The last elections, the financial system, the great international questions of free trade and protection, are all dragged in. The original difference over the quality and price of a comb or a bottle of Eau de Cologne often acquires the importance of questions with which the whole world and the mightiest brains have been battling for the last hundred years.

But king of the Athenian streets is, unquestionably, the donkey. It is through the ubiquitous donkey that Athens keeps in touch with the countryside. It is the donkey that brings proud Pentelicon, Hymettus of the many shades, bluff Parnes, flowery Kiphissia, the olive and cypress groves, vineyards and pinewoods of the Attic plain, the kitchen gardens and orchards of Patissia, the beehives of old Byzantine monasteries, directly to Athens.

Early in the morning the peddler wakes the cooks and scullions with his peculiar chant in praise of green vegetable marrows, wine-colored eggplants, and rubicund tomatoes. But the best witness to their quality is the donkey that carries them, for he is the sure, unlying witness that they are fresh from the fields. The presence under your window or at your front door of that misunderstood and much maligned quadruped, so unjustly overshadowed by the prancing horse of knights and battles, is itself a grateful change of air. When he stands there all the slowness and tranquillity of country life is with him, a consolation for the harassing speed and agitation of the town. Two huge baskets balance themselves on each side of his painfully bony quarters. They are filled to overflowing with all the tasty vegetables that the Attic earth can produce. All questions as to their quality are answered by some poetic simile. The vegetable marrows are as fresh and as firm as the breasts of a virgin; the eggplant is as delicious as the lips of a sweetheart; the tomatoes are honey without the bee sting. Every seller from the Attic plain is capable of lyric flights in praise of his goods and fine images that Theocritus would have deemed worthy of his *Bucolics*.

The vegetable-donkey is succeeded by the fruit-donkey. There is something nobler in his step and general deportment. His owner is of a higher peasant class. His packsaddle, bridle, and baskets are of better materials, so that he may be equal to the honor of carrying that glory of Greek earth, the

grapes of Dionysus. After a brief altercation over the price the bunches are weighed. This operation does not pass without lively and acrimonious comment. No Greek housewife has ever believed in the Roman scales, based on the rules of leverage discovered by her distant ancestor Archimedes. No Greek peddler has ever believed in any other principle of mechanics as applied to the art of weighing. The great virtue of the Archimedean system is that, in able hands, it gives uncontrollable results. Absolute measure, which always inspired the lucubrations of the Greeks, was never popular in Greek trade. Indeed, the Greeks seem to have such reverence for it that they refuse to apply it to sordid utilitarian purposes. Be that as it may, weighing is always a fruitful source of contention and, consequently of enjoyment. Between the grape peddler and the housewife strong language is exchanged — she, consigning his misdeeds and his family down to the tenth generation to the flames of hell, he, protesting his righteousness to all the saints in paradise. The difference is invariably settled by a small bunch added or snatched off at the last moment.

2

BUT in the hierarchy of Athenian donkeys the place of honor must go without doubt to the flower-donkey: the bearer of the city's moving flower beds whose fragrance and magic give a new life every day to the morose aristocratic quarters, and bring beauty and consolation to the most dismal slums. Those two long ears, symbols of laziness and simplicity, acquire a most unexpected dignity when they are seen proudly emerging from between two large baskets overflowing with royal lilies, irises, Kiphissian roses, clove-scented carnations, golden chrysanthemums, and whole loads of violets, the veritable Attic flower, "the crown of Athens" according to the poets. Under the flower-donkey's sly eye, dull with knowledge and experience but quick to reach conclusions, the young man chooses the bunch to be offered to his sweetheart; a young woman hurriedly pins a few carnations to her dress; an old lady buys, without even haggling, a few lilies to take to the sacred icon of the Most Holy Virgin in a neighboring church.

The donkey, in his wisdom compounded of the flight of all illusions and hopes, looks on passively without stirring ear or hoof. He expects nothing better than the prick of the sharp stick that will push him along to some other street corner, where he will alleviate other pains, add to other joys, obtain other pardons. He follows placidly all the vagaries that bring men and women to his side. Flowers bought for one woman will some day go to another; the tolerance of the Holy Virgin will never equal the accumulation of sins it is intended to redeem. He knows, moreover, that the flowers he carries away from the fragrant gardens at dawn,

pearled with the dew, will all be withered by the evening. He knows that tomorrow is never better than today. He knows full well the painful weight of his daily load and the even more painful lightness of his feed of oats. Ever since man and donkey met, service has been the privilege of the one and ill-treatment the fate of the other. Yet the victim of this conjunction of tyranny and service has never revolted. Slavery has its own rules of wisdom, whatever they may be. But it is to be hoped that if there be a paradise it is full of Greek donkeys and that if there be a hell the generality of Greek donkey drivers are roasted forever in its flames. And if all the sticks that have been broken on the backs of donkeys are used as fuel, the flames will never be spent.

If Athens "crowned with violets" always was and still is fragrant, it always was and ever will be—resonant. The privacy of the home is completely foreign to the Greek or, more accurately, the Greek home is not the private dwelling of each family, it is the whole city. Truly this city-instinct, still alive in the heart and mode of life of every Greek, links the present generation to those who founded the Greek miracle on the fusion of the private hearth and the altar in the city temple. The city is still, be it small or large, the only home of its citizenry. They feel more at home on the public square, in the streets, in the taverns, than in their own houses. This city-instinct as contrasted with the hearth-instinct is the reason why street life is more intense in Greece than in any other country. At certain hours of the day nobody seems to have stayed at home. It may be said more accurately that everybody has left his house for his home: the gardens, squares, and streets of the city. The house is for sleep at night and rest in the afternoon. Meetings with friends, evening meals, games of cards, backgammon, or chess, take place in the cafés, where whole families are seen seated as if they were at home. It is usual for a newcomer to Athens to ask a friend or relative: "At what café shall we meet?" Only very rarely is there an inquiry about the house where the friend or relative actually lives.

The old conception of the city has survived all vicissitudes. Today, as in the days of Pericles, a Greek is primarily an Athenian, a Boeotian, a Thessalian, a Peloponnesian, a Cretan, etc. Every province, every town, every large village always extols its virtues and proclaims them to be without peer in the whole of the Greek community; every fault and weakness is attributed to the rest of the country. Patriotism and the sense of political unity are not at the root of local particularism, they merely grow out of it and crown it. Provinces are not divisions of Greece; Greece is the sum of its provinces. But if Greece is not the expression of racial unity as between politically independent cities, it is nevertheless the political synthesis of distinct towns and villages. Greek patriotism is the

apex of an emotional pyramid based on town and village solidarity.

But the survival of the old Greek civic spirit is yet more noticeable in the persistence of the close relation between the city and religion. The pride of a city, or of a particular quarter in large cities, is not its private or public buildings. It is its church. In the smallest villages, in the poorest quarters, you can generally find a church out of all proportion to its surroundings. To have a large and sumptuous church is the ambition of every community. Money that would not be spent on comfortable houses, money that could not be raised for local schools or administrative quarters—generally the shabbiest in the country—can easily be found for and spent on the erection or decoration of the local church. The ambition of citizens is such that whole generations will sacrifice their savings for the building of some wonderful church.

Solidarity in religion, violent individualism in private relations, a picturesque manner of life in which material comfort has little place but the soul is satisfied by the simple pleasures of nature—such is the hallmark of the Greek throughout history. If Greek intellectual and artistic achievements today, though far from negligible, may not be compared with what they were, this is the inevitable lot of a people overshadowed by the glory that was Greece. Nevertheless, if civic virtue and aristocratic simplicity still tread the paths of earth, it is in Greece, and particularly in Athens, that their footprints, however faint, are least unlike those left in the glorious days of old.

3

THE AGORA

Nothing links the Athens of today more closely with Hellenism of all time than its central square. Whether we speak of the Agora of the classical era, the Hippodrome of Byzantium, or present-day Constitution Square, open-air gatherings for the pleasure of debating every conceivable subject are the hallmark of Hellenism. It is always on a public square that the Greek has chosen or repudiated his governments, corrected the strategy of his generals, repealed the laws or the sentences of his courts. Most acts of this kind are merely academic. Only a few are actually carried into effect. For the Greeks have always met to talk. The spoken word is the only god whose faith they have never betrayed.

Having discovered at a very early stage that speech is both the instrument and the mistress of thought, the Greek has always endeavored to sharpen this instrument, and be faithful to that mistress of his soul. Adequately to fill his lungs, the air which the Greek breathes must be resonant. Silence is stifling to him. The use of words is not, he thinks, merely utilitarian. The purpose of speech

is more the child of words than their father. Words are treated as though they possessed an existence of their own. Occasionally they may be called in to serve some immediate practical purpose. But, generally, the purpose derives from the display of words and is rarely the primary occasion of speech. Even in the hottest argument persuasion is not the main object. For a Greek, argument is less the crossing of rapiers than the erection of parallel columns. Each party builds his own column. Argument is piled on argument as block on block. The two opposing columns rise side by side, each completely independent and oblivious of the other. The whole point is to build higher and faster than your opponent; to overawe him with your audacity and to astound the onlookers. He who has finished his column first and crowned it with a flowery capital is considered the winner. He must be an artist in quality and speed. This explains why the Greek has always been such a quick thinker and glib talker.

Greek columnar architecture is probably the outcome of the Greek mode of argumentation. In other architectures, the outlines, if extended, generally lead to a common center, where they should meet. Like the Greek argument, Greek lines run strictly parallel. Greek speech does not aim at contact; agreement is not its object. It aims at superiority. When Greeks exchange news it is less for the sake of information than for the possibilities of argument over the news exchanged. Their powers of dialectic are, therefore, unequalled. Mount Olympus was a paradise of argument. *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* are still the best textbooks on which to train orators. Plato chose the argumentative dialogue as the best means of building and expounding his philosophy. The unsurpassed beauty of Thucydides' history rests largely on the speeches which he attributes to his heroes. Rhetoric in poetry, philosophy, history, even in dreams of the hereafter, is most certainly peculiar to this race, which thinks and acts to this day in terms of eloquence. The most illiterate peasant is, in his own way, a master of speech. He can only be guided by a speaker subtler than himself. To deduce contrary conclusions from the same premises or, by some tricky move, to alter the premises in the course of argument in such a way that agreement can be avoided and new verbal beauty brought to flower, has always been and still is the national sport of the Greeks.

Throughout all the changes of religion, social and political constitution and rulers, the real mistress of the Greeks has been sophism — sometimes, but not always, in the pejorative sense of the word. It is sophism that made Greece both so great and so small; great when it was used to a purpose, small when it was abused. Etymologically the word means "wisdomism." The consequence is that education in Greece was never a question of learning

facts. It was always a question of receiving, displaying, and professing "wisdom." For the Greek mind, meditative and silent thought is inconceivable. Thought and its expression are considered inseparable and equivalent. In great minds this equivalence was extraordinarily fruitful, as is proved by their great achievements. But when words no longer subserve thought but are granted a value of their own equal to that of thought itself, the mediocre mind is sorely tempted to use them, to the detriment of constructive thinking. And since every Greek is naturally skillful with his tongue he believes himself wise and that his primary function is to display his wisdom. This compels him to explain, to comment, to argue until his opponent is beaten at points, though rarely knocked out and never persuaded.

This controversial attitude is sublimely illustrated in Plato's dialogues. Dozens of characters pass across the dialectical stage of this greatest of all thinkers. They belong to all stations of life, from professional intellectuals to businessmen. Their dialectical skill equals that of Socrates, the past master of argument. If he generally wins the day it is only because of his "daemon" and not because of his superiority in dialectic. Scenes from Plato's dialogues, or the lifelong oratorical duel between Aeschines and Demosthenes, the political antagonism between Pericles and Cimon, are repeated every day on Constitution Square in Athens. In summer, dialectical exercises are peripatetic; in winter they take a sedentary form inside Zacharatos Café. In both cases it is desirable that there should be several protagonists. The eristic art is greatly enhanced by a background of listeners and hecklers.

4

CONSTITUTION Square is swarming with groups of twos and threes walking up and down. Argument and rhetorical gesticulation are everywhere. Some groups may be seen to split up now and then, because a *coup de grâce* in the form of an argument *ad hominem* has been delivered. But again and again groups of the most skilled debaters become centers round which the itinerant cells conglomerate. When the discussion becomes so general that few can hope to get a hearing, a rapid process of dissociation soon restores more favorable conditions. The members of too large a group are seen leaving it and adhering to some other smaller cell. There they seize hold of the first argument that strikes their ear, oppose it, and so constitute part of a new group. This process is so general all over the famous Square that at certain hours of the day it is like a great honeycomb where hundreds of bees are busy gathering the honey of Attic speech. Everybody lives, moves, and has his being in a hubbub of "words, words, words," and since the possible combinations of words are infinite the work

is never finished. After nearly three thousand years this game is still played. Inside the café the process is similar: arguments fly from table to table, chairs are carried to and fro, associations and dissociations are constantly taking place according to the trend of the argument. Many pencils are at work. Military moves are sketched on maps of a startling subjectivity; designs of houses, pseudo-Euclidian geometries, uncontrollable algebraic formulae and computations that have made mathematics, long before Einstein, the most relative of sciences, litter the café. Marble table tops are scrawled all over with accounts, bank balances, and state budgets, the latter always showing a deficit when the computer is in the opposition, and large surpluses when his party is in power.

The streets that converge on to the Square seem merely intended to feed it with subjects for controversy. With grandiloquent slowness people stroll along less with a view to transacting business than to collecting information. Their shopping consists mainly of anecdotes, scandals, gossip.

Agoracrite, the political-minded shopkeeper in Aristophanes, still carries on his dual trade of tripes and loquacity. If the Square is the heart, the streets are the veins of the Greek body politic. They are also the wings of the stage on which the political comedy of the moment is enacted.

Laughable though this garrulity may appear, it has not been without value. Under the long Turkish domination speech was held suspect by the conqueror. Subjects of conversation were few; all politics were banned. The Greeks suffered more from these restrictions on speech than from all the other nuisances imposed upon them. Youth fled to the mountains, where at least they could voice their ideas and sing their patriotic songs. For many generations the youth of Greece became *Klephts* and *Armatoles*. Then one day they swept down from the mountains and ousted the invader. Would it be too fanciful to say that the repression of Greek speech ultimately drove the Turk back into Asia?

5

THE public square may be considered the keystone of Greek thought, for the Greek was never a solitary thinker. The Kant of Königsberg, the Spinoza of Amsterdam, those hermits of the intellect, have no counterpart in Greece. All Greek thinkers were public men, in all senses; they were both public-spirited and popular. To name only one: Socrates was a man in the street, a man of the Athenian market place, as well as a good soldier popular with his comrades-in-arms.

Today he would be a regular client of the Zacharatos Café and a frequenter of Constitution Square. He would be seen in Shoe Lane in constant intercourse with cobblers and the contemporary Agora-

crites of the food market. His days and nights were so full of talk, his nature was so opposed to the solitude of study, that there is not a single line from his hand. That greatest master of "winged words" seems to have been incapable of thought except in the presence of opponents. To sharpen his mind he needed the grindstone of objection and opposition. His greatest ideas seem to have shot forth like the sparks from friction.

In this respect Socrates is the heart and soul of Greece. His metaphysics spring from bantering witticisms. His psychology and ethics are children of the crowd. The sap of life as lived by the common herd is in them. He is so much of the crowd that he often shows himself shy, when he has to express higher meanings. Then he hides himself, or is hidden by Plato, behind some magical subterfuge — Diotima, for instance — or behind that "daemon" of his. He is a man of the people, poorly clad, beard unkempt, with a sensitive but in no way intellectual face. Judging by his looks he might have been a tripe-seller.

Spending his days in the gardens of the Ilissos, in the streets, and round the Agora; strolling in and out of little shops and taverns where he was offered a cup of wine, resined in those days as now; followed by street urchins who were amused by his Silenus-like appearance and his humorous sallies; interviewed by men of every class and profession, from the innkeeper to the high magistrate and the intellectuals who were intrigued by his paradoxes, little guessing that they hid the truth of tomorrow; known to be henpecked at home by a proverbially shrewish wife, Socrates gained for himself the popularity of picturesque eccentricity, of a beggarly kindness and sociability spiced with flashes of wit and long disquisitions of an incomprehensible nature, where gods, men, and the city appeared in a new light. Echoes of his utterances in the streets, squares, public gardens, and shops gradually opened to Socrates the doors of the aristocratic houses. The hospitality extended to him by innkeepers led to the hospitality of the great, where he was pressed to eat and drink all night reclining on soft cushions between smart young men and brilliant wits. By some kind of intellectual and social dandyism a place of honor was given, at table and in conversation, to this shabby Silenus. The aristocracy of Athens were charmed and titillated by the presence at their table of a man so foreign to their manner of life. What they enjoyed most was his tantalizing sophistry, where his real meaning always escaped their interpretation and thus led to new arguments.

Socrates was lionized by the aristocracy of Athens because he was not one of them. Their sophisticated minds enjoyed his broad popular sarcasms, and the most sophisticated of them all, Alcibiades, enjoyed it more than anybody else. In Socrates the street conquered the intelligentsia and the

aristocracy. With this conquest the fate of old Greece was sealed. And it is not without reason that Socrates was made to pay, with his life, for this invasion by practical, popular common sense of the august realms of the aristocratic *beau monde* of which the Greeks were so proud — and rightly, in the light of its astounding achievements.

Modern Athens affords us a clue to what happened then. It is not so long since characters similar to Alcibiades and Socrates could still be seen in the streets of this perplexing city. Some forty years ago there lived a belated edition of Alcibiades. An aristocrat by birth, an intellectual, and a famous duelist, full of wine and ideas, a friend to many and the generous benefactor of a host of picturesque destitutes with something personal and original to say, Prince George Mourouzis was both the idol and scandal of Athens. Rich, handsome, a brilliant cavalry officer, a lover of all women in search of love, a snob with the snobs, most simple with the common folk, he collected round him all the dandies and all the bohemians of his time. In his wake there followed many shining cavalry swords and many yet more shiny old frock coats. Socrates would have been his most cherished devotee and friend. Lacking a Socrates he attached himself to a certain Vdelopoulos, who preached and, in his own way, commented on the Gospels, to children and grownups at every corner of the main streets, amid the laughter and abusive quips of his audience. He was often seen in the cafés imbibing glass after glass of brandy with another of his boon companions — Suvlis, the philosopher-

barber of Athens, who shaved the smartest men and dressed the hair of the smartest women, delivering at the same time with oratorical gestures and voice his views on world politics and the regeneration of mankind.

Athens is never without certain itinerant and oracular personalities scattering paradoxes by the mouthful, often covering some deep truth, often merely mad. With long beards and hair, clad in shiny rags that were in their time smart suits, they move from table to table, from tavern to tavern, from group to group, everybody's friends and guests. All laugh at them, but all listen to them. For derision to be turned into admiration, and their paradoxes into the truth of tomorrow, would it be enough for them to be put to death with a cup of hemlock? Do they lack genius, or merely a Plato? Would they go down in history if only they could find their Aristophanes? These queries must remain unanswered, for nobody knows where Socrates ends and where Plato begins or whether Aristophanes satirized Socrates or only his lionizers. What is certain is that Socrates the individual thinker and Socrates the symbolic voice chosen by Plato the better to enunciate a philosophical system which still stiffens our theology and our scientific methodology, was a man of the Athenian market place. This alone confers a strong title to nobility on those streets, squares, taverns, and cafés. Let nobody laugh at the preposterous arguments that rage there. Some of the great truths on which the world shall live for many centuries may once more emerge from this fog of verbiage.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

by Demetrios Capetanakis

The sun is not in love with us,
Nor the corrosive sea;
Yet both will burn our dried-up flesh
In deep intimacy

With stubborn tongues of briny death
And heavy snakes of fire,
Which writhe and hiss and crack the Greek
Myth of the singing lyre.

The dusty fig tree cries for help,
Two peasants kill one snake,
While in our rocky heart the gods
Of marble hush and break.

After long ages all our love
Became a barren fever,
Which makes us glow in martyrdom
More beautiful than ever.

Yet when the burning horses force
Apollo to dismount
And rest with us at last, he says
That beauty does not count.

EXPECTING THE BARBARIANS

by Constantine Kavafis

What are we all waiting for,
Gathered together like this on the public square?

The Barbarians are coming today.
Why this air of listlessness in the Senate House?
Why have the Senators given up legislating?

The Barbarians are coming today.
What would be the good of legislating?
When they come, the Barbarians will make the law.

Why has our Emperor got out of bed so early?
What is he doing at the city gates,
With his crown on his head and such a solemn expression?

The Barbarians are coming today.
The Emperor is waiting to receive their leader.
He has even prepared a charter
Granting him honors and titles.

Why are our two consuls and our praetors
All got up in their embroidered scarlet robes?
Why are they covered with bracelets and rings?
What are they going to do with their precious staffs,
Wonderfully filigreed in silver and gold?

The Barbarians are coming today.
And such things impress the Barbarians.

Then why are our famous orators not here to make speeches
And display their usual fluency?

The Barbarians are coming today.
And the Barbarians do not appreciate fine phrases or long speeches.

Why, now, all of a sudden, this disturbance?
How solemn everybody's face has suddenly become!
Why are the streets and the squares all emptying so quickly?
Why is everybody going home looking so blue?

Because night has fallen and the Barbarians have not come.
And some people have just got back from the frontiers
Who say there are no more Barbarians.

And now, without the Barbarians, what is to become of us?
After all, they would have been a kind of solution.

Translated by Marguerite Yourcenar and W. H. Auden

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN GREEK ART

The Blending of Contrasting Traditions

by MANOLIS HADJIDAKIS

1

OF ALL Europeans only the Greeks, and the Balkan peoples under their civilizing influences preserved the art forms, subjects, and principles of medieval Byzantium. Only if we fully appreciate this artistically unique phenomenon — the product of Greece's moral and intellectual armor against a less cultured conqueror — can we explain the origin and singular development of Neo-Hellenic art and some of its present-day trends.

The establishment in 1830 of an independent Greek state set Athens up as a new art center and caused a reorientation among Greek artists. Young King Otto and his Bavarian court in Athens introduced the neo-classicism of the Munich of his father, Ludwig I. The Greeks were showing pseudo-classical inclinations in all spheres of life, both in turning to their forefathers for their models and in contemning their medieval past. Generations of nineteenth-century Greek artists learned and frequently practiced their art in Munich. Their subjects were often the heroes and glorious episodes of the recent liberation struggle. They strove to assimilate and to approach the technical skill of their foreign teachers. The learned classicists of the mid-nineteenth century urged artists to turn to the art of Western Europe.

Thenceforth Neo-Hellenic art faithfully followed European models, though lagging somewhat behind, for its delay in turning westward often forced

it to accept schools of European art that had already become purely academic in their own lands. Yet Greek art continually endeavored to retain its own national character.

These tendencies in Neo-Hellenic painting assumed various forms at various times. During the nineteenth century, the vogue of European genre painting encouraged the leading Greek painters to portray historical scenes or the local color of scenes of Greek peasant life. These recognized artists, however, saw their subjects through aristocratic eyes and tried to make themselves understood in a foreign, conventional language inspired by academic naturalism.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, the maturity of the Greek cultivated classes permitted more progressive movements. Impressionism reached Greece by way of Germany and even made its way into the School of Fine Arts. Thenceforward the Greek landscape became the main subject for painters.

The unsettled revolutionary spirit of that generation was embodied in Constantine Parthenis, who was born in 1878. Parthenis began his painting career with impressionism, interpreted decoratively, and worked his way through many Parisian schools, from post-impressionism to fauvism, cubism, and expressionism. Though of reflective and darting mind, he always proceeded with an inner cohesion, and his researches enriched his technical experience. These included a study of Byzantine painting, from which he learned the importance of style. Parthenis sought a rule that would govern the composition of contrasted colors, planes, and lines, and investigated the phenomena of optical illusion and distortion. The result was an entirely personal manner in which great economy of color detracts nothing

MANOLIS HADJIDAKIS, who was born in Crete in 1909, studied philology, archaeology and the history of art at Athens, Paris, and Berlin, receiving his doctorate from the University of Athens. He has been Director of the Benaki Museum, Athens since 1940 and was appointed Curator of Byzantine Antiquities in Central Greece and the Islands in 1943.

from its exceptional intensity, while the reduction of form to patterns of rhythmical movement suggests the subtlest undertones.

In one of Parthenis's large mature canvases painted in 1940 — *The Apotheosis of Athanasios Diakos*, which honors a hero of the liberation struggle — the artist's idealism is evident in an unusual sparingness of color, while the disembodiment of form achieved through the abstraction of mass and material weight, and through a tranquil sublimation, contributes to the strength of his poetic power. This flat utterly modern composition is akin to the mannerist style of *The Angelic Concert* by the early Greek painter Theotokopoulos (El Greco), notable for his sublime symbolism, elongated figures, and the conjunction of the divine with the mortal.

The sound pioneering technique of Parthenis was to bear fruit among artists of the next generation who were his students at the School of Fine Arts. Parthenis taught them that the problem of formulating a national art lay not so much in subject matter as in form.

During the same period, other artists were making a name for themselves outside Greece. Among these we find George Bouzianis, born in 1885, who worked in Germany with the pioneer Munich group *Neue Sezession* and then in 1935 returned to Greece. His vast expressionistic canvases are covered with seemingly confused blobs of color lacking all semblance of composition. It is hardly surprising that this exaggeratedly emotional painting, in essence the very voice of despair, should find few imitators in Greece, with her age-long tradition of precise form and of balance between intellect and sentiment.

The style of George Gounaro is another purely personal invention, which reached maturity in Paris. It rests on the abolition of mass, on the use of a single source of light, and on emphasis of the third dimension. This anti-realistic painting, fundamentally romantic, though again without continuity, gave Greek art an impulse to strive after originality.

Certain trends noticeable around 1927 show that the younger artists were endeavoring to adopt a conscientious and consistent attitude towards the problems of contemporary art. The more spirited sculptors, painters, and engravers — all of them either students of Parthenis or under the influence of Paris — banded together into a group dedicated to upholding modern theories against the academic survivals of nineteenth-century naturalism. These revolutionaries did not advance much beyond post-impressionism and the influence of Derain or Vlaminck; only a few, such as Ghika (Nikos Hadjikyriako), derived anything from the then comparatively recent cubist movement.

Simultaneously with this explicit attempt to catch up with contemporary Parisian currents, there developed a widespread interest in popular art and

Byzantine and post-Byzantine painting, intensified in 1930 by the foundation of the Byzantine and Benaki Museums. The inclination of painting to return to Greek medieval prototypes was started and largely represented by Photis Kondoglou, an ecclesiastical painter, book illustrator, and prose writer who was born in Asia Minor in 1895. At a time when only a few experts had as yet begun to take any interest in the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century frescoes in the monasteries of Mount Athos and the Meteora, Kondoglou was studying their technique and absorbing the aesthetic conception of that monumental Byzantine mural art.

Later, when Kondoglou executed works free of religious content, such as the historical murals done in 1939 in the Athens Municipal Hall, his leisurely compositions represented ancient heroes as Byzantine saints, an ingenuous touch borrowed from popular painting. He gave a fresh and decisive turn to the ecclesiastical painting of the Orthodox Church. This essentially romantic revival led up to an anti-realistic style and thus had something in common with the aims of modern painting. Satisfying the demands of Greek tradition already brought up to date, Kondoglou's teaching was accepted by elder, skilled painters, such as Spyros Vasiliou and Agenor Asteriades, and by younger ones whose technique, even when liberated from the direct influence of Kondoglou, never ceased to reveal the rudimentary traces of their apprenticeship.

2

THE contemporary scene in Greek art is changing so rapidly that I must limit myself to a short account of main objectives and the most successful achievements since the end of the war.

A number of painters who have profited from the experience of the preceding generation and who are in direct touch with Paris have recently come to maturity. The tragic but heroic events through which they lived during the years of enemy occupation and civil war (1941–1949) forged in them an indestructible bond with their own soil and their compatriots. Their consequent reaction is to be found neither in huge canvases portraying heroic scenes nor in an escapism to anti-reality or total abstraction. These artists live in an objective world of ordinary men and dwellings and landscapes. But they have found the strength to invest what they see with their own thoughts and emotions, thus transforming them into symbols of a serene if afflicted spirit. It is no coincidence that a sense of death pervades the uncouth servicemen of Tsarouhis, the nude girls of Moralis, and the sculptured groups of Kapralos. The notion of death is wrought into these youthful figures — as on ancient tombstones — through an other-worldly calm, a modest melancholy of expression.

One might refer to the quality that permeates



Photo Boucas, London

GHIKA: *Large Hydra Landscape* (1948)

Collection Mr. and Mrs. John Carras, London



Photo Harissiadis, Athens

GHIKA: *Bough and Moon* (1948)

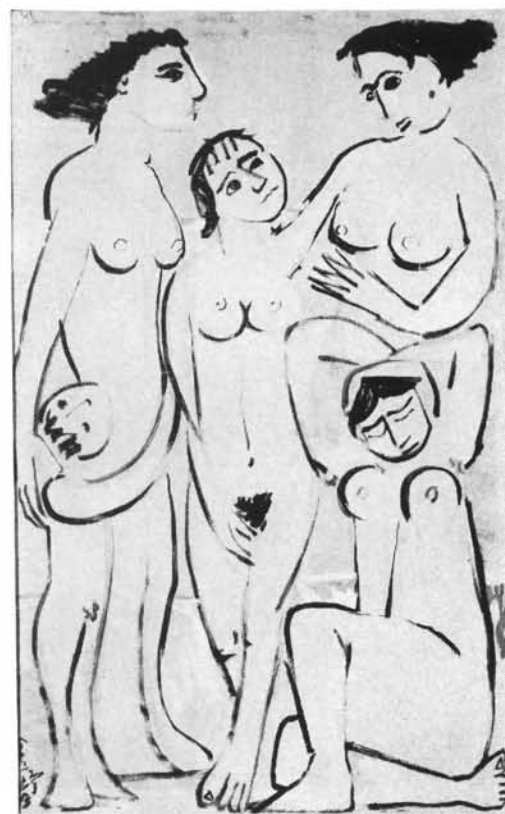
Collection of the Artist, Athens



PARTHENIS: *The Apotheosis of Athanasios Diakos* (1937)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



PARTHENIS: "*Géante elle Apparaît*"
Collection Mr. and Mrs. Sophocles N. Zoullas, New York



MAVROIDIS: *Summer Time* (1954)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



KONTOPOULOS: *Still Life* (1951)
Collection National Gallery of Athens



TASSOS: *Anna and Maria* (1952)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



ENGONOPOULOS: *Theseus and the Minotaur* (1945)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



Photo Harissiadis, Athens

KONDOGLOU: *The Captives* (1935)
Collection of the Artist, Athens

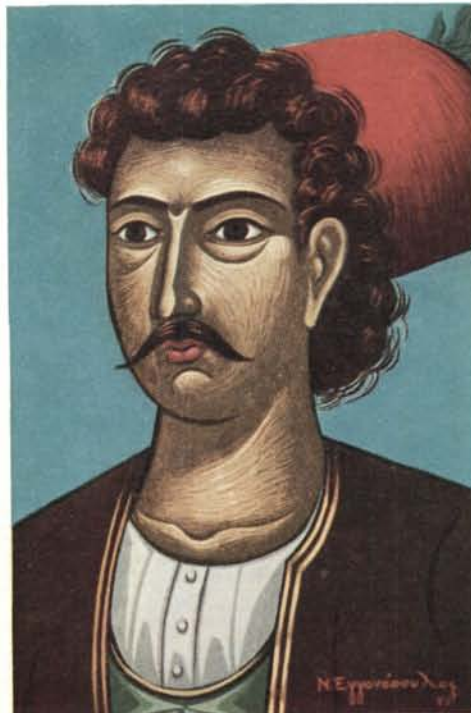


Photo Harissiadis, Athens

ENGONOPOULOS: *Portrait of a Soldier* (1948)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



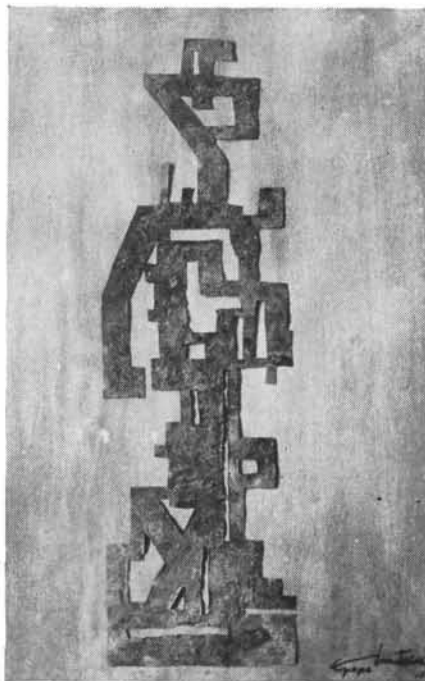
Photo Harissiadis, Athens

MORALIS: *Standing Nude* (1950)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



Photo Harissiadis, Athens

MORALIS: *For a Funeral Composition* (1951)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



PAPADIMITRIOU: *The Warrior* (1954)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



TOMBROS: *Woman* (1952)
Collection of the Artist, Athens

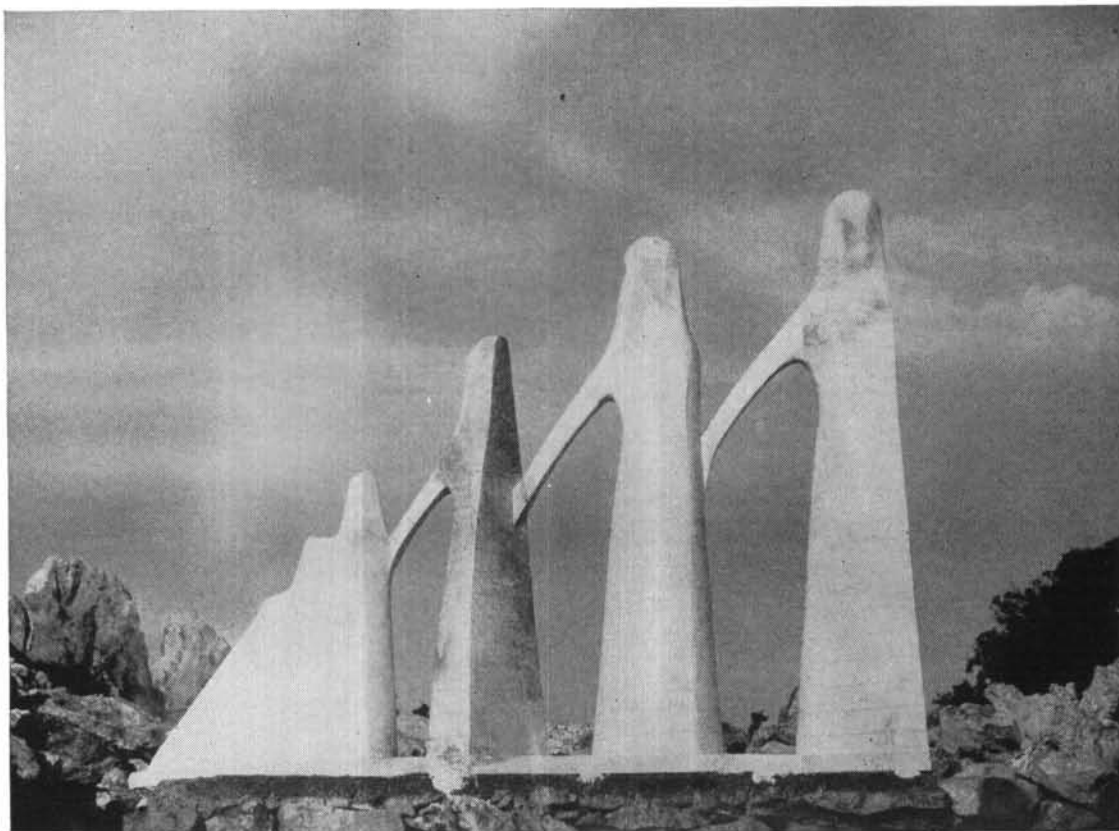


PAPPAS: *Irene* (1949)
Collection of the Artist, Athens



KAPRALOS: *Occupation and Liberation of Greece* (1946)

One of six bas-relief studies for a limestone monument now under construction in commemoration of the Greek people's resistance against the German invasion during World War II.



ZOGOLOPOULOS in collaboration with the architect KARANDINOS: *The Women of Zalongos*
Study completed in 1953. Monument now under construction on the cliff site where the women of Souli dashed themselves to death to escape Turkish capture. See article, *In the Greek Islands*.



Photo Patridis, Athens

TSAROUHIS: *Greek Officer* (1954) and *Woman of Eleusis* (1954)
Collection Iolas Gallery, New York

almost all Greek art forms today as Neo-Hellenic realism. The originality of this development lies mainly in the fact that its subjects are not chosen for their picturesqueness or folklore appeal, but from modern Greek life as it is. In the landscapes of this school we see the barren soil, the geometric architecture, and the inexorable sunlight. Sharp outline is matched by brilliant coloring.

The feature which most distinguishes the Greek from any other Mediterranean landscape is its clear spirituality. Often simple buildings are so portrayed that they become symbols of the country's fortune — of the sufferings of the people under the Turkish occupation, or the plight of the refugees driven from their homes. There is an undertone of human sympathy. This painting is neither uniform nor derived from a single source, but all of it has a common motivation: to portray a world rich in intellectual and emotional experience through simple but forthright means and a symbolism that preserves the appearance of things.

Our artists are experimenting with the whole Greek tradition — classical vase painting and Pompeian frescoes, Fayum portraiture, mosaic flooring, and Byzantine mural decoration, right through to contemporary popular painting — experimenting to find orientation for their own work. They hope both to perpetuate an age-long tradition and simultaneously to strive for the objectives of modern art.

3

THE work of Ghika (born in 1906), the most modern of Greek painters, lies within the scope of this intellectual movement. A student of Parthenis, he spent his early years in post-cubist Paris, where his work acquired a cosmopolitan character. More recently his researches into Greek tradition have clearly begun to bear fruit. Modern painting, Far Eastern art, Hellenistic, Byzantine, and Greek popular painting have been combined and sifted by a fine intellect that imposes its own laws on reality: a balance among the main moving elements on a plane surface, an almost geometric arrangement and elevation of plan, and a transparency of pure color brilliant with the intensity of Greek light.

Ghika's mercurial and inventive mind, rich imagination, and acute sensibility turn ordinary subjects — roof tops, common plants, and landscapes — into an other-world of magic, convincing because of its own aesthetic truth. In the large canvas, painted in 1949, of the small island of Hydra where he was born, the composition is held together by bold horizontal and perpendicular lines. The surface is filled with houses and walled gardens, streets and vaulted arcades of the island town, but their logic is all their own: they are viewed after the fashion of early Christian mosaic floors — now from above, now from the side, according to the requirements of the composition. On the left this mysteriously mov-

ing arabesque is illuminated by the warm orange reflections of the setting sun, while the rising moon casts its pallid beams over the right. The contrast between these two elements gives dramatic movement to the whole work. In Ghika's latest paintings, still-life objects and architectural and plant themes occur side by side. The severity of his geometric approach is now more relaxed and festive, but his colors retain their brilliance.

The work of John Tsarouhis (born in 1910), a student of both Parthenis and Kondoglou, is imbued with faith in the unity of form in Greek art throughout the ages, a unity which he wants to preserve. Tsarouhis is well grounded in the fundamentals of Greek painting and has a purely personal feeling for color. His work approaches that of the Paris school, while remaining fundamentally Greek. His main interest is in the human being who, in his hands, tends to become a monumental figure. Lightly modeled, his subjects fill the picture to the point of suffocation, and are elevated to an impersonal type of being full of dignity and grandeur. His colors, limited to a minimum, give a particular quality to his work and function in a calm and stable manner, as in the paintings of Matisse and certain Byzantine artists. Tsarouhis has lately tried larger group compositions with a setting of coffee houses at night. Within this geometric frame lives a whole world of Greek type-characters.

Diamandis Diamandopoulos (born in 1910), who developed in the same atmosphere of reverence for things Greek, expresses his ideal in a precise style. A feeling of magnitude, strength, and stability derives as much from the size of his canvases as the significant outlines that clench pure flat colors into figures of bulk and weight. As with Tsarouhis, Diamandopoulos's chief concern is with various types of man, whom he portrays in huge canvases or polychrome statues.

Nikos Engonopoulos (born in 1910), poet and painter, also studied under Parthenis and Kondoglou. His lyric and volatile imagination was quickly attracted to the surrealist art of Chirico. In a typically Neo-Hellenic context he combines fantastic beings with realistic objects: the setting, for example, of a painting of the mythical Minotaur is a nineteenth-century house in the Peiraeus, the word LABYRINTH written over it as if it were the name of a popular tavern. His frequently epic compositions reveal a fruitful contact with Byzantine art, and sometimes relate in an impressive and serious mood tales from an invented mythology. The unexpected and the anachronistic are forms which Engonopoulos often uses ironically, but his purely artistic gifts of brilliant color, sure design, strength of composition, and acute sensibility are most apparent in works such as his portrait of the poet Kavafis, in which a poem written by the subject is painted on the scroll of the Byzantine mural in the background.

The paintings of Nikos Nikolaou (born in 1909), George Sikeliotis (1917), and lastly of George Mavroïdis (1913) are interesting because they produce with a maximum economy flat compositions of a monumental order. Their sharply outlined figures in fresco or tempera, while strictly composed, nevertheless vibrate with restrained passion.

Outstanding among the younger members of this generation is John Moralis (born in 1916), notable for a mastery of the means of expression which links him to the nineteenth-century painters. He is the least revolutionary of his age group, but his mature style, sure and well balanced in composition, transforms works of fine lyrical sensibility into an intellectual accomplishment. Like the youthful figures portrayed on Attic funerary steles of the fifth century B.C., his nude women belong to some other-world of silence and contentment. Their delicate limbs lose none of their rotundity nor their skin any of its freshness despite a partial absence of space, a static pose, a rhythmical interlocking of limbs, and a sparing use of color; the warm gray tones of the flesh are often set against a striking blue ground.

Some of the painters already mentioned are also engravers of note, but there are Greek artists too who work exclusively at copper and wood engraving. The development of modern engraving has occurred only during the past twenty-five years, under the influence of Dimitrios Galanis, a Paris Greek, and of John Kephallinos, a teacher in the School of Fine Arts. About 1930 Angelos Theodoropoulos applied to engraving the lessons of post-impressionistic painting, Efthimios Papadimitriou reverted to compositions of an expressionistic nature often borrowed from Byzantine art, while Spyros Vasiliou (born in 1902) applied with ingenuity and talent his knowledge of Byzantine techniques to woodcuts. Of the younger artists Anastasios Tassos (born in 1910) creates larger pictures of landscapes, figures, and still-life objects, whose strict distribution of black and white does nothing to dull his truthful interpretation of Greek reality.

4

THE roots of modern Greek sculpture must be sought in nineteenth century neo-classicism, when Greek sculptors, bent on continuing the art of Praxiteles, accepted Canova as their model. John Halepas (1854-1938) in the first phase of his career raised classical idealistic sculpture to its peak, but then in a reversal of intellectual position returned to sculptural creation free of classicist reminiscences.

Contemporary Greek sculpture possesses certain constant qualities: a feeling for measure, economy of means of expression, awareness of rhythm, and

sensibility to the medium. This anti-romantic art does not expend all its efforts in searching for originality, but rather enriches its eloquence through a study of that never-ending source of wisdom, the human body, in order to find a more apt expression for its structure, for the melody in its rhythmical movement, and for the poetry of its animated surface. The work of Michael Tombros (born in 1889) is distinguished by the solidity and cohesion of its planes, tending to extreme simplicity. Though his work sometimes has a touch of coldness, it has harmony and unity of style. The Greek inheritance of Athanasios Apartis (born in 1899) helped free him from the extremes of his teacher, Bourdelle, and enabled him, in a series of remarkable heads, to convey character with utmost feeling. In larger compositions, such as the sculptured reliefs on the monument erected to the memory of the slaughtered Jews of Thessaloniki, Apartis contrives to convey deep emotion in a simple but expressive language of symbolism. The work of John Pappas (born in 1915) moves from a study of man to solid monumental pieces in which lyric sensibility submits to idealistic realism. Pappas has a great gift for portraiture, suggesting an inner spirit without resorting to surface devices.

After executing a number of outstanding statues of his mother, Christos Kapralos (born in 1909) has devoted himself to the epic narration in sculptured friezes of the Greek people's misfortunes during the war. An intense feeling for rhythm combined with an acute awareness of reality gives a particular quality to the revival of this ancient art. Clearhos Loukopoulos preserves — sometimes in relief carvings — the religious spirit of our popular artists, mellowing it with rhythmical movement of an elevated character. Antonios Sohos is another who has used both popular and ancient techniques with success. A bold attempt at revival is the large-scale monument, *The Women of Zalongos*, executed by sculptor George Zogolopoulos and architect Patroclos Karandinos, which is being erected on the site where Greek women chose in 1803 to dance and then to throw themselves, over a cliff rather than submit to the enemy. Some Greek sculptors, such as Kostas Koulentianos and Kostas Andreou, are working successfully in Paris — most of them in sympathy with the Paris school — while others again, like Polygnotos Vagis and Michael Lekakis, are at work in America. Here in Greece a generation of young sculptors is following with self-assurance and talent in the path of the older masters.

The proud ambition of contemporary Greek art is to give form to Neo-Hellenic reality, both intellectual and emotional, as molded by centuries of historic continuity in a corner of Europe that has ever been a meeting ground of civilizations.

Translated by John Leatham

THE FUNERAL GAMES

A Story

by COSMAS POLITIS

1

THAT afternoon, soon after lunch — about two o'clock — we started for Psomalonos. Apart from Stavro, the rest of us were meeting Louis for the first time after . . . after all those days. As the two of us arrived with Laios we found Louis among the others, talking in his usual way. Only Louis was more sunburned, and there was a serious smile at the corner of his lips.

"Who's the one walking with him?"

"Who?" said Laios with a start. "Oh, what am I thinking of . . . it's Petrovik. Wasn't there someone else?"

"Oh, for God's sake! Don't drive me mad."

Behind the station some gypsies had pitched their camp. We went further away, towards the sea. It seems that Louis and Stavro had come beforehand and arranged everything. We found the course already marked out and the posts set.

"That pile of wood will be in our way," said someone.

"No," said Stavro. "The course goes the other way. There's the starting point."

It was a pile of thick timbers coated with tar — ties for the railroad — stacked loosely crosswise. The pile went higher than our heads, far higher.

The boys got ready. Under their clothes they already had on their sports things — shorts, thin shirts — and then they took off their boots to put on the proper shoes. No one asked why the sports were taking place today, or what was the meaning

of the sudden summons. We all felt a bodily desire for immortality, a desire to show our strength as a challenge, as a revenge for what had happened.

Waiting for the sports to begin, one boy practiced throwing and another did trial exercises for running or jumping. The elastic bodies were stretched and muscles played. It was a liberation, under the steady sunlight. At that minute everything changeable, ideas and such shifting phenomena, were of no account. The lines, the tension of the bodies, signified something static and eternal: the statuesque harmony of the gods who triumph untroubled above human misfortunes.

"You, what do you want here?" called Cleobulos to two barefooted young gypsies.

"I told them to come," said Louis.

The other gypsies and the small fry remained apart, round the tents, sitting cross-legged on the ground. They smiled a bitter, somewhat ironical smile at all that they did not understand. In their dark faces, their white teeth shone out. The women in holiday dress blossomed in the sunlight like many-colored flowers, startling by their absence of green leaves.

You would have said the sea and land were first divided on that day. The summer was sending messages of its coming. On the ridge of Akorphos, towards the north, the snow was cut askew where the sun struck the mountain, and was almost transparent on the rock. Further down the flanks were green, and as they went lower they were soft as the soil on the low foothills. And the foliage grew thickly — silk, velvet, cotton, silver . . . in some places darker, in others as light as a first coat of paint. Behind the railroad some trees with white blossoms were precociously in flower. And there beside us in the broad ditch under the embankment

Born in Athens in 1889, COSMAS POLITIS lived in Smyrna for thirty years, returning to Greece to become director of a small bank in Patras. He started writing shortly after that time and has published four novels: The Lemon-Tree Grove, Hecate, Ghlyri, Eroica (from which this selection is taken), and a volume of short stories, Three Women.

arum lilies dominated the thistles and nettles. They had freshly unfolded all their new green leaves. They crowded and intermingled; they were jostling one another, and the place seemed too small for the great spring that was coming. The thistles were still in bud. One or two little flowers, ever so small, stood in surprise on their stems in front of the sage bushes.

Louis was looking quietly at a stately ship that was sailing out to sea. Then he went slowly to the shore where the waves spread out against it, and dipped his hands in the water. The winter greenness of the sea had now turned to blue. The water retreated with the coquetry of springtime, and left millions of drops behind, on shells and pebbles. The foam smelled of oranges and rosemary. Who knows how long Louis would have gone on standing there. But Stavro put an arm round his waist and brought him back to us.

2

STANDING by the pile of timbers, the two gypsy children began a tune, the boy with a pipe, the girl with a drum. The games started.

They lasted till the evening, till the hour when the wind fell — and the day, hiding behind the mountains on the other side of the gulf, turned, reddening, to look at us for the last time. Then a thick band of mist spread over the foot of the mountains and only their summits showed, reflected vaguely in the quiet waters of an inland sea or a shoreless lake.

Louis took no part in the games. So two first places were won by visitors — Laios and Petrovik — and there were two others that Louis would certainly have won. But now everything was over. Only nothing and emptiness were left here below.

"Bravo!" said Stavro to Aleko. "If you paid more attention to the position of your left foot . . ." and he began giving him technical explanations.

Louis sat on a stone and looked on. At the half-mile — someone ought to have been there — he stood up to follow the course better. He always kept the same calm. Only he could not contain himself when Michael burst into tears over nothing. The discus had hit him lightly on the wrist on a throw of Antony's.

"Fool!" he said. "What are you crying for? People far better than you are dead!" And if Cleobulos hadn't stopped him in time he'd have twisted Michael's hand so that he would have been maimed for the rest of his life.

It was getting dark when a train whistled as it went by. It didn't stop at the freight station, but went straight on into town. The last daylight shone on the roads and the low foreshore.

First of all the stars, Venus shone out from behind a dark cloud. In the green twilight horsemen were

galloping after some mythical beast with twisted tail and spread wings engraved in crimson. The trees, which all day long tell the pure and simple truth, at this hour were mocking, as if playing some fantastic role.

Louis sat on his stone, apart, silent, looking at the shadow which lengthened on the ground. He would not raise his eyes off the earth — nor his mind.

It was already nightfall. It was just as well that the gypsies had lit fires and we could see something. As we passed in front of the tents we saw them sitting in the same position, gazing somewhere into the void with the flame of the fire on their faces. They seemed to be looking far away, into the future — a long journey without an end. That's how Laios explained it. And then he said: "Let's go near them again."

We went by them once again, right beside them. We looked down from above. But this evening the gypsy women had their necks weighted with chains of coins, and we could not make out their breasts.

Aleko walked silently.

"How is it they didn't go into the town today as it's Carnival Thursday?" Laios wondered. Then he added: "I dare say Louis paid them to stay."

The outskirts round the station were quiet and empty, as always in the evening. The madness of the Carnival would begin by the fish market. The first sign of it was a dirty clown at the corner holding a hard balloon made out of a cow's bladder, with which he hit the street boys on the head.

"Lights, lights!" The street sellers were crying their wares, and from time to time they lit a flare and hurled it up into the air — either those red ones or the kind that break into stars and smell of sulphur. And when one of them fell on the paper festoons that decorated the butcher's there was an uproar; everyone ran up and it all ended in a row.

Aloe Street with the cafés — to the right of the shopping street — was quieter. It was rather chilly, in spite of the lovely evening, and the clients preferred to stay inside. Some families had brought even their small children with them, most of them in fancy dress as *Evzones* or country girls. The little things sat quietly, holding small muslin bags of confetti. They amused themselves by watching their elders eating various sweet things, and commenting on the company near them. All this could be seen from the street, amid the cloud of smoke behind the heavy glass doors.

At one moment there was an uproar in the street. Some tattered ragamuffins with blackened faces stood in front of the Grand Café, playing drums and moving their bodies like bears. Behind them shouted the street urchins. Everyone left the tables to watch. Mothers picked up their babies, and they flattened their noses against the windows. One of the ragamuffins passed round the plate for five- or ten-lepton pieces. Then the crowd round them be-

came sparser. Someone called: "Here come the police!" . . . and the street boys took to their heels, pulling up their skirts to run better.

Three urchins went up to a bigger one and said, pointing to a brightness shining above the houses: "What's that over there? Fireworks? Let's go see."

Fireworks? Why should there be fireworks at this carnival? It's only on Good Friday evening that people amuse themselves by lighting squibs and throwing rockets. The fact is that the sky was red down towards the station. It couldn't be the gypsies' fires, just a few sticks!

On the following days there were a lot of rumors about that evening. Some people said the gypsies wanted to set fire to the station and had set a light to the tarred railroad ties; others said some boys were to blame — it appeared some rich young man had followed a whim and had been drinking till dawn with the gypsies — and that sort of thing. It was further said that they had stolen a cow and roasted it alive.

But the few who were present, either at the end or from the beginning — none of them confessed to it — witnessed a most solemn ceremony.

3

IT IS true that something living escaped half roasted from the pyre. It wasn't a cow nor a donkey, nor a dog. It rolled on the ground and then took to its heels, mewing like a cat. And there were picked up among the ashes a tin helmet half melted by the

fire and other iron objects — hooks and the blade of an ax.

The fire only burned the ties and went no further — and indeed it could not have happened otherwise, as they stood apart in the middle of the field. They caught like a torch, and the fire soared straight up in the still air. The crackle of the flames made the gypsies' horses neigh. As for the gypsy women, they collected together and started a lament, tearing their hair and weeping, each of them, with some sorrow of her own, calling to mind secret and forbidden memories. They beat their breasts and sang words that shook the heart — even though no one understood their language — and their storm-tossed bodies rocked backwards and forwards with the tune of the song as they swayed from the waist.

The two gypsy children were wearing out the pipe and drum. And their elder sister, the gypsy madonna, began a slow dance of half movements — and so the sorrow was held in control — and coin clinked faintly against coin, and bracelet against bracelet. Bare-breasted, burned golden by the fire, as sure of herself as pleasure, she danced — and beyond this loveliness reigned the obscurity of the night.

And from the bare stone walls the lizards poked out their heads, deceived by the fire, and stood watching on the rocks.

All who saw with their eyes can bear witness that this and nothing else is what really happened.

Translated by Robert Liddell and Andreas Cambas

I KNOW THE NIGHT NO LONGER

by Odysseus Elytis

I know the night no longer, the terrible anonymity of death.
A fleet of stars moors in the haven of my heart.
O Hesperus, sentinel, because you shine by the side
Of a sky-blue breeze on an island which dreams of me
Proclaiming the dawn from its rocky heights,
My two eyes set you sailing embraced, by the side
Of my true heart's star: I know the night no longer.

I know the names no longer of a world that disavows me.
I read sea shells, leaves, and the stars clearly.
I have no need of hatred on the roads of the sky
Unless the dream is that which watches me again
As I walk by the sea of immortality in tears.
O Hesperus, under the arc of your golden flame
I know the night no longer that is a night only.

Translated by Kimon Friar

LITERARY RENAISSANCE

Modern Tendencies in Poetry and Fiction

by C. TH. DIMARAS

1

THE popular song of Greek folklore is timeless yet relatively modern: though its roots reach down many thousands of years, its production has continued almost to the present day. The natural reproduction of folk themes ceased years ago, but the interest of the intelligentsia in popular creation has given it a new lease on life. In popular art verse forms are more prevalent and more important than prose. Two reasons may be mentioned: its rhythm, or musical accompaniment, makes poetry easier to memorize, and hence ensures it a longer life; and the poem can undergo a series of elaborations which make it ever more perfect. This is what has happened to the Greek folk song, which, as it passed from mouth to mouth through the centuries, acquired a marvelous smoothness and perfection. Historians have proved that the folk song of today has its origins in antiquity; its language gradually modified, as did its meter, which changed from quantity to stress.

While other nations express themselves in the epic or novel, tragedy or the essay, Greece expresses itself in song. Greek folk songs show a sense of

balance (a strictly classical feature, the weight of the verse matching the weight of the meaning), a certain plasticity, a sense of volume. Neither musicality nor suggestiveness blurs content; everything is clear, with no overloading of epithets nor subordination of meaning; a few sparse isolated images are suggestive by their very simplicity.

The entire world participates in the passions, the adventures and mishaps of the heroes of demotic song. Thus, in a ballad which cannot be less than five hundred years old, the hero sings:

All the mountains sigh for me,
The green fields know my pain.
The mountain slopes lament for me,
The meadows roar with thunder,
And trees by which I lingered once,
And the steep mountain passes
All keep my suffering still,
All sigh instead of me.

And again, in another, later ballad:

When I kissed some red, red lips,
My lips were painted red;
I wiped them with my handkerchief,
And it was painted red.
And when I washed it in the river,
The river was painted red;
The seacoast also turned bright red,
And the middle of the sea.
When an eagle came to drink,
His wings were painted red.
Even the sun became half red,
And all of the full moon.

The hero of epical wars is thus described:

His body is tall and slender,
Straight like the cypress tree;
His shoulders are like two mountains,
His head is a tall castle.

C. TH. DIMARAS, who was born in Athens in 1904, received his doctorate of philosophy from Salonika University. A specialist in comparative literature and a distinguished literary critic, his published works include the two-volume *A History of Modern Greek Literature*. He is Director-General of the Greek State-Scholarships Foundation. CONSTANTINE TSATSOS, born in Athens in 1899, was Professor of Legal Philosophy at the University of Athens from 1932 to 1946. He has served as Minister of Home Affairs, of the Press, of Public Education, and as a member of Parliament. His publications include *The Interpretation of Law*, *Palamas*, and *History of the Society of Ancient Greece*.

And when the hero speaks of his exploits, he is no more reserved than his rhapsodists. Of the enemy, says the hero:

There were not five of them,
Nor were there even eighteen,
But there were seven thousand men,
And I alone.

Naturally such heroes need appropriate beasts of burden:

Kostas' mule eats iron bars,
Alexis' eats up stones,
The mule of John the shepherd lad
Uproots and eats up trees.

In the above, we seem a long way from the unrestrained wealth of imagery of the contemporary lyric. But closer inspection will reveal other ingredients: predominantly an unbridled vigor of imagination which might well be termed Asiatic.

2

SUCH was the literary climate when Greece in the early nineteenth century experienced the revelatory shock of contact with the romantic literature of the West. One of the qualities which made the romantic outburst dear to Greek hearts was its turmoil of imagination, its tendency to exaggeration. Certain aspects of romanticism still affect the nervous system today: in its passionate love of rhetoric the romantics also loved its chief instrument, the word — not the meaning but the word in itself. When we judge the past we talk of “verbalism,” whereas with things contemporary we refer to “the magic power of the word.”

A new generation of Greek poets found themselves around 1880. They reacted against both the word-hunting and exaggeration of fancy of their predecessors; under the leadership of Kostis Palamas they sought simplicity, the quiet tone, the familiar.

Palamas is of supreme importance, for with him we arrive at modern Greek literature. The great spiritual and physical intensity of his personality, and the sheer length of his life (1859–1943), gave him authority. He wrote, and copiously, in every genre: plays, columns of the day, short stories, essays, criticism, two long epics and, above all, bulky collections of poems which he continued to produce throughout his life. In Palamas's work there is a little of everything: folk tradition, the influence of the greatest among the older lyric poets — Dionysios Solomos (1798–1857) and Andreas Kalvos (1792–1867) — and that of Western Europe: an immense caldron in which diverse elements have been stirred up together and become one under the enchanted touch of a true genius. This gift for assimilation has always been a characteristic of the Greek's spiritual life. We see it symbolized in the figure of Odysseus — the eternal traveler, lover of the curious and the new.

THE LANGUAGE PROBLEM

by CONSTANTINE TSATSOS

THE PROBLEM of language has been the most difficult problem that Greek writers — and indeed all Greeks — have had to face. What language should we write in? This question is at the heart of our cultural and even our political history. Fifty years ago, when a theatrical troupe tried to stage the *Oresteia* in a modern translation, citizens of Athens rioted in the streets, and a short time earlier a few students actually died in an attempt to keep the gospels from being put into the modern language. And nobody thought their martyrdom was farfetched.

Today the argument, at least on the surface, is not so violent; but it still exists. How did it all begin?

In the first place, it must be remembered that the flowering of Greek culture came at the beginning, nearly 2,500 years ago. Ever since then, writers have been trying to live up to that magnificent heritage, and it hasn't been easy. Some of them, especially the well-educated ones, naturally believed the best way to do it was to imitate the ancients, even to the point of writing as much as possible in the language of classic Greece. Others said that they should write in the demotic, or vernacular, language and trust to its vigor to create a living literature.

And so the argument has raged — on one hand the “ancients,” on the other the “moderns.” The church fathers, the Byzantine theologians, the modern critics have all debated fiercely. Today it is safe to say the “moderns” have the edge. The great folk poetry of the Middle Ages, the “resistance” literature of the years of Ottoman occupation, and much modern writing have given the demotic power and dignity, and it is used by many writers and even taught in public schools. But the “ancients” are still active.

The argument has always been close to politics. For centuries the “ancients” were considered the true nationalists of Greece, who were upholding the glories of Greek culture against the depredations of foreign ideas. But at the same time, the “moderns” claimed that by writing of contemporary Greece in a living language, they were the real nationalists. Today, unfortunately, the communists have taken up the cause of the demotic, hoping thereby to reach more people, and many of those who combat the communist ideology have foolishly felt it necessary to adopt the cause of the ancient language. Thus the problem has been aggravated by wholly nonlinguistic factors, and the solution — a genuine reintegration of literary form with living and vigorous language — seems as far away as ever.

One thing is clear, however, in spite of all the contention: the language will evolve along its natural course, drawing closer and closer to the heart of the Greek people. The time will come, politics or no, when Greek writers will have at their command a language which incorporates both the strong idiom of speech and the technique for expressing abstract thought. Then the spiritual and artistic reawakening of Greece — even now we can see its first signs — will be bound to occur.

Translated by Conn Hadjilila

The poet who, more than any other of his own time and ours, has succeeded, by the originality of his technique and inspiration, in reaching a widely varied foreign audience, was Constantine Kavafis (1863–1933). Kavafis's subjects were frequently taken from history; at other times, from his own past; but one has the impression that both devices served merely to free the poet from personal involvement in events which touched him directly. This incessant hiding of the person behind a mask produced a strange atmosphere of suggestion, intensified by a descriptive art relying on purely oniric means: a hypnotic use of detail which compels the reader to follow the poet in a sort of waking dream.

The poetry of Kavafis is above all a poetry of absence. Emotion and fulfillment are brought about, not by a presence, but by a recollection or illusion of presence. It is a poetry that is sterile by nature, capable of attaining perfection but not of founding a school: hence there are legatees of Kavafis's wealth, but no direct heirs. The natural course of modern Greek literature must be sought elsewhere — in the line that stems from Sikelianos.

Angelos Sikelianos (1884–1951) was strictly within the modern Greek tradition. From Kavafis the heretic and Palamas the teacher he carried on those basic themes whose blending creates the polyphonic Greek harmony. The national world and the Christian, the Greek and the foreign, antiquity, Byzantium, and popular life, all contributed to the many-sided work of Sikelianos. A longing for elevation, for synthesis, can be felt throughout his spiritual and aesthetic development. His original attitude — a purely sensuous worship of nature, including natural man — became steadily more and more spiritualized until it reached that of a wholly mystical, pantheistic worship of the natural world. Similarly his love of man first appeared concretely as a preaching of brotherhood, but ended in a longing for union with the entire world of living organisms. An orgy of the imagination, an astounding accumulation of images, might make us speak once more (as with Kavafis) of a tendency to the dream-world, but in Sikelianos they bear the signs rather of a boundless euphoria. What is more, from within this wholly concrete world of images, the poet could move with the greatest of ease toward total abstraction, toward the ideal and the conceptual.

3

PARALLEL with Sikelianos — as Palamas parallels Kavafis — may be set Nikos Kazantzakis (born in 1885). In Sikelianos the desire for an aesthetic end always prevails; in Kazantzakis what justifies the effort is the joy of the quest. It cannot be mere chance that led Kazantzakis, at least twice in his life, to choose Odysseus for the central figure of a poetical work: once in a tragedy (1928) and again in

a very long epic which carries on the story of the classic *Odyssey* (1938). His world, too, is made up of the most heteroclit materials, which his insatiable intellectual thirst has driven him to test and explore. The most primitive mysticism mingles with extreme realism; but here, instead of synthesis, for which there is not even the desire, unity is provided solely by the restless personality of the writer. Whenever Kazantzakis seeks individuality, either in prose or verse, or in the rejuvenation of obsolete literary genres, one feels that it is less from the need for an aesthetic renewal of such forms than for a solution of intellectual problems.

I think that most critics will agree that the mantle of Sikelianos has fallen today upon George Seferis (born in 1900). With no sacrifice of his Greekness, Seferis is determined to include in his art the achievements of Western literature. Here the French *fantaisistes*, Valéry, T. S. Eliot, and even surrealism, have left their imprint. But it is a matter of conquest, rather than mere passive receptivity; an enlarging of Greek intellectual territory in which the pressure of Greece's vast racial heritage was nonetheless not forgotten. Thus, even while the breadth of his inspiration resembles that of Sikelianos, Seferis's historical awareness places him in the tradition of Kavafis — with one great difference: if Kavafis is a romantic hiding away self-protectively behind the mask of history, Seferis is a classicist nourished on historical memories. The strongly tragic element that distinguishes his verse, his view of human destiny, has nothing melodramatic about it. Unlike the great solitary, Seferis has assimilated modern techniques and, faithful to abstraction, makes no concessions to the logical word-order of prose used by Kavafis.

In Takis Papatzonis (born in 1895) we find rich material imported from abroad, much avowed borrowing from the teachings of Sikelianos and Kavafis, and in addition the tendency to abstraction — yet all transcended by a strong lyrical personality. Papatzonis's work is personal in language, in versification, in the luxuriance of its imagery — which always maintains a scholarly level — and in the basic optimism which the poet derives from a vigorous Christian faith.

Among the younger creators, I would cite especially Andreas Embirikos, who is loyal to the strict orthodoxy of surrealism, in the service of which he has offered up an unusually rich and clear profusion of images and an exceptional gift for ultralogical association. The same might be said of Nikos Engonopoulos (also a painter), though in his case the effort is more obvious. Odysseus Elytis, though he approached surrealism in his early work, has gone beyond it, preserving only the free play, the iridescence of the word. His optimism has no religious source but derives from youth, from the euphoria given by the joy of living under a bright sun and a clear, diaphanous sky.

Along this line, then, and not unworthily, the progress of modern Greek lyricism continues. The problems that arise are those raised by all modern poetry: above all, the problem of memorization. The acceptance of freer metrical forms, more and more divorced from the easy, acoustic harmony, has made the best contemporary poetry difficult to hold in the mind; however dear to him, it can only rarely accompany a man's meditations.

4

WHEN we turn to modern Greek prose, we cannot begin by reference to a living popular tradition because it simply did not exist, at least not on a level of interest equal to that of poetry. Modern Greek prose can point to only a few isolated precursors: Emmanuel Roidis (1836-1904), who both in theory and practice condemned rural themes; John Psycharis (1854-1920), who developed the cosmopolitan novel, and Grigorios Xenopoulos (1862-1951), who devised the sociological novel and laid the foundations of modern Greek drama. It is typical that all three had the closest ties with Western European culture.

Such tradition as there is behind the writer of modern Greek fiction consists of prose-poems and "slices of life," usually peasant life: works almost devoid of plot and which, when extended, tended to take the form of a chronicle. One may say that the novels of Kazantzakis, whose poetry we have already discussed, are of this type. His style in prose is very lyrical and sometimes its swarm of poetic and unusual words hamper the common reader. In translation this drawback disappears, leaving (with other virtues) his great narrative gift.

Bourgeois atmosphere is alien to Kazantzakis. What he — somewhat nostalgically — loves is robust natural men with strong passions and direct contact with the outdoor world. He is fond of relating the doings of such people in brief anecdotes which take us back to the popular tales of the past. Whether the scene is the island of Crete or the hinterland of Asia Minor matters little; there is always one framework and one hero, variously incarnated, who seems to be the narrator's ideal. Two of Kazantzakis's novels, *Zorba the Greek* and *The Greek Passion*, have been published in America.

Younger writers such as Stratis Myrivilis, Elias Venezis, Pantelis Prevelakis, and Thanasis Petsalis, have also given us books which are perhaps more chronicles than novels. It was the experience of the First World War which provided both Myrivilis and Venezis with the prime motive for their literary creation. Myrivilis published a chronicle of the war, *Life in the Tomb*, in 1923, and one on the return from war, *The Teacher with the Golden Eyes*, in 1933. In these books a strongly colored style, a language rich in natural sap, and a traditional art of narration find ample scope in the overwhelming

experience of war and its aftermath. He has also written a large number of short stories of varying length, in which the same virtues may be seen.

Venezis's career is not dissimilar: starting with a volume of short stories, he produced, in 1924, what is perhaps his best work, *Number 31328*, the recollections of wartime captivity. His later novels among which is *Aeolia*, published in translation in London, deal with the life of the Greeks in Asia Minor, their withdrawal after the end of the First World War, and their life as refugees: subjects which go straight to the heart of the Greek reading public. In addition, Venezis has written many short stories, applied himself to the theater, and given us impressions of his travels, including a volume on the United States.

Prevelakis and Petsalis are of a younger generation, writers of the city whose spiritual contacts with the outdoor world are somewhat limited. They are more sophisticated than Venezis and Myrivilis. Prevelakis, after much experiment, produced a novel in three volumes, *The Cretan* (1948-50), which deals with the struggles of Crete for union with Greece between 1886 and 1910. An epic scope, great technical dexterity, and a strongly idiomatic use of language characterize his work. Prevelakis is also a successful playwright.

As for Petsalis, his true starting point was a three-volume chronicle of modern Athenian society in its formative period, from 1863 on. Entitled *Wealthy and Weak Generations*, it appeared between 1933 and 1935 and was another effort to shake off the "folk" element in both language and theme. Then, in 1947-48, he gave us a two-volume chronicle of a Greek family under the Turkish domination, *The Mavroliki*. Courageous and daring, this attempt was successful and has done much to widen the scope of young Greek writers. Petsalis has also written short stories and plays.

If most of the novels so far discussed have had historical themes, a number of younger writers, such as Cosmas Politis and M. Karagatsis, have attempted to deal with contemporary problems. In them, clear-cut, we find the urge to present a narrative freed of all that is not *mythos*: plot, action, incident. Their prose is developed in terms of the modern novel of the West, following the rules of the genre, whether it has to do with internal — the *roman d'analyse* — or external incident.

Politis is fascinated by the troubled moments of life: adolescence and difficult psychological situations. He deals with them in a swift, sensuous, often elliptical, and brilliant style.

Karagatsis writes with the deliberate intention of attracting and holding the reader; his methods are exoteric, but none the worse for that. He knows how to construct a sound plot; there is plenty of incident, his love scenes are described without prudery, and his characters live and move with ease and vigor.

To assess the development of prose in Greece, with its gradual deliverance from all that is not organically proper to it, we must also speak of Angelos Terzakis and George Theotokas. Terzakis's early novels might be classified as middle-class naturalism: a survival of realism tinged with symbolism, and concerned with the troubles of lower-middle-class existence. But soon his active consciousness as a writer led him gradually to more personal creations of fiction. Terzakis raised everyday bourgeois speech to the level of art. Though he has produced plays based on the rich history of Byzantium, and though his greatest epic work — one of the finest modern Greek novels — draws its subject from the Frankish domination of Greece, his main interest lies in contemporary man and the problems of Greek society today. Its upheavals and transformations, however, are cut out of a purely literary cloth; all the novelist's powers are devoted to justifying his plot and rendering inevitable the movement of the tale towards its conclusion. His characters, without being excessively obvious, act plausibly and convince the reader by revealing unity in their nature and consistency in their behavior.

George Theotokas launched his career in 1929 with an essay which is today considered the manifesto of his generation. Then he turned to creative

prose, producing novels and short stories, though in no great number. If he was later to cultivate other literary forms, such as the drama, he still continues, par excellence, to be the thinker among modern Greek novelists. In his first novel, *Argo* (1933), he dealt with the life of the Greeks of Constantinople during the Asia Minor Disaster and the troubled years that followed in Athens. The problems of adolescence concern him but he also manages to convey certain basic aspects of the modern Greek character. Of his recent production the foreign reader will be especially interested in a study of the war, very thinly veiled in fiction, and a book of impressions of America. All Theotokas's work is characterized by absolute intellectual honesty, an incessant concern for the man of today and his fate, and a responsible awareness of the critical times we live in.

Modern Greek literature is turning towards those forms which express the maturity of a society: from verse to prose, and from this again to abstract thought. The play of imagination no longer seems to represent the total aim of the younger generation; the fulcrum of the stress is moving elsewhere. It may be, indeed, that we are nearing the end of a chapter in the intellectual history of Hellenism: an end which, in the way of living societies, is also a beginning.

Translated by H.L.R. and Epy Edwards

DAYBREAK

by Andreas Embirikos

Frenziedly but certain
 The colt of day charges into
 The mouth of spring and the birds are singing
 With the clear sky in their voices
 Like flutes that echo and re-echo in the flora
 Of a handful of angels who remain in rapture
 Like windflowers that arise
 From the petals of pleasure.

Translated by Kimon Friar

COMING INTO POROS HARBOR

A Few Pages from The Colossus of Maroussi

by HENRY MILLER

1

I AM in Athens. Winter is coming on. People are asking me — have you been to Delphi, have you been to Santorini, have you been to Lesbos or Samos or Poros? I have been practically nowhere, except back and forth to Corfu. One day I had been as far as Mandra, which is past Eleusis on the way to Megara. Fortunately the road was blocked and we had to turn back. I say fortunately because on that day, if we had gone another few miles, I would have lost my head completely. In another way I was doing a great deal of traveling; people came to me at the cafés and poured out their journeys to me; the captain was always returning from a new trajectory; Seferis was always writing a new poem which went back deep into the past and forward as far as the seventh root race; Katsimbali would take me on his monologues to Mt. Athos, to Pelion and Ossa, to Leonidion and Monemvasia; Durrell would set my mind whirling with Pythagorean adventures; a little Welshman, just back from Persia, would drag me over the high plateaus and deposit me in Samarkand where I would meet the headless horseman called Death. All the Englishmen I met were always coming back from somewhere, some island, some monastery, some ancient ruin, some place of mystery. I was so bewildered by all the opportunities lying before me that I was paralyzed.

Then one day Seferis and Katsimbali introduced me to the painter Ghika. I saw a new Greece, the quintessential Greece which the artist had abstracted from the muck and confusion of time, of place, of history. I got a bifocal slant on this world

which was now making me giddy with names, dates, legends. Ghika has placed himself in the center of all time, in that self-perpetuating Greece which has no borders, no limits, no age. Ghika's canvases are as fresh and clean, as pure and naked of all pretense, as the sea and light which bathes the dazzling islands. Ghika is a seeker after light and truth: his paintings go beyond the Greek world. It was Ghika's painting which roused me from my bedazzled stupor.

A week or so later we all boarded the boat at Peiraeus to go to Hydra where Ghika had his ancestral home. Seferis and Katsimbali were jubilant: they had not had a holiday in ages. It was late fall, which means that the weather was beautifully mild. Towards noon we came within sight of the island of Poros. We had been having a bite on deck — one of those impromptu meals which Katsimbali loves to put away at any hour of the day or night, when he is in good fettle. I suppose I'll never again experience the warmth of affection which surrounded me that morning as we embarked on our journey. Everybody was talking at once, the wine was flowing, the food was being replenished, the sun which had been veiled came out strong, the boat was rocking gently, the war was on but forgotten, the sea was there but the shore too, the goats were clambering about, the lemon groves were in sight and the madness which is in their fragrance had already seized us and drawn us tightly together in a frenzy of self-surrender.

I don't know which affected me more deeply — the story of the lemon groves just opposite us or the sight of Poros itself when suddenly I realized that we were sailing through the streets. If there is one dream which I like above all others it is that

The American writer HENRY MILLER visited Greece in 1939. The book from which this extract is taken is considered one of the outstanding interpretations of the country.

of sailing on land. Coming into Poros gives the illusion of the deep dream. Suddenly the land converges on all sides and the boat is squeezed into a narrow strait from which there seems to be no egress. The men and women of Poros are hanging out of the windows, just above your head. You pull in right under their friendly nostrils, as though for a shave and haircut en route.

The loungers on the quay are walking with the same speed as the boat; they can walk faster than the boat if they choose to quicken their pace. The island revolves in cubistic planes, one of walls and windows, one of rocks and goats, one of stiff-blown trees and shrubs, and so on. Yonder, where the mainland curves like a whip, lie the wild lemon groves and there in the spring young and old go mad from the fragrance of sap and blossom. You enter the harbor of Poros swaying and swirling, a gentle idiot tossed about amidst masts and nets in a world which only the painter knows and which he has made live again because like you, when he first saw this world, he was drunk and happy and carefree.

To sail slowly through the streets of Poros is to recapture the joy of passing through the neck of the womb. It is a joy almost too deep to be remembered. It is a kind of numb idiot's delight which produces legends such as that of the birth of an island out of a foundering ship. The ship, the passage, the revolving walls, the gentle undulating tremor, the green snakelike curve of the shore, the beards hanging down over your scalp from the inhabitants suspended above you, all these and the palpitant breath of friendship, sympathy, guidance, envelop and entrance you until you are blown out

like a star fulfilled and your heart with its molten smithereens scattered far and wide.

It is now, as I write this, just about the same time of day some few months later. The clock and the calendar say so, at any rate. In point of truth it is aeons since I passed through that narrow strait. It will never happen again. Ordinarily I would be sad at the thought, but I am not now. There is every reason to be sad at this moment: all the premonitions which I have had for ten years are coming true. This is one of the lowest moments in the history of the human race. There is no sign of hope on the horizon. The whole world is involved in slaughter and bloodshed. I repeat — *I am not sad*. Let the world have its bath of blood — I will cling to Poros.

Millions of years may pass and I may come back again and again on one planet or another, as human, as devil, as archangel (I care not how, which, what, or when), but my feet will never leave that boat, my eyes will never close on that scene, my friends will never disappear. That was a moment which endures, which survives world wars, which outlasts the life of the planet Earth itself. If I should ever attain the fulfillment which the Buddhists speak of, if I should ever have the choice of attaining Nirvana or remaining behind to watch over and guide those to come, I say now let me remain behind, let me hover as a gentle spirit above the roofs of Poros and look down upon the voyager with a smile of peace and good cheer. I can see the whole human race straining through the neck of the bottle here, searching for egress into the world of light and beauty. May they come, may they disembark, may they stay and rest awhile in peace.

POETRY 1948

by Nikos Engonopoulos

This age of civil strife is not an age for poetry.
When something is to be written,
It is as if it were written
On the other side of death announcements.

This is why my poems are so bitter
(And when, indeed, were they not?)
And why they are, above all, so few.

Translated by Kimon Friar

ORPHEUS IN HADES

A Story

by KAY CICELLIS

1

IN THE beginning there was nothing. There was not even — as is sometimes the case before a face appears — a name, an announcement, some borrowed adjective or distant report to throw a seed of reality before the event, no matter how arbitrary. Perhaps that will in part explain what followed later: from the very first, that face owed nothing to me; I had no part in its creation.

And so there was nothing. Out of this nothing the face appeared; suddenly it was there. I first saw it at a party, in late summer. Ah yes . . . and now I remember, now I realize how frivolous it is to say there had been nothing before the event. Perhaps nothing is an impossibility. Thus I remember that there had been something after all: an idea, a notion, at the time of the face's appearance; although I must admit that it was not prior to the event, but simultaneous with it. A resemblance — that's what it was; a vague resemblance to a woman I had once known. So at first it seemed as if the face had not come out of the blue, but out of the past.

The resemblance, I think, lay in the shape of the head, especially at the back. The hair was rather short, a greenish yellow like unripe cornstalks, straight on the crown and unevenly, suddenly frizzy at the ends: a bad permanent wave. I recognized

not so much the color and texture of the hair as the casual negligence with which it was worn — a negligence that contained not a trace of arrogance or waywardness — a good-tempered negligence which allowed this woman to do all the things women are expected to do to their hair — going to the hairdresser's, etc. — while reserving herself the right not to bother about the results.

Watching her smiling contentedly, with her hair well behind her, I thought of that other woman I had once known and said: "How strange, I could have sworn she was in America." But I was pretending; I knew this was not the same face. Yet fear, miles in advance, already made me cling to the one little thread which could have attached that face to some known context.

She came near me. I saw a turquoise earring, rather vulgar, in the lobe of her ear, between two stiff, distinct wisps of hair; and a golden tooth gleaming at the dark, inward turn of her smile — throwing an entirely new light on the matter. These I had never seen before — the earring, the tooth; they were too particular to be repeated. I had to give up pretending. I had to face the unknown.

Yet I still clung to my thread; only it was a different thread now: not resemblance, but comparison. "Now I see . . . the mouth is wider; and it puts a note of beatitude, a suspicion of stupidity which I could never imagine on the other woman's face." But at that very moment she stopped smiling, the looseness which let in the possibility of stupidity disappeared, and my thread was lost.

It was my last thread. After that, I floundered. I did not lose my head completely. Quickly, I hooked myself on to her eyes: gray and flat, quite shadowless, with a pale pink dot in the corner. When she turned her face to the light, the line of

KAY CICELLIS, born in Marseilles in 1926 of Greek parents, has lived in Greece since 1935. She was forced to leave Athens for Cephalonia, an island in the Ionian Sea, when the Germans requisitioned her parents' home at the beginning of the war. She returned to Athens in 1945 and has been working there, except for a year spent in England, since then, translating and writing programs for Radio-Athens and working on short stories and novels. Two of her books, *The Easy Way* (1950) and *No Name in the Street* (1953), have been published in America.

her lashes lost its emphasis and her eyes seemed weak and watery. But when she moved into shadow, the lashes resumed their role, giving the eyes proper contours, giving them a rawness which enlivened the whole face. Then I could see how long her eyes were, how pointed at the corners, and how they gave a meaning to her temples. Then I struck out for the eyebrows, with their white oily roots, so strong that the last hairs, where the eyebrow ended, curled like small wire hooks. Then the nose, and the chin, and the infinite variety of the skin. I was no longer trying to associate, to relate, but simply registered methodically — which is the process I usually follow when I want to understand (and conquer) an interesting picture at an exhibition of painting.

I even danced with her, putting my cheek against hers, in the hope that the sense of touch might help to complete my mastery over this interesting picture. But the moment my face touched hers, the moment my eyes were covered by her hair, I felt as if an insuperable obstacle had arisen between us and I had lost in one stroke all my painfully acquired knowledge. I could remember nothing; the face was gone.

"This is a stupid record, and the rhythm so heavy, so dull," I said. "Let's go and talk." I moved her towards two armchairs in a corner of the room, made her sit down opposite me, exactly opposite, and quickly rewrote all my notes. I sighed with anticipation. "Soon it will be all over; I will have got the better of it. I will take my notes away with me; and I shall reconstruct her face in my mind whenever I wish, whenever my imagination requires some small plaything to exercise itself upon. Soon . . . soon, it will be over. I am already getting slightly tired, I might even say bored." But I am conscientious by nature, and decided to finish the job.

By midnight, when the party began breaking up, the face was at last completed. Each detail had been assimilated, each position marked. I was about to turn away, contented and full, when I noticed that a new process was now taking place, mysteriously, without my participation: the details were merging together into a whole; they began working upon each other, influencing and altering each other in a continuous and fluid interplay. The eyes spoke to the mouth, the nose prompted the cheeks, the forehead fought with the eyebrows, and vice versa. The face was indeed completed. It was alive. It was unique.

Eurydice's face had at last come into its own.

2

EURYDICE's face was not a picture; I soon grew convinced of that. I had to go back to it, again and again. "Am I in love with Eurydice?" I wondered. And my mouth went dry, for in that case

my plight was horrible indeed: I was in love with Eurydice, yet I had nothing but her face to go by.

I depended on it utterly. I turned to it like a sunflower. I hardly ever kissed her, so as not to lose sight of it. Or when I did, I kept my eyes open, roving anxiously over her own closed eyes, her attentive forehead, her nose, slightly squashed by the pressure of the kiss, exasperated that I could not see more, thinking only of those parts of her face which my mouth kept concealed. My hand acquired a habit of always gripping her hair at the back, and tilting her head upwards to me. I often hurt her in doing this. Then she would wrinkle her nose and bare her teeth, so that I could see the color of her gums. And I would grow so absorbed in this new aspect of her face, this fresh transformation, that I would forget to free her from my grip, although God knows I loved her and had no wish to harm her.

I turned to her face like a sunflower. I followed it in all its movements, questioned it untiringly.

It was not a particularly beautiful face. But delight or repulsion were as alien to my contemplation as they are to a man looking at a map. The unattractive features of her face — for instance, the small, white, hard liver-spots that spattered her left cheekbone — were as important to me as her eyes, or her nose, which were often beautiful. They fascinated me with equal intensity.

No, it was not a particularly beautiful face. It was not an enigmatic face either. It expressed her emotions unambiguously, without any unusual wealth of nuances: smiling when she was pleased, darkening when she was cross, thinning out when she was afraid, and so on.

It was an ordinary face. But there it was: I had nothing else to go by.

I tried to make her talk. I listened attentively, trying to find in her words some other reality which would free me from the narrow boundaries of her face. I tried to make contact with whatever lay behind her face. But — perhaps because her words, too, were very ordinary — what she said could only reach me *through* her face. Her face was the constant interpreter, the ever-present mediator. When she said she loved me, it was not really her actual words or the expression she put into them, but the tiny bubble of saliva which burst upon her lower lip as she spoke that finally made me grasp what she had said. And when she spoke of other matters, of her difficulty in understanding a book, or her dislike of a certain friend, I had to count the lines between her eyebrows, the number of times she flicked her eyelids before I could understand the difficulty or the dislike and give her a sensible answer.

I tried listening to her with my eyes closed. It was as if I had suddenly gone deaf. The words flew about the room with the inconsistency of flies: making sudden leaps, jumping over each other,

colliding, running away, or simply falling, falling. Sometimes they even seemed to be coming from different parts of the room. The lines of her jaw — with the help of her chin — alone were capable of making a complete sentence; the twitch of her eyebrows alone capable of placing an adjective in its right place.

I could not believe anything she said unless I looked at her first.

On the other hand, there were times when her face, her silent face, offered me meanings and intimations far more important than anything that could be told in actual words. Sometimes these intimations were not even about herself; they were unrelated to either of us. They belonged to some other, rarefied sphere, had the taste of things which have never been put into words. There were times when her pallor had a cosmic significance, when the nakedness of her temples pointed the way to a religion; and certain evil distortions of her face reflected the division of stars, ancient destructions reverberating without end.

These were only glimpses; but glimpses which could reach me through Eurydice's face alone.

3

ALL the time that I lived with Eurydice, I was only separated from her once. That was when I had to go to Thrace on business.

I was absent a week. Strangely enough, I did not think of her at all for the first three days. Then on the fourth day I evoked her: Eurydice, Eurydice — hoping that the four syllables would form a pattern of their own, a linear, inhuman pattern which would owe nothing to the geometry of a human face. But the syllables fell away in a circle and framed the face of Eurydice like the letters on a coin. And on this round coin her face remained stamped during the rest of my stay in Thrace, unchanged.

This afforded me a certain peace of mind. Washing my face in the morning, drinking wine, or lying in bed, the stamped face governed me unadventurously, like the sun over my head. I did not dare question this fixity; I did not dare listen to the voice which said that life is made of more current stuff, and that one may only write a name on the edge of the sand. I clutched my coin and cried triumphantly: "Eurydice! I remember you!" My memory held her; her existence was no longer restricted to the narrow spot which her body occupied on earth.

When I returned home, I found her sitting in an armchair with a book on her lap. She was not reading, her face was turned to the window. Seen from the door, her face was as I expected it: the profile on the coin, the straggling hair, the long pointed eye, the nose and chin, centers of her pallor; the chin, which was rather weak in profile,

but when seen from the front was delicate as the tip of an egg.

She turned to me. "Hello, welcome home," she smiled. The roundness of her face struck me like a blow. It was as if I had never seen it before. Yet there had been no break in the lines of the eye, nose, and chin as her head turned from profile to front. They had flown on smoothly, like a pencil across a globe, so that I could still see clearly, in her full face, the markings of the coin I had treasured. Yet this face was unlike anything I had imagined. It was unique; it was alone.

Oh, I nearly went into a frenzy then. I cried to her to go away. I called her back.

I tried everything, everything. I tried changing her face. While looking at her I would imagine her hair black instead of yellow. I would remove her turquoise earrings, hide her ears. I would give her thin, arched eyebrows. I would change the order of her teeth — hoping that in this revolution some stable element would survive, some intangible essence which ordered form had kept hidden from me. It was no use. In spite of their fluidity, the features of her face were chained together by a power stronger than reason or imagination.

I tried photographing her — in every attitude, in every light, in every mood. Then I spread the pictures on my desk, fanwise, and examined them passionately, hoping to put my finger on the missing link. I never found it. The photographs fitted perfectly together, but Eurydice was not there.

On our wedding night, Eurydice had turned off the light, smiling — and I had cried out aloud in fear. I had thought then that it was because I did not know her well enough. After that, we kept a lighted candle by our bed, so that I could look at her before dawn.

One night I felt a strange nostalgia for that first fear of darkness. It attracted me like a necessary evil. It stood before me like a sealed door: I knew it was the only way open to me. "Eurydice," I begged her faintly, "put out the light now."

All night long I held her to me in the darkness. Her body was a beautiful, mute surface. "Eurydice, come close to me, Eurydice, speak to me," I said, but it was as if all my other senses — with the exception of my eyesight — although functioning perfectly, were in no way related to me. They worked on their own, brought me no harvest.

Yet I did not light the candle. My eyes were so tired. I had lived on them so long. Day after day, night after night, they had used themselves in a huge and futile task — bringing me my daily bread, my daily crumbs of Eurydice. And now they were terribly tired.

"Why wasn't I blind when I met you?" I cried to her. And I had a wonderful vision of a Eurydice diffused in every particle of dust, a Eurydice existing simultaneously in every room of my house — in every place on the map; a Eurydice who would

speak to me from the east or the west, north or south, but whom I would always hear as if she spoke within my own immense and invisible head. She would envelop me like air, or she would become a little, little grain sunken bright in the well of my being. Perhaps I would not even be aware of her, because I could be where she was, and she where I was, and there would be no way of knowing the difference. Perhaps I could even *be* Eurydice. . . .

I saw the dawn coming and hated it for the first time, and longed for blindness. "Perhaps if I keep my eyes closed long enough," I thought, "I shall find Eurydice."

4

AND yet when the moment came, I had to look back.

During the long, long ascent towards the light of the day, I felt her walking steadily at my back and could not set her free in the darkness. Like an evil stain, I rubbed and rubbed at the consciousness of her presence at my back. But it would not go out.

Perhaps if they hadn't placed that torch in my hand . . . I held it shaking, for long hours, knowing its terrible power: the power to make Eurydice's face visible to me, to show me whether she was glad to be coming back with me after her mortal illness, to show me whether her absence had altered

her. I called to her desperately as I walked, my eyes fixed on the fatal torch, I questioned her. But her voice came to me muffled; perhaps because of the great depth of the regions we were crossing.

And so the moment came when I had to turn round and look upon her face once more.

For I had nothing else to go by.

Eurydice's face was taken away from me — shattered to bits by a hand grenade, or some other infernal machine, what does it matter? Now it is gone, nowhere to be found. During the days that followed the explosion, I kept a picture of her in my mind. It was beautifully vivid, but I trembled in my heart, remembering the fixity of the false coin of Thrace. Yet I clung to it all the same, because it was all I had.

Then even this solitary picture began to disintegrate. Her hair lost its greenish tinge and became long and wavy, beautiful. I knew I was lying, lying, but I could not help it. Then even the beauty fell to bits. She lost her earrings, her ears, and her nose, and her chin. They did not go at once, but for a time kept appearing and disappearing — and I like a mad shepherd trying to gather his sheep. Until they were gone for good. I found nothing behind them: only a white canvas.

Now I still have her eyes — they are gray, blue, green, sometimes brown . . . and utterly meaningless. Soon there will be nothing left at all; and the white canvas will merge back into the wall.

TWO OCTAVES

by Kostis Palamas

The journey's done, we've come! . . . Here is the beautiful island!
Its double shores. The one with open spaces drenched with light,
snow white, with all its fated ruins and black birds.
The other — O wood of myrtles, hyacinthine gardens,
and under the full boughs of bitter orange trees,
the shadows! . . . The Loves talk, and nightingales reply.
The one shore calls us "Here!" and the other "Here am I!"
Boat, where shall we anchor? Boatman, where shall we go? . . .

Do not abandon your pain to this place!
But with a mother's care voyage it far
wherever there's life, wherever there's dream, to far lands
and high. Then take it afterwards and plant its roots deep
in that completely dead land of the mute;
confine and bury its voice in your eyes,
and if its eyes cannot hold out, and shut,
then shut your eyes also and die with it.

Translated by Kimon Friar

ARCHAEOLOGY IN GREECE

An International Heritage

by GEORGE MYLONAS

I

THERE are few countries where the past and present fuse so completely as they do in Greece. A past that means so much to Western civilization and a present which we recognize at once as being derived from it. Beside the sun-drenched airfield of Athens, where planes land and take off almost continually, the spade of the excavator recently uncovered the remains of a small settlement forty-five centuries old. A few miles away, the rock of the Acropolis with its Periclean buildings still stands. Throughout Greece, in almost every town and village, ruined buildings and broken columns, relics of a remote past, defiantly raise their slender shafts and weathered stones amid modern buildings and intricate machines. Small cupolas and gay, whitewashed towers enliven hills and valleys, silent landmarks of medieval Christianity, of an era of devotion and sacrifice.

The discovery, study, and care of these remains is considered a living activity, not a luxury, in Greece. This attitude did not arise in the modern era of universal nationalism, but came into being when the first fragment of the Hellenic world achieved freedom from Turkish rule. In 1837, four years after Athens was turned over to the Greeks, the Greek Archaeological Society was established, and the Greek Archaeological Law, regulating excavations and research, was enacted.

GEORGE E. MYLONAS, *Chairman of the Department of Archaeology at Washington University, St. Louis, was born in Smyrna, Turkey, in 1898. A Fulbright Senior Research Scholar in 1951-52 and Fulbright Professor of Archaeology at the University of Athens in 1954, he has directed many archaeological excavations and has published numerous articles and books on this subject. The illustrations are by the American artist RANDY MONK.*

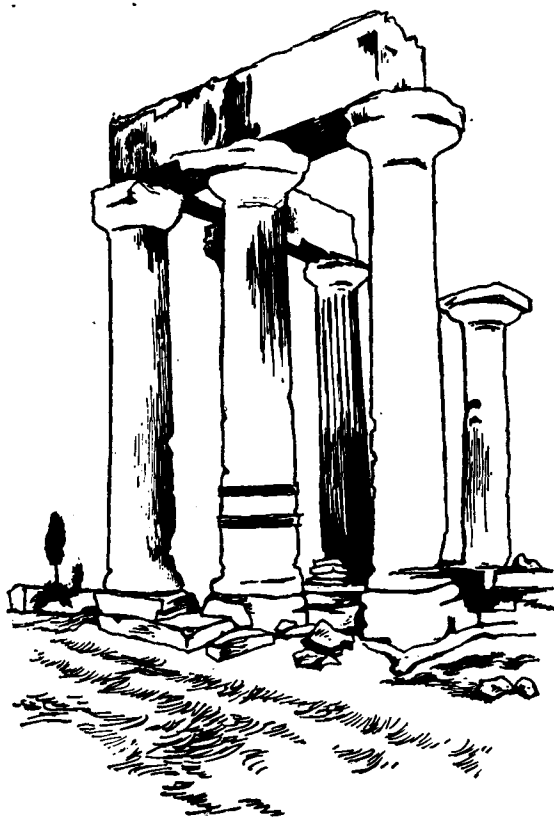
From the very beginning, the Greeks and their laws were generous to the non-Greek scholar. They extended the right to explore the antiquities of their country to qualified scholars of all nationalities and as a result, the excavation and study of Greek antiquities became an international endeavor and a field for international co-operation and understanding. Some of the most striking discoveries upon Greek soil were made by foreign scholars. It was Heinrich Schliemann who startled the world of scholarship by uncovering the cultural greatness of the mythical era of Greece, when he found the royal shaft graves of Mycenae in 1876, and it was Sir Arthur Evans who revealed the magnificent Minoan culture of the island of Crete. Foreign Schools of Archaeology were established in Athens one after another: first the French and German Schools, later the British and American, the Italian and Austrian, and most recently, the Swedish School, formed since the Second World War. Greece itself produced such great archaeologists as Chrestos Tsountas, Panaghis Kavvadias, Constantine Kourouniotes, Apostolos Arvanitopoulos, George P. Oekonomos, and Stephanos Xanthoudides.

During the first hundred years of excavation and research in Greece (1815-1915) many sites famous in literature and history were brought to light. American scholars concentrated their efforts on the excavation of old Corinth, the city of St. Paul. Thanks to their labors, the visitor today can follow the ancient road to the Forum built by Julius Caesar, or loiter in the vaulted shops and colonnades which surround its open square. He can stand on the speaker's platform, the famous Bema, in front of which St. Paul stood to defend Christianity. He can visit a small pagan shrine where oracles were handed down and the miracle of turn-

ing water into wine was practiced, and he can see the famous Pirene fountain whose long history may be read in overlapping columns and vaults, and whose waters, according to tradition, came down from the top of the massive Acrocorinth which towers over the city. The source of these waters was created by the hoof of the winged horse Pegasus striking the rock on top of that mountain.

There is an excellent view of the center of Corinth from the small hill on which the columns of the Temple of Apollo stand proudly against a vista of green vineyards, blue skies and water, and of distant mountain peaks covered with snow. In Corinth, there is a museum, the gift of a New York philanthropist, which exhibits the vases, mosaics, and statuary unearthed in the region.

French scholars excavated Delphi and Delos, two of the most impressive sites of the ancient Greek world. In the folds of Mount Parnassus, overlooking the gorge whose pebbly torrent looks like the legendary Python coiling its way amid craggy precipices, stands the famous oracle of Apollo at Delphi. Here the visitor can purify himself in the crystal-clear waters of the Castalian spring, meditate under the thick shade of the plane trees which grow at the foot of the Phaedriades, visit the temple and its adyton, where once Pythia made known the will of the god; sit on one of the tiers of the perfectly preserved theater or in the stadium haunted by memories of the Pythian Games and of the poet Pindar.



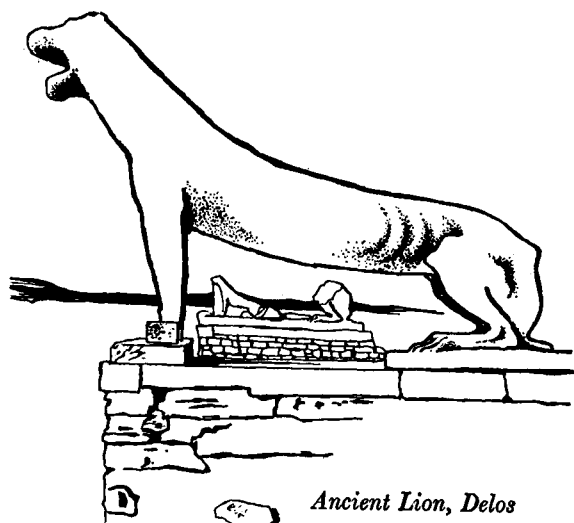
Temple of Apollo, Corinth

In Delphi's small but well-organized museum the works of art found in the excavations are kept: the Siphnian Treasury, with its elegantly carved façade and its two caryatids; the metopes of the Treasury of the Athenians, the bronze marvel of the Charioteer of Delphi. The sacred olive grove of Apollo and the waters of the Corinthian Gulf are unforgettable by moonlight. In the background, the snowy peaks of Parnassus, like a protecting canopy, raise their proud height against the sky.

The second great site excavated by the French, the Sanctuary of Apollo on the small island of Delos, has an equally strong appeal. There, on a barren island, the magic spade revealed the sacred cave where Apollo and Artemis were born, and the temple of the god with its avenue guarded by marble lionesses. There, too, were found the merchants' houses and the slave market of a later period.

In contrast to the blue vision of Delos is the green valley of the Alpheios river, where German archaeologists unearthed the remains of Olympia. Little survives of the Olympic stadium except its starting line and the Temple of Zeus is in ruins difficult to decipher. But their legends fill the air and surround us when we wander in the Grove of Zeus, the Sacred Altis, once peopled with statues of victors, or stand before the altar where they were crowned. In the cella of that temple once stood the gold and ivory statue of the god made by Phidias, one of the sculptured wonders of the ancient world. In the shade of the pine grove, as if growing from the green earth, are the remains of temples, stoas, treasuries, and public buildings; and in the small museum overlooking the site, the works of art found among these ruins are jealously guarded: the graceful Hermes of Praxiteles, the Victory of Paionios, and the Apollo from the western pediment of the Temple of Zeus, unmatched in strength and nobility. There, too, we find the story of the eternal struggle of civilization against barbarism in the marble composition of the fight of the Centaurs and Lapiths, and we can feel the playful and humane spirit of the pagan religion in the gaily colored terra-cotta group of Zeus and Ganymede.

Sparta, the chief antagonist of Athens, the mother of great soldiers and of the rigorous life, was explored by British scholars. Its ruins are too scanty to stir the imagination, but its long history comes alive as we stand on the banks of the Eurotas River and survey the mountain chain which surrounds the valley. At a short distance from the site, the hill of Mistra, of particular interest to lovers of medieval Christianity, dominates the roadway. It was cleared by Greek scholars and its ruins, as Greek ruins go, are comparatively modern. With its churches and shrines, decorated with paintings of saints, its narrow roads and squares, its delicate cupolas and crenelated battlements, and its princely palace, Mistra is a "frozen center" of thirteenth-century life.

*Ancient Lion, Delos*

Across the Aegean lies the island of Crete. A short distance from the modern town of Candia, Sir Arthur Evans and his British colleagues disinterred the Labyrinth of the Minotaur legend and the palace of King Minos at Knossos. Its intricate plan, its long storerooms still filled with enormous jars, its courtroom and shrines, throne room and princely apartments, which rise as high as four stories and are brilliant with frescoes and filled with works of art, recapture an era of great antiquity. We may visit the very court from which Daedalus is said to have taken off in the first flying machine ever devised by human imagination.

On the southern coast of Crete, Italian scholars brought to light another palace at Phaistos and a royal villa at Aghia Triada. Not far from both are the Fair Havens where St. Paul took refuge, and near there the Church of Aghioi Deka, one of the oldest basilicas built by early Christians. Here was discovered the oldest Greek code of laws, inscribed on stone slabs which in medieval times had been used to roof a channel that brought water to a mill.

Greek scholars reserved for themselves the area of Athens and excavated the Acropolis. How can one describe the Acropolis in a few lines?—the Parthenon with its architectural purity and impressive monumentality, the elegant, elaborate, yet satisfying grace of the Erechtheum, the solidity and grandeur of the Propylaea, and the Temple of Nike—the smallest marble temple in existence—which like a jewel is set in the forefront of the sacred rock?

Below the Acropolis is a spot cherished by lovers of literature: the Theater of Dionysos, one of the first theaters of the Western world, where drama and comedy were born. The shades of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes haunt the small orchestra and its stone tiers of seats.

The slender columns of the Temple of Poseidon at Sounion, some thirty-nine miles from Athens, dominate the southern tip of Attica and command one of the most beautiful vistas of Greece. Barren mountains, a blue sky, the famed Aegean Sea, dis-

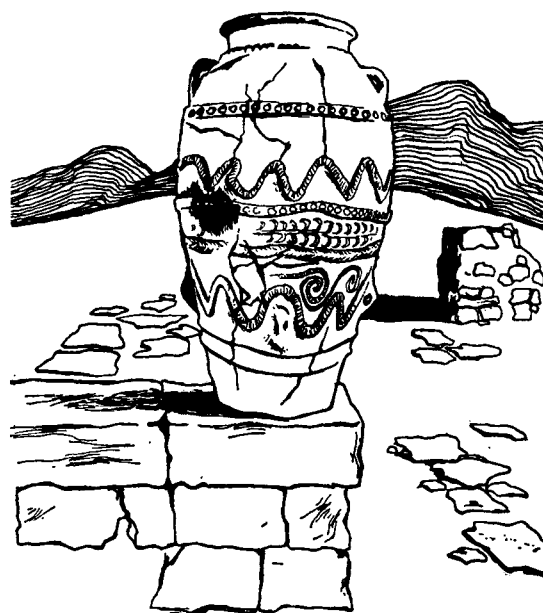
tant glimpses of the isles, multicolored sails, and small coves of white sands create a unique world of beauty. Byron chose this spot as the ideal Elysium.

Only fourteen miles to the west of Athens, Greek archaeologists found the great sanctuary of Demeter at Eleusis, where the Eleusinian Mysteries were held. We enter the sanctuary by its two marble gateways, visit the cave through which Persephone descended to the lower world, and ultimately find ourselves in the temple where the secret initiation rites were performed. Little is known of the Eleusinian cult which endured for almost two millennia.

Mycenae, the capital city of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek expeditionary forces against Troy, was one of the great centers of culture, wealth, and power. Its vaulted tombs, the Cyclopean walls of the fortified citadel, and the Lion Gate with the coat of arms of Agamemnon and his ancestors are still standing. In 1876, Heinrich Schliemann discovered and explored the grave circle with its royal shaft graves, immediately south of the Lion Gate. Their rich contents—gold ornaments, cups, diadems, masks, bronze weapons, gaily painted vases, works of ivory, silver, and semi-precious stones—fill a huge hall of the National Museum of Athens and offer a striking picture of pre-Homeric Greek culture.

In 1952–54, about two hundred yards to the west of the Lion Gate at Mycenae, outside the fortified citadel, the Greek Archaeological Society unearthed another grave circle of the seventeenth century B.C. The skeleton of one of the kings, decked in his jewels and weapons, surrounded by vases once filled with provisions, had come back to life to tell the story of a period which had been completely forgotten even in Pericles's time.

On top of the same citadel the late Chrestos

*Vase at the Palace of Mallia, Crete*

Tsountas revealed the remains of the Palace of Agamemnon, destroyed by fire around 1130 B.C. Its calcined walls once decked with frescoes, the remnants of its hearth, the stately stairway which led to its throne room are still there. British archaeologists continued the exploration of this site, and gave us a detailed account of its life history and cultural activities. We are indebted to them for proof that the people of Mycenae were not illiterate in the days described by Homer, but recorded even business transactions on clay tablets.

Another important excavation restored the great medical center of the ancient Greek world, the Mayo Clinic of classical Greece. It is located in a small secluded valley, at Epidaurus. There the god of healing, Asklepios, aided by his priests, performed cures which sound like miracles. The case histories of these cures, inscribed on marble slabs, are now in the museum. The ruins of the sanctuary, the famous stoa where patients awaited the visit of the god, the stadium, and above all the theater with its excellent acoustics, are among the outstanding remains of the center.

Numerous smaller excavations in all parts of Greece help fill in the picture of ancient Greek life. Greek ruins and works of art are the foundations upon which our civilization is based. The legends which haunt them have delighted the Western world for untold generations.

The First World War ushered in the second century of archaeological research in Greece. Greek and foreign scholars resumed their activities, but American archaeologists now assumed the role of leadership: they explored Olynthus, the famous city over whose fate Demosthenes made his orations, Nemea, the Argive Heraeum, and Samothrace, the island on which the statue of the Winged Victory — one of the most valued treasures of the Louvre — was found. Their main efforts, however, were concentrated on the Athenian market place, the famed Agora. Still under way, that important excavation, will be a memorial to American generosity and scholarship. The crowning achievement of the American work in the Agora is the restoration of the immense stoa of Attalos and its transformation into a museum. Special reference should also be made, in this brief survey, to the work of American scholars, who with their Greek colleagues are unearthing the impressive remains of the Palace of Nestor at Pylos and a striking group of graves in the cemetery of Eleusis.

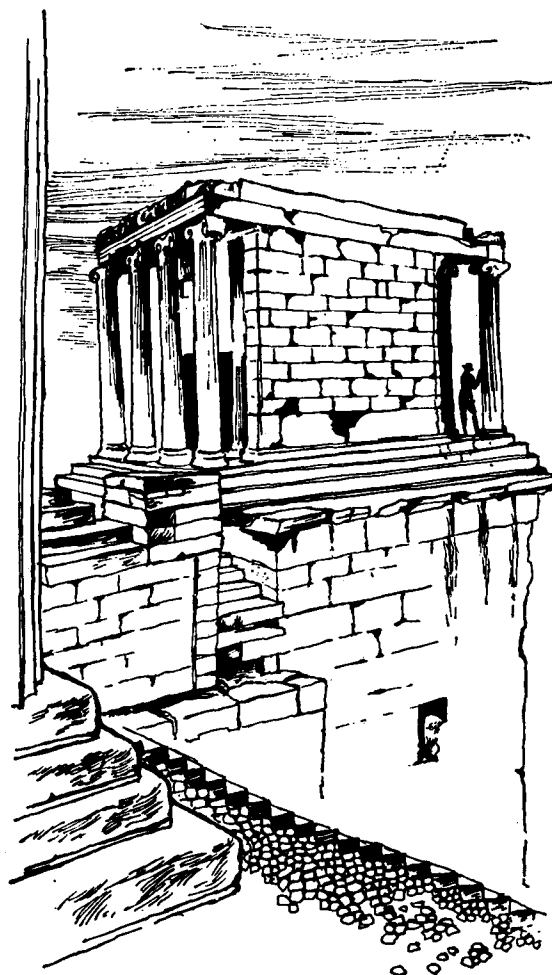
In this second era of archaeological work in Greece, a new chapter of research is being opened up — the exploration of the floor of the Greek seas. It is well established that the Greek waters preserve a number of argosies, foundered ships, mostly Roman, with precious cargoes of works of art. As early as 1900, divers, looking for sponges, came up with fragments of statues from an ancient galley off the coast of Anticythera. An undersea exploration

was organized and part of the cargo was rescued, including the *Youth of Anticythera*, a bronze statue of an athlete of the late fourth century B.C.

In 1925, a fisherman working in the bay of Marathon pulled out of the sea a perfectly preserved bronze statue of a youthful athlete, the *Ephebe of Marathon*, a creation of the workshop of Praxiteles. A few years later, fishermen off the coast of Artemision, famous for the naval battle between the Greeks and the Persians, caught in their nets the bronze hands of an ancient god. Further search yielded the rest of the body. The pieces were put together and the completed statue is now exhibited in the National Museum of Athens; it represents the "father of gods and men," Zeus, brandishing his thunderbolt, a masterpiece of about 460 B.C.

Excavating on land is a wonderful experience, but it cannot compare with the thrill experienced by the explorer of the deep. In the silent world of blue water, testing the sands which cover the ocean floor, archaeologists are seeking an ancient galley which may prove a veritable museum of art! A small beginning was made in 1952 in a combined endeavor by Greeks and Americans. At present, lack of funds is the only obstacle.

Excavating is expensive. But despite her priva-



Temple of Athena Nike, Athens

tions in recent decades Greece prizes her heritage and one of the methods used to finance expeditions dates back to the formative years of the Greek kingdom, a perilous era of economic instability, when the budget was supplemented with a lottery. Part of the profits from this lottery were assigned by law to the Greek Archaeological Society, enabling it to train personnel and conduct research.

The interest in antiquities is widely felt by everyone. In Athens lectures on archaeology and art are attended by people from all walks of life. The open lectures offered annually by the Foreign Schools are always crowded and are often attended by Their Majesties King Paul and Queen Frederika.

Indeed, Greek archaeology is not simply the study of the past, but a study of the present in which the past plays a formative role. Some of the Byzantine churches, with their painted murals and golden mosaics, have been set aside as art monuments, but a great many are still used for services, as if nothing had intervened between their construction in the eleventh or twelfth century and today.

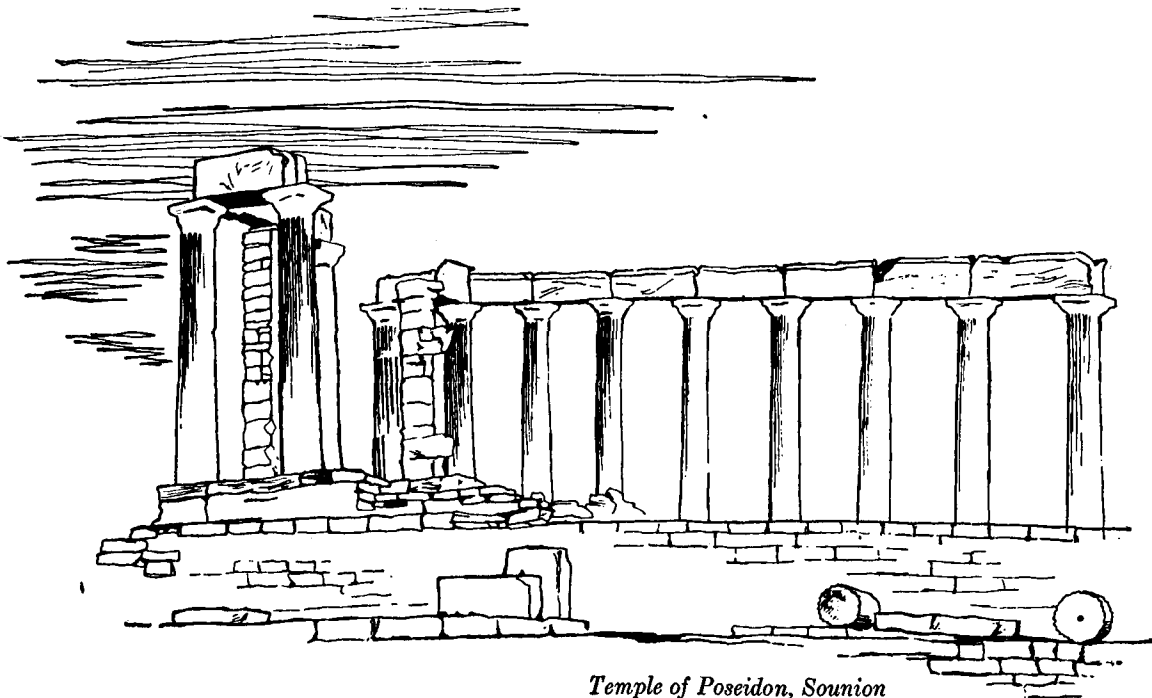
The vesper service held annually on Mars Hill, on the eve of the anniversary of St. Paul's sermon to the Athenians, is an unforgettable event: as the sun's rays light up the columns of the pagan temple of Athena, the chorus of the Metropolitan Church of Athens raises its massive voice in praise of a Christian God. Over the shrine of Eumenides, the words of the Apostle ring clear once more: "Ye men of Athens . . ."

People flock to this service in inspiring numbers. With equal enthusiasm they crowd the ancient theaters to attend concerts or the revival of an ancient Greek tragedy. The great theater of Epidaurus, situated in a remote corner of the Pelopon-

nesos, was filled repeatedly in the summer of 1954 during the presentation of Euripides' *Hippolytus*. It was hot and dry, dust filled the air, the roads were packed and hard to negotiate, yet people traveled for hours to attend the performance.

All Greeks share this interest in the culture of their ancestors. "STRIKE IN A DIG" is always front-page news. I remember when we were working at Mycenae, near the ruined tomb which is commonly called the Tomb of Clytemnestra. It was early in January during the Feast of the Epiphany and the priest, as is usual on that day, was blessing the fields and flocks with holy water. As he passed by our site, one of the laborers stopped him. "Father," he said, "won't you bless the tomb of Clytemnestra, so it may bring more tourists to our village?" And the priest replied sternly: "I, to bless the tomb of that murderess? Certainly not." The feeling persists after three thousand years.

The ruins have a romantic or an impersonal, aesthetic appeal to all people but to the Greeks they are a living force. For the foreign visitor to the Acropolis, the caryatids of the Erechtheum are marble statues of great aesthetic and cultural interest, but to a Greek they are real princesses turned to stone, awaiting the day of their return to the world of the living. The one member of the group taken by Lord Elgin is not another statue exhibited in the British Museum, but a living form imprisoned in the foggy north. The modern Athenian likes to think that this rape and imprisonment has turned the dances, songs, and merrymaking of the group of princesses on top of the Acropolis into wailing and lamentations which can be heard when the sharp southwestern wind blows shrilly around the sacred rock of the Acropolis.



Temple of Poseidon, Sounion

THREE POEMS

by George Seferis

THE KING OF ASINE

'Ασίνην τε¹ . . .

All that morning we rowed about the castle
beginning from the shadowy side where the sea,
green and without brilliance, breast of a slain peacock,
received us like time without break.

The veins of rock descended from above, twisted vines, bare, many-branched, coming alive at the touch of water, while the eye in following them strove to escape the fatiguing undulation and constantly weakened.

On the sunny side a long extended coastline
and the light grating diamonds on the great walls.
Not a single creature alive, the wild pigeons flown,
and the King of Asine, for whom we had sought two years now
unknown, forgotten by all, even by Homer
only one word in the Iliad, and that uncertain
flung here like an entombed golden mask.
You touched it, remember the sound? — hollow in the light
like a dry jug in the dry earth;
and the same sound of our oars on the sea.
The King of Asine a void under the mask
everywhere with us, everywhere with us, under a name:
“‘*Ἀσίην τε . . . Ἀσίην τε . . .*”

and his children statues,
and his desires the fluttering of birds and the wind
in the intervals of his meditations and his ships
moored in a vanished harbor;
a void under the mask.

Beneath the large eyes the curved lips the curled hair
embossed on the golden covering of our existence —
a spot of darkness that moves like a fish
in the dawning calm of the sea, and you watch it:
a void everywhere with us.
And the bird that in another winter flew away
with broken wing
the house of life,
and the young woman who went away to play
with the canine teeth of summer,
and the soul that sought the underworld chirping
and the country like a large plane-tree leaf
that the torrent of the sun drags away
with ancient monuments and contemporary sorrow.

And the poet looks at the stone and lingers, asking himself
are there I wonder

¹ Ἀσίνην τε: ("and Asine,") the only known mention of Asine in Homer, in the catalogue of ships and heroes. — *Iliad*, II, 560.

among these broken lines heights edges hollows and curves
 are there I wonder
 here where the passing of wind rain and ruin meet
 are there the movement of feature the form of affection
 of those who have so strangely dwindled in our lives
 of those who have remained wave-shadows and reflections in the illimitable sea?
 But no, perhaps there remains nothing but the weight only
 nostalgia of the weight of a living creature
 there where we live now without substance, bowed under
 like withies of the dreadful willow heaped up in the duration of despair
 while the yellow stream slowly bears away reeds uprooted from the mire,
 image of a face petrified with the decision of a perpetual bitterness,
 the poet a void.

The shield-bearing sun arose fighting
 and from the depths of a cavern a frightened bat ²
 crashed upon light as an arrow on a shield:
 "'*Ἀσίνην τε . . . Ἀσίνην τε . . .*"

Was it the King of Asine
 for whom we have sought so carefully on this acropolis
 feeling at times with our fingers his touch upon the stones.

Translated by Kimon Friar

² "from the depths of a cavern a frightened bat": In Hades, Hermes marshals the souls of the suitors slain by Odysseus, "gibbering like bats that squeak and flutter in the depths of some mysterious cave."— *Odyssey*, XXIV, opening.

THE SMILES OF THE STATUES

In my breast the wound opens again
 When the setting stars are kinsmen of my body
 When silence falls under the footsteps of men.

These stars sinking into the years, where will they drag me?
 The sea, the sea, who shall exhaust it?
 I see the hands which beckon each dawn to the hawk and the vulture,
 Bound to the rock which sorrow has made mine,
 I see the trees which breathe the black calm of the dead
 And then the smiles, which do not move, of the statues.

Translated by Lawrence Durrell, Bernard Spencer, and Nanos Valaoritis

CALLIGRAPHY

Sails on the Nile
 Songless birds with one wing
 Seeking the other in silence;
 Fumbling in the absent sky
 The body of a marble youth;
 Writing with invisible ink in the blue
 A hopeless cry.

Translated by Durrell, Spencer, and Valaoritis

TO THE COUNTRY OF STATUES

A Story

by STRATIS MYRIVILIS

1

AS THE sun goes down behind Aegaleos, a great wave of golden light falls aslant on Lycabettus. At once red flames spring up and vibrate in the windows of the little church; high on the summit Apollo is retiring, and looks with radiance on the whitewashed sanctuary of St. George.

The wave of sunlight breaks on the gray rock, crumbles, and is scattered. Thence it trickles down the innumerable lovers' alleys, making them for a minute like red ribbons among the pine woods; then again they are lost to view. The feeble little trees are motionless amid the gladdening light that shines through them; they stand holding with care on their thin needles, like bright birds, the last crumbs of the sun.

Then the flood of light descends the steps to the city. The sun brims over and pours down step by step. On the broad turnings of the steps the afternoon light spreads itself, as if harbored for a while before it is poured out down the hill of St. Nicolas. Some of these corners are so wide that they are like little squares. Here the children of the quarter collect in the afternoon.

They jump the steps two by two, then three by three and more; they climb the low pines of St. Nicolas, tear at them, and torment them. These pines are scabby, defenseless, little trees, ill-treated by the children, the caterpillars, and the women of the neighborhood. The women spread their wash-

ing on the branches, or hang their babies' cradles on them, or in these years of distress, when fuel is very dear in the market, they break off a branch or two for firewood.

There, at the broad turn of the road, a group of little girls who are inseparable collect to play in the afternoon. They fill the quarter with their shouts. Sometimes they all shout together, just for the joy of hearing their own voices. They are only silent when all the chattering sparrows of Lycabettus disappear at dusk.

There are four of them: Beba, Fofi, Katina, and Matina — four children each four or five years old, who turn the world upside down with their noise, each with her own ways and her own fun.

Beba is fair, as round as a pomegranate. She has hair as fair as the silk of Indian corn, tightly plaited in two short pigtales, which begin very high up behind her ears. They must do her hair very tightly, that is why she sometimes looks odd. The skin is taut on her forehead, and she makes a sour face. She has blue eyes, really blue like hyacinths. She is altogether as pink as a pomegranate, and the little tight drawers she shows with every movement are pink too.

"You're a rosebud," the young lady from the big block of flats told her one day.

"No," she replied at once, shaking her head violently. "My real name is Maria, and they call me Beba. Rosie is Mrs. Merope's servant."

The next is Fofi. A dark face with finely drawn features, a sly dark eye, long slender legs, covered with scratches from the pine needles. She is always bending down and whispering secrets into the ears of the others, who listen to her seriously and shake their heads. It is she who cheats the most, so the others keep an eye on her during their games.

STRATIS MYRIVILIS, who was born in Mytilene in 1892, studied at the University of Athens, served in the Greek army for ten years, and has since played an active role in the anticommunist movement in Greece. He has been a journalist, radio speaker, and newspaper editor and is the author of many novels, several volumes of poetry, short stories, biography, political writings, and philosophy.

TO THE COUNTRY OF STATUES

Then there is Katina, pale and plain, with hair almost as short as a boy's, and wretched little earrings in her pierced ears. She was ill for months and nearly died. The others went and looked at her from the road, through the windows, and showed her their poor little dolls. They looked at her from far off, climbing up the pines, because she had typhoid, an infectious disease. That was when they cut her hair to the roots. Then, when she recovered, she came out a figure of fun with a green turban the color of a watermelon tightly tied round her head.

The smallest of all is Matina. How old can that child be? She is such a tiny thing that you might call her a big doll. She is auburn-haired, with great velvet eyes that flutter their eyelashes uneasily. She is so small that it looks as if God had found it difficult to find the clay to make her. Her nails, mouth, nose are all so tiny that they are almost not there. But her eyes open especially wide; they fill her face and light it up and are so piercing that you look at her with wonder. She looks you straight in the eye and suddenly puts out her tongue at you.

Matina is pretty, cunning, crafty, mocking, and a chatterbox. She laughs and leaps unceasingly as if she had a flock of little devils living in every limb and in every finger, and as if every little bone had a devil in it to work its will. And if she has to stay quiet in one place for a minute, still she manages to move her head, or her hands, or her middle, or one foot. If she doesn't move any of these, she shakes a lock of her auburn hair back and forth. She has a tuft in the middle of her head, tied with a red ribbon, and it bobs forward like a cock's comb. Matina talks more than the rest of them together but she swallows half the consonants. Her tongue slips round R and loses it and she always turns TH into S. But she manages to say a lot, chattering from morning till night, filling the quarter with her lively noise.

If you look closely at Matina's little face you sense something in it which tells you that, of the four little friends, it will be her fate first to lose her childish happiness. That must be why she is in such a hurry to enjoy herself . . . faster, faster! Matina is a newcomer to the neighborhood. It is hardly a full month since her piercing voice joined the symphony of sound that the life of Athens makes round the little wood of St. Nicolas. All the same she has managed to become the leader in play; she is the arbitrator when there is any suspicion of cheating. All through the heat she wears a chocolate skirt with a worn fur trimming. It is made of a bit of cast-off silk, and her friends look at it and approach it with respect.

2

IN THE famine winter Matina had been found crying and screaming in a little house in the Tourkovounia neighborhood. It was early in the morn-

ing, and her cries woke the neighbors as they lay in that quiet, full of despair and hopelessness, of people dying in holes and corners. It was snowing outside. A heap of snow had collected on the pitched roof and was getting in through the wide cracks, piling up in parallel lines. The wind, with a slow and regular rhythm, was beating against a piece of tin that had been fastened to the frame of a broken window.

Antiope, the elder sister, lay dead — a little heap of bones — her knees drawn up to her empty stomach, her head sunk deep into her shoulders, her fists doubled into her chin. She also had the same big eyes and plentiful, thick lashes. Her eyes were still open, fixed on the door, where the neighbor women came one by one to cross themselves. The children's mother was dead too. She had clenched her teeth and died without uttering a word that same night. On her face, where the cheekbones stood out, were two large tears. They had remained there, and frozen.

Her children had learned, whenever their mother fainted from hunger, not to leave her but just to bite her middle finger to rouse her. The pain pierced to the bone and was able to shake off the drowsiness of death. Then she would go to the Italian barracks to hunt in the garbage cans for a bit of orange peel, or a bone, or some potato parings from the mess. So the neighbors found Matina biting her dead mother's finger. That is why she kept on screaming and crying when she did not manage to rouse her.

The women of the neighborhood made off to the town to get the dead-cart to come. Hours went by before the clerks came and the office opened. There was only a single porter there with his head tied up in a woman's woolen shawl. He stood motionless behind the rail; he was just skin and bone. His dark face had gone yellow, his hands were pushed into the sleeves of his greatcoat, and he never stopped shivering. "Wait for Mr. Manoukos to come," he told the women, "he's in charge of all that."

They waited, standing on the marble floor, trembling with cold. Finally a door opened, and a tall thin man, like a skeleton, came in. He was wrapped in an overcoat that came down below his knees, but still seemed short. At once the porter was roused from his immobility. He stood up straight, took his hands out of his sleeves, made a bow, and explained the matter. Mr. Manoukos, whose expression showed his teeth as he listened, made a slight gesture and cut him short. He turned to the women and told them to cope with the situation as best they could. There was nothing he could do. The municipality had not a drop of gasoline left, either for the dead or for the collection of garbage.

So the bodies lay quiet till the evening. Then old Stephanos came, who used to work at the ironmonger's shop at the corner and now pushed an old cart on errands — "Errands executed" was

painted on it. He put the bodies on his cart, covered them with old army blankets, and took them to the cemetery. They weighed almost nothing.

Athens, with its lights out, sunk in the darkness of war, was still in its anguish, full of resentment and heavy grief. Night fell from a sky full of bright stars and indifference and lay on the muddy snow that the day had soiled. The starlight just sufficed to show by the shadow if a passer-by were man or woman. As night drew on the sounds of the day were silenced. And as the noise of life quietened the cry of the hungry city arose. It was the howl of those who were dying — on the marble pavements, on the steps, in doorways, in dark corners, in cellars. And as the darkness blotted out their forms, the clearer rose these voices, distinct from any other sound. They rose everywhere, from every street, every crossing, every out-of-the-way corner. They pierced the night, lashed it, and filled it with a terrible spirit of savagery.

"I'm hung-ry . . . hung-ry."

There were children's voices, full of heart-rending bewilderment; powerful women's voices, like the cry of wild night birds; and men's voices, sharp and short. If you heard them you understood that there were few hours and little breath left in that life that was trying to hold on to a dried-up frame. And when night came and hid the forms of those about to die the voices lost all individual character and were confounded in a mixture of various cries, of groans and prayers, and anger, giving out one word, the same, always the same: "hung-ry . . . hung-ry . . . hung-ry!"

And it was no longer only the prostrate creatures that cried out in the night. It was the city itself, Athens, that howled for hunger, that cried out from the trees in the gardens, the columns of the temples, the doorways, the unlit street lamps, and the rubbish heaps. It cried from the statues of heroes and benefactors with their marble mouths, from iron doors, from pediments, and from dry wells choked with refuse . . . until at last the word "hungry" lost its shape: half was swallowed by the silence and the other half was poured out on the dirty snow, stuck to the walls and confused in the trees, like the cry of jackals, an inarticulate sound of horror: ". . . gry! . . . gry! . . . gry!"

3

OLD Stephanos pushed his cart patiently, with professional conscientiousness. All day long he carted the knapsacks of the army of occupation or took the officers' suitcases from the railway station to headquarters. Like everyone else, he had had enough of the cry of the city. He pushed on without paying it much attention. Around Zappeion Park the cry seemed less loud; it was stifled in the foliage of the trees. Near the park a strange man held him up; it was terrifying. He leaped out at Stephanos

from one of those holes left after the excavation of the temple of Olympian Zeus. The man was thickly built, about thirty, with his head hidden in a soldier's cap. He had a club in his hand and raised it to bar old Stephanos's progress. He seemed to be in a rage.

"What do you want?" Stephanos's knees were quaking with fear.

"Something out of your cart, you black marketeer!"

Stephanos was speechless. He stood staring at the rascal, who flung himself on the cart, pulled at the blankets and fumbled greedily under them. When he found out what was in the cart — the two bodies — he recoiled and staggered off. Stephanos pushed his cart on. As he went he heard the man behind him crying with great sobs.

Outside the cemetery he found many other corpses laid out on the ground here and there. Their long forms, two by two, three by three, made dark patches on the whiteness. Other carts came out of the dusk; their dead were carefully deposited; then they went away. Some people carried their corpse on their shoulders like a bag and gave a sigh of relief as they put it down on the ground after the exhaustion of the climb. They bent down, put the legs straight, and crossed the corpse's arms on its chest. They looked at it a while, covered the face, and went off, still bent. Some women came, walking with great difficulty as they carried their dead children in their arms. They held them to their bodies as if they were suckling them, and their thin legs dangled down.

They all left their dead on the ground and went away in haste not to be seen. Old Stephanos did the same thing. He put the two corpses together on the snow, arranging them side by side. Then he crossed himself, put the blankets into his cart, spat on his hands, and went down the hill before the police might come and begin inquiring into the identity of the deceased. The object of concealing the identity of the dead was to save their ration cards for the living — the four ounces of *ersatz* bread in the weekly distribution. Like other people, old Stephanos was a family man, with a wife and four children to support. And now that these two had gone where they had gone, why let their rations go begging? That would be a sin.

Then he went home and rested. When it was broad daylight again he went after Matina, put her into the cart and wrapped her up well in the same blankets, only exposing her head and one hand so she could nibble at a bit of corn bread. He took her to the cathedral so that the orphan should not die in the street. Matina was much comforted by this journey in the cart.

There was snow everywhere; the cart bumped over the pebbles. She saw people pass, humped and wrapped up to the ears, their breath streaming down their unshaven chins. Matina, bundled up in

the dusty blanket, sat grave as a little owl and was amused by what she saw. When they came to the paved streets old Stephanos's cart rolled more quickly; he pushed it more easily and shouted, "Way, please!" to the passers-by. It was great fun.

So Matina found herself with many other children. They were scared and very thin, nothing but skeletons, with swollen stomachs. They wetted themselves and cried, or they sat down and looked thoughtfully at their hands. Then the ladies in white would come to look after them. Many of them stopped crying at once; then the ladies wrapped them up and took them away. Matina was there for a long time. The house had a big courtyard with two tall cypresses in the middle. They seemed to go right up to the sky, to God! Matina looked at them through a crack in the balcony door every evening when prayers were being said in the dormitory. Hundreds of sparrows chirped in their dark foliage in the afternoon but Matina could not see the birds. She imagined it was the two tall trees which were talking every evening with bird voices, with hundreds of bird voices, filling the yard with happy sounds. This happened about dusk, when the little bell in the chapel nearby rang for vespers. It was like a signal for the birds to gather. Then gradually they grew quiet as evening fell, and the yard was full of sorrow. The deeper night drew on, the greater was the sorrow. Sorrow seemed anchored there, in dark waters.

Then one very cold morning two men came and felled the two cypresses. They cut them into logs for the stove that boiled the caldron for the cooking. They hacked them and then sawed them with a big saw, one man at each end. The men panted as they worked and wiped off their sweat. It was exciting when they pulled the trees down by long ropes fastened to the tops. They creaked as if their broken roots were crying for pain. The children chirped with delight as they fell.

Then there was open sky where the trees had stood outside the window of the big dormitory. Nothing was there any more but the sky. No more bird voices at the hour of vespers. Only a melancholy silence in the vast courtyard which was now as empty as the square of blue sky in the window.

Then spring came and the children were taken to another house where Matina was separated from her friends. She stayed in the new house for a long time until Mrs. Tasia, her adoptive mother, came and took her.

4

SO THAT is how Matina came to be playing outside St. Nicolas as the adopted child of Dionysis Tasia and his wife. They were a childless couple. Dionysis was half blind. With one eye he could see a bit by daylight but the other was quite gone. He always had to turn his half-blind eye toward you in order

to recognize you — just as a cock turns its head to look at something.

Dionysis played the guitar and sang drinking songs in the taverns between the Exarchia and the west slopes of Lycabettus. Sometimes he went as far as the Plaka if a party of friends took him with them. He was fond of old romantic songs: "Far in the desert, I dug my gra-a-ave to li-i-ie there!" His reward was wine and scraps of food. Thus he tried to get through the evil days; God's will be done!

Mrs. Tasia was bolder in these difficult times. She began in the Exarchia market with dandelions. Then she sold all sorts of herbs she found and dug up. Once she had to go to the police court because a family who had eaten her greens went out of their minds. But God granted that this trouble did not last long: the people who had been made ill recovered. Next Mrs. Tasia took to trading cigarettes. Then she made a sort of *ersatz* flour. Finally she appeared in the market with a provision stall — a grand black marketeer, with millions stuffed away into her pillows.

Now at last, she had all her weary heart could desire: *ouzo*, and fried potatoes, and long, felt boots, and a gramophone with a big green horn. Still she was not happy. She wanted a child and God had denied her one. In front of the neighbors Mrs. Tasia blamed it on God, but when she was angry with Dionysis she screamed "good-for-nothing" at him, and he hung his head.

But now she had the great dream of her life come true before her eyes — a lovely, merry child, all ready-made. What joy to have her by her and take pride in her, to do her hair on Sundays and take her to church, and preen herself. Praise to the Almighty, who leaves no one good without some comfort.

Mrs. Tasia now dreamed of a better house in a more respectable neighborhood — but where to find a vacant house with all this crowding of people into Athens? So she still stayed on in the same place in this poor quarter of Lycabettus. At night she went up the steep hill with Dionysis. They met below in the square at the Exarchia in a basement tavern. Mrs. Tasia used to sit there, rubbing one leg impatiently against the other, waiting for Dionysis to return from his musical round.

They climb up the hill arm in arm because Dionysis cannot see well enough to walk at night, especially if he has already been drinking with the people he plays for. Each is at once a prop and a burden to the other. They stop on a step to catch their breath and curse each other quietly and passionately.

"You slut! May God rot you!"

"Good-for-nothing! Laughing-stock!"

They sigh from the bottom of their hearts, then lean on each other again, and slowly go up the steps. Then they stop again and quarrel.

They bring home sweets for Matina, and slices of fried fish wrapped in colored German newspapers, and even white bread. They spread a cloth for her and put things in front of her, one by one. Then they withdraw to a low divan, take off their shoes, and begin abusing each other, always in the same careful way — quietly, without raising their voices, in a subdued tone full of dark, years-long hatred. Their curses die away into sighs and murmurs; there is passion between them, real passion, as keen as that of lovers.

"Vile, vile creature!"

"Shut up, you blind bird, you good-for-nothing!"

Mrs. Tasia has grown fat from good eating. Her bosom is rounded as in her youth, her legs plump. She has begun to use powder and lipstick. Dionysis suspects that she may be unfaithful to him.

Matina eats her supper and her orange with an excellent appetite; she has gotten used to hearing them fight and it makes no impression on her. When she has finished her food she says in a loud voice the prayer she learned at the orphanage, putting one foot behind the other. They stop talking and cross themselves when she does. Then she says good night, speaking to them in the plural, and goes to bed.

"Good night, Daddy. Good night, Mummy."

Then the couple stop quarreling, sigh, moved to tears, and they belch out breath tainted with brandy, herring, and radishes. When his wife begins to snore Dionysis takes down his guitar from the wall and begins to strum a *myroloi* quietly to ease his heavy heart. "Far in the de-e-sert, I dug my grave, to li-i-ie there."

In the morning Matina drinks tinned milk like a rich little black-market child. They wash her, and dress her, and comb her tuft, and let her go out. The couple go off, each to his work, and Matina plays till midday, as free as the sparrows on Lycabettus. She gets her friends together, shouting from far off: "What shall we play? What shall we play?" The whole of her is talking and moving — you would think it would make her dizzy.

"Let's play statues."

It is their favorite game, and they play it for hours without tiring of it. The "Mama" turns her face to the wall, shuts her eyes, and stuffs her fingers into her ears so as not to hear or see. Then, when the others tell her that they are ready, she begins to recite slowly and rhythmically, moving her head and hands in time.

"Ones, twos, and threes . . . beans and peas. I have come to the country of statues."

Then the others stand silent and motionless, as if made of marble. They have turned into statues, each petrified in the pose she has chosen; this pose is meant to represent something. Often they get together, and whisper, and pose as a composite group, all three of them. They take the subject from a picture or from their own life. The "Mama" examines them carefully, going back and forth, and at the end chooses the statue she thinks the most successful. Then that child becomes the "Mama" in her turn and the game goes on.

The poses they think up are striking. Beba likes being a ballerina. She takes up her skirt with two fingers, lifts one leg, and tries to balance on the other, sticking out her tongue as a counterweight. Katina never smiles when she is a statue. She takes it all very seriously, looking into the distance just as marble statues gaze. Fofi, on the other hand, is still crafty, even as a statue. She stands straight, puts her feet together, stretches out her arms right and left, and turns her head to the right shoulder. It is obvious what she is: Christ on the cross. Matina is kneeling at her feet with hands over her face: she is Our Lady, and she is weeping. But between her fingers she looks to see what is going on. Because Christ (Fofi) is quietly opening one little eye and winking at the "Mama" to be chosen. Matina wrinkles her nose in scorn.

These set compositions are most often arranged by Matina when it is not her turn to be "Mama."

"Ones, twos, and threes . . . beans and peas. I have come to the country of statues!"

This time the "Mama" is Katina. Matina takes the others apart and explains in whispers the composition they are to make. She tells them quickly, guiding them with gestures and movements of every part of her body. Then, when the "Mama" turns her face from the wall, the following group is discovered:

Beba is lying on a step, her body stretched out and her eyes shut, motionless and sullen as the dead are. Fofi is kneeling on her right, biting her middle finger. Curled up, on the other side lies Matina, her head sunk between her shoulders, her arms crossed on her breast, and her legs drawn up to her belly, as embryos lie in the womb. She has the big, motionless, wide-open eyes that remain in her memory, the eyes of her dead sister.

Only quietly, carefully, without stirring a hair of her head, she turns the pupil of her eye to watch Fofi, in case the cheat is winking again at the "Mama," as she has the habit of doing.

Translated by Robert Liddell

UNRECORDED

by *Angelos Sikelianos*

A little beyond the walls of Zion, walking one day somewhat before the set of sun, Jesus and his disciples came by chance to that place where for years the town had cast its rubbish: burnt mattresses of the diseased, rags, broken crockery, refuse and filth.

And there upon the highest mound of all, bloated, its legs turned upward towards the sky, the carcass of a dog lay stretched, from which at once, as vultures thickly piled on it took fright at steps approaching, so foul a stench broke forth, that the disciples as one man, holding their breath within their hands, drew back.

But Jesus paced his way alone and paused serenely before that mound of filth, and gazed upon that carcass, until one of the disciples, unable to restrain himself, spoke from afar: "Rabbi, can you not smell that stench? How can you stand so closely by?"

And he, his eyes not swerving from that sign on which he gazed, replied: "This horrid stench does he whose breath is pure breathe even in that same town from which we came. . . . But now with all my soul do I most marvel at that thing which issues forth from this decay. . . . For see how in the sun the teeth of this dog shine now like the hailstone, now like the lily, far beyond the decay, like a tremendous vow, reflection of the Eternal, but still more

the lightning bolt and the harsh hope of Justice."

Thus did he speak; and if they understood these words or not, together the disciples followed once more as he went on his silent way.

And now, my Lord, the last of all indeed, how I do turn my mind on these Thy words, and wholly in one thought consumed, do stand before Thee. O grant, even to me, my Lord, that when I walk beyond the walls of Zion, and all, from the one end to the other end of earth are ruins, all are sweepings, all unburied corpses that choke up the sacred spring of breath, that in the city or beyond the city, amid this horrible stench through which I pass, grant me, my Lord, if only for a moment, Thine own sublime serenity, that I may pause unterrified within the midst of carrion until I also may be given to see some white spot, like the hailstone, like the lily, something that suddenly may glow deep in me out of decay, beyond the world's decay, as shone the teeth of that dog, O my Lord, on which Thou gazed then in the setting sun and stood and marveled, a tremendous vow, reflection of the Eternal, but still more, the lightning bolt and harsh hope of Justice.

Translated by Kimon Friar

(Written during the German and Italian Occupation, this poem takes on additional meaning when the carcass of the dog thrown on the dump heap is known to be a symbol of famine-stricken Greece.)



Woodcut by Vassiliou

A CHRONOLOGY OF GREEK HISTORY

c.3000 B.C.: The Minoan and Mycenaean civilizations are born in Crete and the Peloponnesos.

c.1100: The Dorians, a Greek tribe, invade Greece from the north and put an end to Aegean civilization.

850?: *Iliad* and *Odyssey* composed.

776: First Olympic games.

750-500: The Greeks establish cities in Asia Minor, Egypt, on the shores of the Black Sea, in Italy, Sicily, and the south of France.

c.594: Solon, the lawgiver, carries out reforms in Athens.

490: Miltiades and 10,000 Athenians defeat the Persian invaders at Marathon.

480: Leonidas and his 300 Spartans defend the pass at Thermopylae to the last man. At Salamis, Themistocles and the Athenian fleet defeat the Persians.

477-431: The "Golden Age" of Greece with Athens under Pericles as its main center. The ideals of democracy are first formulated. With Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, Greek drama reaches its zenith. Greek architecture and sculpture attain their highest expression in the Parthenon, built on the Acropolis by Ictinus and decorated with sculpture by Phidias.

431-404: The Peloponnesian war between Athens and Sparta.

429-347: Plato immortalizes his teacher Socrates in his *Dialogues* and develops his own idealistic theories.

384-322: Aristotle, Plato's pupil, sets the foundations for the physical and social sciences.

359-336: Philip of Macedon sets up a strong state in Macedonia; becomes master of Greece.

336-323: Alexander, Philip's son, overthrows the Persian Empire. His conquests and the empires of his successors lead to the spread of Hellenic culture.

146: The Romans become masters of Greece, but they too, gradually, are "captured" by Greek culture.

50 A.D.: Paul preaches the "Unknown God" in Athens. Greek is the language in which Christianity spreads in the Eastern Mediterranean.

330: Constantinople, formerly Byzantium, becomes the capital of the Christian Roman Empire. Lasting until 1453, this empire becomes Hellenized, preserving Greco-Roman culture and Christianity, and acting as a bulwark for Western Europe as it emerged from the Dark Ages.

533: Emperor Justinian issues the collection of Roman Laws known as the Roman Code. He and Empress Theodora adorn the empire with buildings such as the Hagia Sophia in Constantinople.

988: Emperor Basil II baptizes in Constantinople the Prince of Kiev, Vladimir, who brings Christianity to Russia.

1453: The Ottoman Turks take Constantinople.

1454: The Sultan grants to the Patriarch important rights as spiritual and secular head of the Christians.

1627: First Greek printing press in the East is set up in Constantinople.

1766: Unsuccessful Greek uprising against the Sultan.

1803: Women of Souli hurl themselves, dancing, off cliff at Zalongos to escape Ottoman capture.

1814: The *Philiki Etairia* (Company of Friends), a secret organization, is set up to work for Greek independence.

1821: March 25; official date of the Declaration of Greek War of Independence.

1822: First Greek Constitution. Theodore Kolokotronis defeats a large Ottoman force at Dervenakia.

1823: President Monroe praises the Greeks for their

fight for independence. Dionysios Solomos writes his "Ode to Liberty," later the national anthem.

1824: Lord Byron dies during the siege of Missolonghi.

1827: At Navarino, the English, French, and Russian fleets destroy the Ottoman and Egyptian fleet.

1830: February 3; Greece recognized as an independent state by Britain, France, and Russia.

1831: Capodistrias, Governor of Greece, assassinated.

1833: Otto of Bavaria, first king, arrives in Greece.

1834: Capital transferred from Nauplia to Athens.

1836-1841: Athens University, the National Bank, the School of Technology, the Archaeological Society set up.

1844: Otto grants a constitution.

1862: Otto leaves Greece and abdicates.

1863-1864: Prince William of Denmark elected king; Greece gets a new, more liberal constitution and, from Britain, the Ionian Islands.

1875: Charilaos Tricoupis, Premier, introduces the parliamentary system into Greek politics.

1881: Thessaly and part of Epirus united to Greece.

1881: The American School of Classical Studies set up.

1896: Modern Olympic Games first held, in Athens.

1910: First premiership of Eleftherios Venizelos.

1911: Constitution of 1864 is revised.

1912-1913: Balkan wars. The treaties of London and Bucharest award Greece Epirus, Macedonia, the Aegean Islands, Crete, and part of Thrace.

1913: George I is succeeded by his son Constantine.

1917: After seeking to remain neutral, Greece enters the war on the side of the allies. Constantine abdicates.

1919-1923: The Greek Army, after landing at Smyrna, is defeated by the Turks (the Asia Minor Disaster). Treaty of Lausanne ends Greco-Turkish war. The Greeks of Asia Minor are exchanged for the Turks in Greece.

1924: Greece is declared a republic.

1930: Venizelos signs treaty of friendship with Ataturk.

1935: George II, Constantine's son, restored to throne.

1940: Italian ultimatum to General Metaxas who rejects it. Italian troops cross the Greco-Albanian border. They are repulsed deep into Albania.

1941: Germany attacks Greece through Bulgaria, occupies the country together with Italians and Bulgarians. King George II and the government move to Crete, then to Cairo and London.

1942-1944: Greek forces fight with the Allies in Egypt and Italy. In the famine-stricken country the Resistance grows.

1944: The Germans evacuate Greece; the Greek Government returns to Athens, faces communist rebellion.

1946: Internationally observed elections held on March 31; a plebiscite on September 1 recalls George II to Greece. Communist rebellion flares up again, supported by Greece's northern neighbors. Greece asks the UN to investigate.

1947: March 12; President Truman asks Congress to vote aid to Greece and Turkey. The Italian Peace Treaty awards the Dodecanese Islands to Greece.

1948-1949: Greece included in ECA; communist uprising put down.

1951: Greece sends an expeditionary force to Korea.

1952: Greece admitted to NATO. Alexander Papagos becomes Premier, elected for a four-year term.

1953: Balkan Pact between Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia. King Paul I of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika visit the United States as guests of President Eisenhower.

1954: The Greek Government submits to the United Nations the question of self-determination for the people of Cyprus, clamoring for union with Greece.

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A GLOSSARY OF GREEK WORDS

Many of the italicized foreign words are defined in the articles, but the following terms may require explanation.

- adyton*: the innermost sanctuary of an ancient temple.
- Armatoles*: Greek hired to fight the *Klephts* (q.v.), but who also eventually joined the struggle for independence.
- caïque*: a type of Mediterranean sailboat.
- cella*: the sanctuary of a Greek temple enclosed by the outside columns.
- drachma*: the Greek monetary unit, based on the decimal system. At present rates, 30 drachmas to the dollar.
- Ezzone*: a Greek soldier (light infantryman) wearing the kilt of the *Klepht* (q.v.), or Greek mountaineer.
- iconostasis*: the high chancel screen in Greek Orthodox churches. Usually decorated with icons.
- Klepht*: Greek outlaw fighting the Ottoman occupation.
- lepton*: obsolete Greek coin; 100 lepta to 1 drachma.
- metope*: the part of the frieze of a Doric temple between the triglyphs, often adorned with sculpture.
- myroloi*: a dirge-like song.
- panegyri*: a village festival and fair.
- pyrricheios*: an ancient Greek warrior dance.
- stèle*: a slab of stone or marble set over an ancient grave.
- stoa*: an open, often colonnaded, portico.

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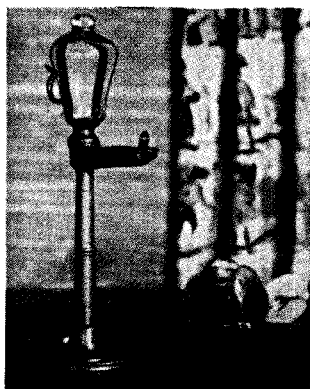


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